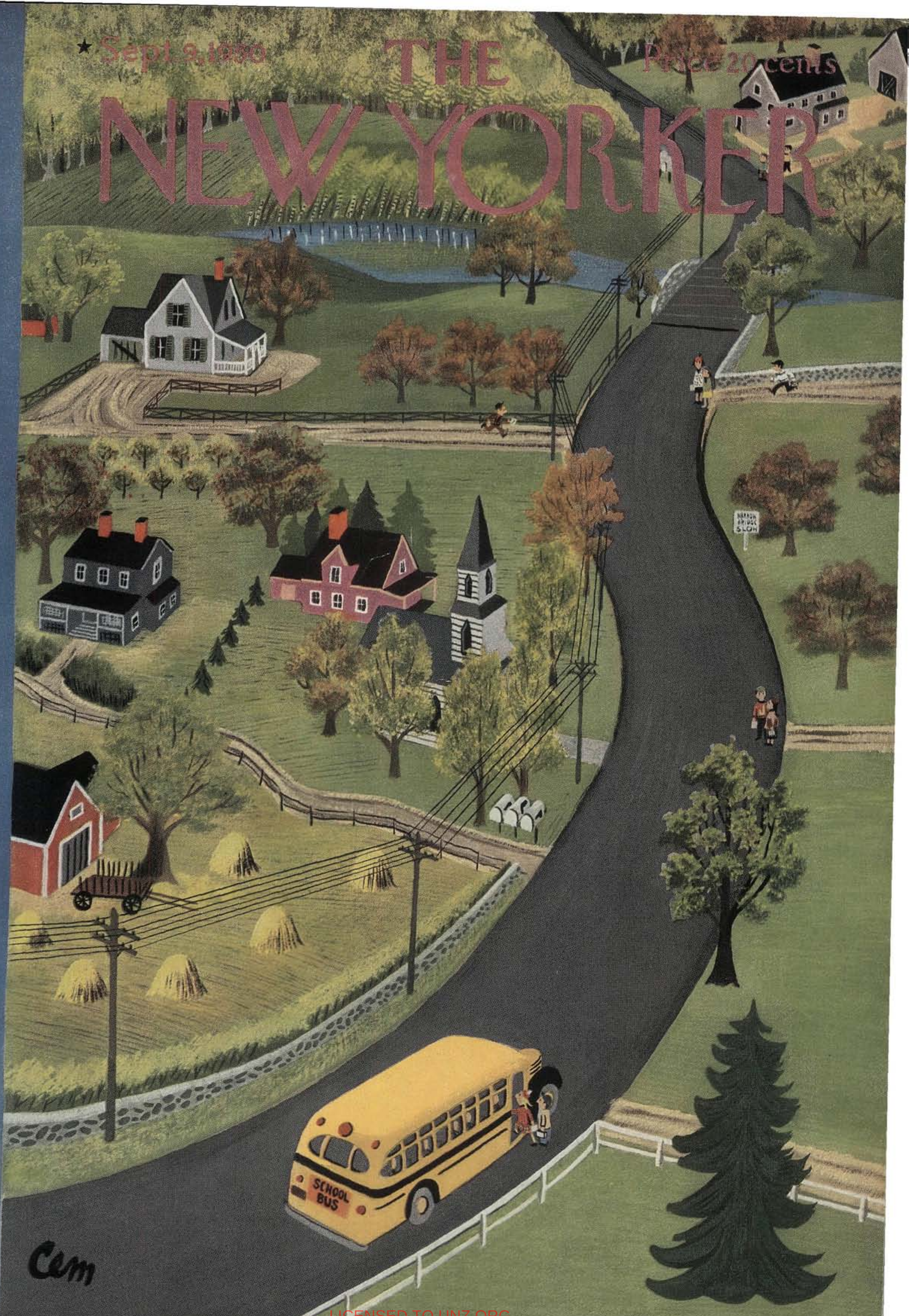
★ Sept. 9, 1950

THE NEW YORKER

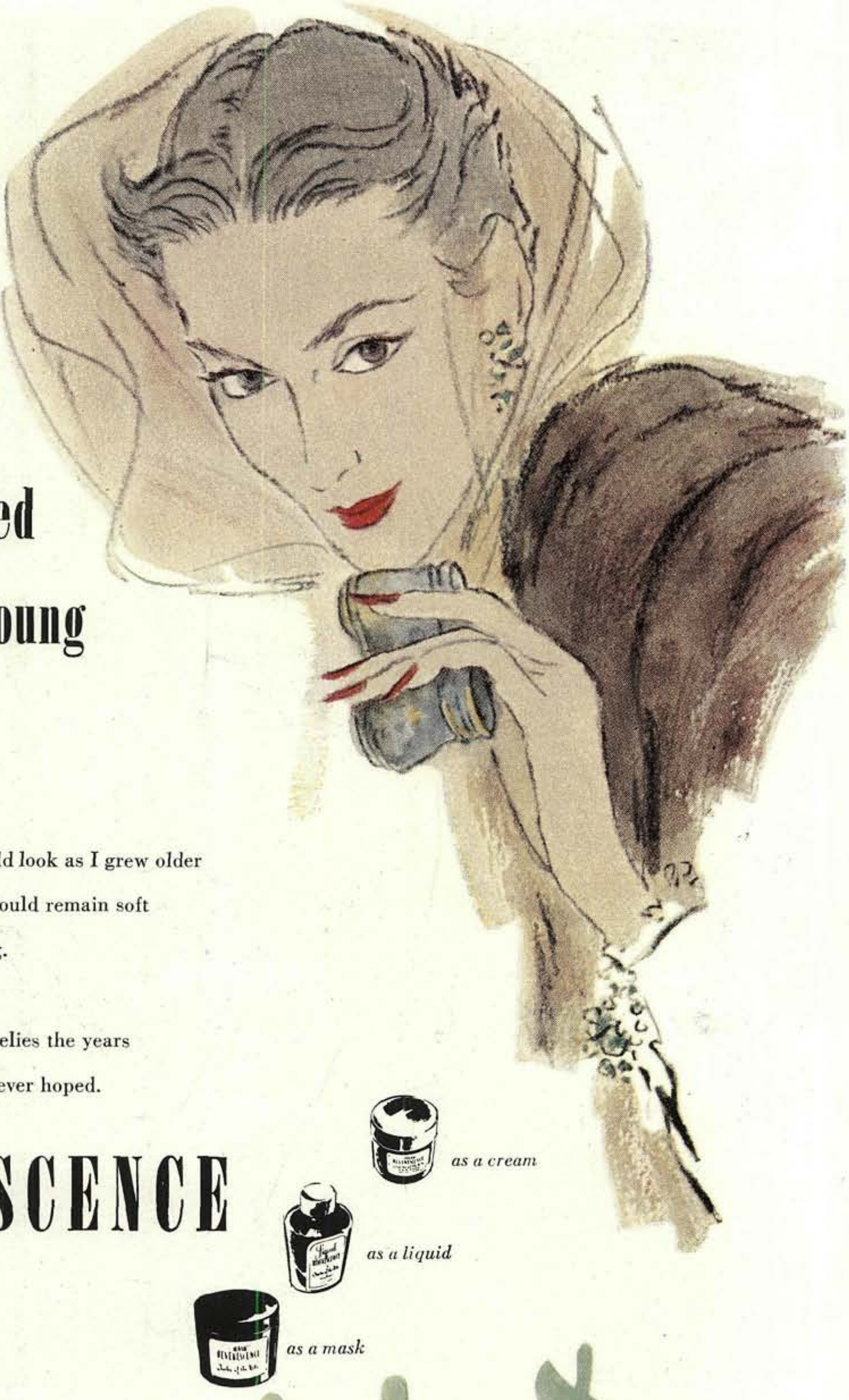
Price 20 cents


NARROW BRIDGE SLOW
SCHOOL BUS
Cem

I never dreamed I'd look this young at my age

● I'd often wondered how I would look as I grew older . . . wondered how long my skin would remain soft and smooth and youthful-looking.
But — no need to wonder now . . .
my Revenescence-cared-for-skin belies the years more beautifully than even I had ever hoped.

REVENESCENCE



Charles of the Ritz

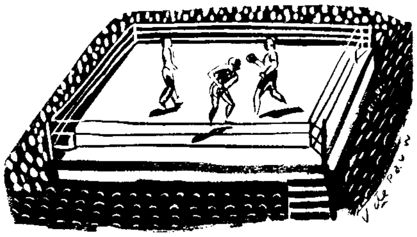
SHARLAND

BERGDORF GOODMAN
5th AVE. at 58th ST. • NEW YORK 19
ON THE PLAZA

EXCLUSIVE CANDLELIGHT SUIT FROSTED WITH ERMINE

Deep amethyst blue wool lit with a blaze of rhinestones, the collar a drift of snowy ermine—quite the way you should look, we think, for a late-day tryst, an afternoon wedding—wherever and whenever the occasion calls for fashionable dressing with an ultra feminine air. $145. In black rayon velvet, $155. Both in sizes 8 to 16.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Cocktail Party—T. S. Eliot's play about a rather unorthodox psychiatrist and three of his patients is a strange and sometimes fairly disconcerting combination of comedy and mysticism, but it is often impressive on both levels. Now with Henry Daniell, Margaret Phillips, and Hugh Williams, as well as Cathleen Nesbitt and Eileen Peel. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Happy Time—If you liked "I Remember Mama," you may enjoy this portrait of a gay and irresponsible French-Canadian family, though it is really a far more elementary piece of work. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Live Wire—There are some funny things in this new Garson Kanin comedy, about a young heel in an otherwise virtuous colony of actors, but on the whole it seems rather shapeless and incoherent. The large cast includes Scott McKay, Sheila Bond, Jack Gilford, and Murvyn Vye. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Member of the Wedding—Carson McCullers has made her deeply touching novel about a lonely adolescent into an almost equally moving play. Ethel Waters is beautiful to see as a sympathetic old Negro woman, and Julie Harris and Brandon De Wilde are captivating as the young heroine and her even younger playmate. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is the boy who wouldn't grow up in this handsome and spirited revival of Barrie's fantasy, which undoubtedly still has its enthusiasts. Boris Karloff is Captain Hook, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and there is some excellent incidental music by Leonard Bernstein. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wisteria Trees—Admirers of Chekhov may consider Joshua Logan's version of "The Cherry Orchard" something of a desecration, but it has its affecting interludes, thanks largely to a superlative performance by Helen Hayes. The Russians who now appear as residents of Louisiana include Walter Abel, Bruce Gordon, Peggy Conklin, Douglas Watson, and Bethel Leslie. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**DEATH OF A SALESMAN:** A solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope. Now with Robert Simon. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MISTER ROBERTS:** Henry Fonda, Paul Stewart, William Harrigan, and Dick Van Patten patrolling the deck of that Navy cargo ship. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Consul—Considered separately, neither the libretto nor the score of this unique production, written and staged singlehanded by Gian-Carlo Menotti, amounts to a great deal, but they combine to give Broadway its first successful all-out opera—and a stirring work of art. With Patricia Neway (or Bruni Falcon) and Gloria Lane. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Michael Todd's Peep Show—Six former burlesque comics provide the humor in this scuffle of Mr. Todd's with the theatre, and sex is attended to by a bevy of appetizing girls wearing as little as possible. Bobby Clark directed the sketches; the music includes an offering from the King of Thailand; and the scenery and costumes are the work of Howard Bay and Irene Sharaff, respectively. Only for those who like their entertainment rough and noisy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tickets, Please!—Paul and Grace Hartman are very funny in this revue, but the subordinate performers and their material seem quite a bit below standard. Among them are Dorothy Jarnac, Roger Price, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. No fewer than four people collaborated on the sketches, and five on the lyrics and music. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES:** An animated business, more or less based on Anita Loos's quarter-century-old classic. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are prominent in the large cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **KISS ME, KATE:** Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott have replaced Patricia Morison and Alfred Drake in this Cole Porter musical. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Well, it's about this French planter who falls in love with— Sure, you know. Ray Middleton has taken over Ezio Pinza's chores, but Mary Martin is with us still. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **TEXAS, LI'L DARLIN':** The one about the editor of a picture magazine and a political campaign in Texas. With Kenny Delmar, Loring Smith, and Fredd Wayne. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Sept. 9.) . . . **WHERE'S CHARLEY?:** Ray Bolger dressed up like Charley's Aunt. Frank Loesser wrote the score. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 9.)

Page
BOOKS 101
THE CURRENT CINEMA 98
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
PARIS FASHIONS LETTER 78
ABOUT THE HOUSE 80
THE RACE TRACK 98
TELEVISION 86

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address.

MISCELLANY

The Medium and **The Telephone**—A double-bill *theatre-in-the-round production of Gian-*Carlo Menotti's operas, with Zelma Watson George, Edith Gordon, and Paul King. Directed by Mr. Menotti. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET

Sadler's Wells Ballet—Opening performances of the season—Sunday, Sept. 10, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 12-13: "Le Lac des Cygnes." . . . ¶ Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Sept. 14-16: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The subterranean Garden, the closest most of us will ever get to Down Under, has Jules Lande's dance band, except on Sundays.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000)—Xavier Cugat, that jolly old fiddler, and his mad Mexican mountain music. Alan Holmes' band fills in the chinks nicely. The Roof closes for the season Saturday, Sept. 9.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra during cocktails, except Sundays, "under the clock," and at dinner on the Cascades Roof, where Dr. Sydney Ross prestidigitates now and then. Activity on the Roof ceases Friday, Sept. 8. On Monday, Sept. 11, the Messrs. Nagel and Ross will move into the Madison Room, which will be open for dinner except Sundays. No dancing anywhere.

Bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn (MA 4-8100)—The Marine Roof offers the dance band of Bob Collum and the best view west of Mount Everest. The view begins at six, the band at nine. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Gigi Durston, now a singer of sweet-girl-postgraduate songs, presides here. Will Jordan, a well-armed funnyman, is the court jester. Dance music by Stuff Smith, his jazz violin, and his band. The perennial Cliff Jackson is at the piano during the interludes.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—An enormous and sometimes lethargic minstrel show, fortunately including some fine old museum pieces, such as Walter Dere Wahl, the Rigoletto Brothers, W. C. Handy, Harry Armstrong, Noble Sissle, and Billy Banks, none of whom makes a single false move. Dancing—hours of it.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—This venerable pump room has returned to a seven-nights-a-week policy now that summer is nearly over, and so, naturally, have its

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVI, No. 29, Sept. 9, 1950. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1950, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

THE SHEER WOOL TUBE, most significant figure of the afternoon, its sheer simplicity an elegance with furs. Side-buttoned, taut to the knee, then a pleated godet. S.F.A. exclusive, by Karen Stark of Harvey Berin; navy, black, red, beige, grey. 10 to 18, 69.95. Dress Collections.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · BEVERLY HILLS · DETROIT · PITTSBURGH · MIAMI BEACH

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16

hardier customers. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room has an ice show twice a night involving Jean Arlen and some other pretty girls, plus a supply of the usual horseplay. Bernie Cummins' and Peter Kent's dance orchestras. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's orchestra makes modest cocktail-hour dance music in the Café Pierre, and reappears at dinner and supper. Bernice Byres sings a few songs and Pancho Pistolas plays passionate guitar.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, a splendid splash of period-piece color, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras after eight-thirty. Closed Sunday, Sept. 10; open every night thereafter.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's music at the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Teddy Powell's string band plays for dancing. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—From dinnertime on, the Roof, big, pink, beautiful, and mannerly, has Milt Shaw's and Horace Diaz's orchestras zipping up and down on their moving platforms, and party dresses sashaying up and down the floor. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge is filled with Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Jan Garber's orchestra is in the Café Rouge to take good care of the dinner and supper dancers. Ralph Flanagan's band will replace Mr. Garber's outfit on Monday, Sept. 11. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Always something to amuse the children. Suzy Mulligan sings; Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band make dance music.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Refugees from the sticky asphalt at ease with the bees in the breeze by the trees. Dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A good substitute for that dream château on the Loire. This one has air-conditioning, Emile Petti's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and the rather humdrum songs of Bernice Parks. On Wednesday, Sept. 13, Edith Piaf returns, along with her customary songs, accordionist, invisible choir, and éclat.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On the Starlight Roof, at dinner and supper, Vaughn Monroe, exercising his basso profundo and his dance orchestra. Mischa Borr's band is his little helpmate. Sundays, the Borr band works by itself until midnight.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter's crisp mood music begins at eight-thirty, except Sundays, in this opulent sylvan bower.... **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the founding fathers of life after dark, is displaying his indestructible grin and dance band here from eight o'clock on. Phil D'Arcy's trio assists. Closed Sundays.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music after nine-thirty, for a phrenetic group of midtowners. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except Sundays, Felix Romaine's string music from eight-thirty on, and Ernie Warren's trio tinkling along after ten. Sundays, Nancy Reed is at the piano.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays.... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Simone Dolphen puts on her one-girl circus in the middle of this Village bar. Harold Fonville, Bob Downey, and Hazel Webster play good, reliable piano when Mlle. Dolphen isn't swarming over it herself.... **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Rudy Timfield plays dinner and supper piano in the bar, a fine example of inspirational décor. Closed Sundays. ... **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Upstairs over the harum-scarum Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer offers her musings on the vicissitudes of life in this vast metropolis. Sam Hamilton is her pianist.... **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy's conversational songs about penthouse love life are on tap after midnight. There's a terrace if the night or the ballads are too warm for you. Closed Sundays.... **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Laurie Brewis, an L.P. record of yesteryear's best tunes, strokes his piano from dinnertime on, and after eleven is the background for the silvery voice of Maxine Sullivan. Closed Sundays.... **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mae Barnes, that indomitable steam calliope, is back with her old pals—Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate, who sing nostalgically, and Garland Wilson, who fools around on the piano. Alice Ghostley and G. Wood have several funny things to say for themselves. The fur starts flying at ten-thirty. Closed Mondays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Don Abney at the piano from six to twelve, except Sundays.... **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano music from six to nine Monday through Friday, and Bernie Dolen's band for dancing the same hours on Saturday and from noon to nine on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis, the Pittsburgh stogie's and the travelling salesman's best friend, holds forth in no uncertain terms. Carol Bruce dances, and so do a lot of the house guests.... **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Billy Daniels, a celebrated balladeer whose footwork will remind oldsters of Ty Cobb stealing home, and Jack Cole and his ballet group, whose footwork is sometimes bewitched, sometimes bothered, and sometimes a bit bewildered. Pupi Campo's and Walter Nye's orchestras are on the revolving bandstand.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

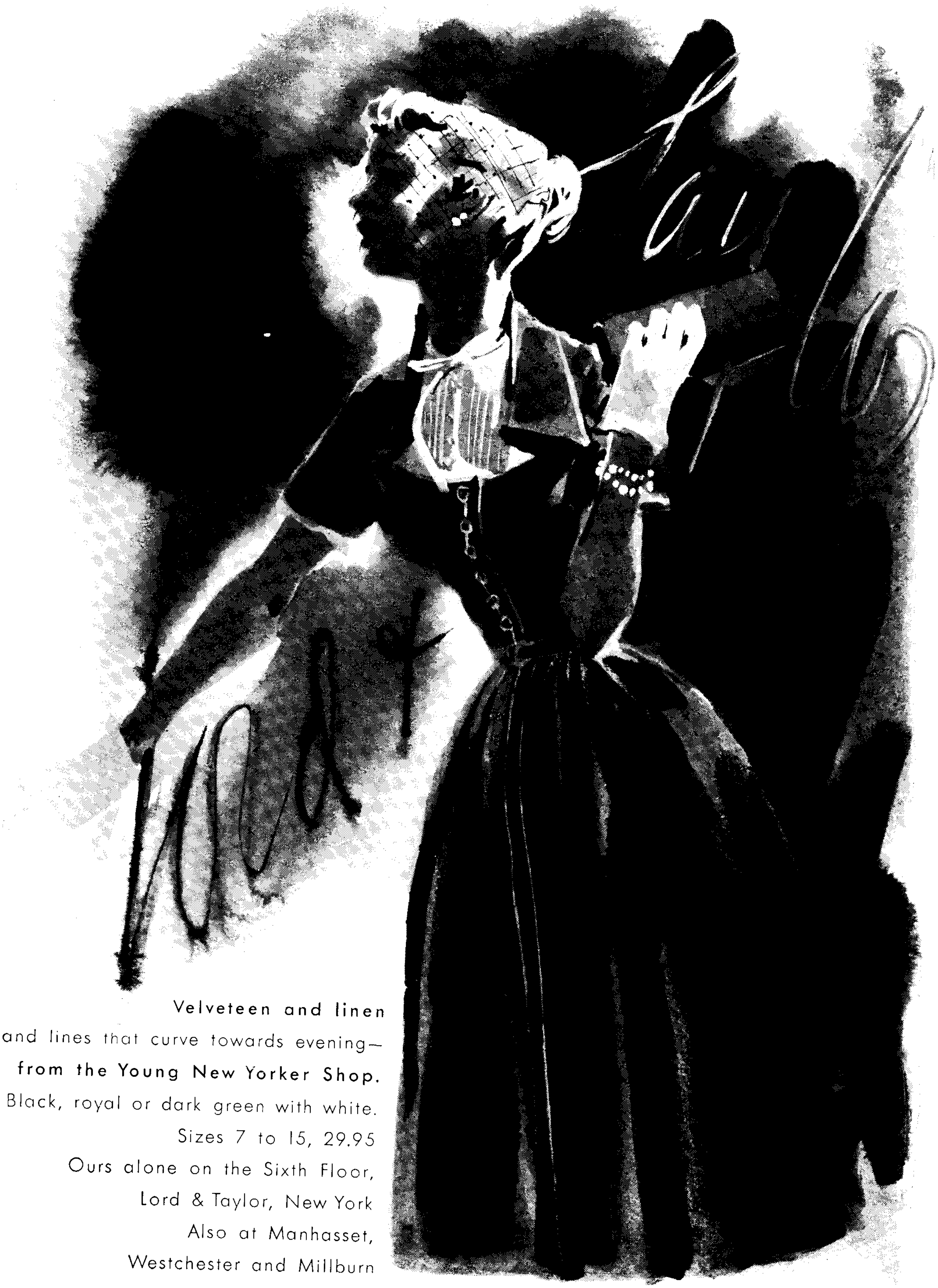
BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Meg Mundy, deserting the stage for a whirl at singing for her supper; the Weavers, doing folk songs of all nations; Tony and Eddie, having roughhouse fun at the expense of some of our best-known recording artists. Stuart Ross is at the piano, the Herman Chittison Trio is on the stand, Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies.... **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk is back in town with most of his wits (Michael Brown, the Deuces Wild, and the Four Lads) about him. The love interest is supplied by Shirl Conway, a slim and stately soprano; the music is by Norman Paris's virtuoso trio. Closed Sundays.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Reopens Friday, Sept. 8, with Richard Dyer-Bennett, who's been away from night life for five years, once again singing his eloquent ballads. Marie Young; a new Bermudian singer, and Charlotte Rae, a new comic, help out. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Nary a zither player in this hallowed hall, where Wild Bill Davison flexes his mighty wind machine every hour on the half hour. Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Ralph Sutton, and Mr. Condon add their own hot licks. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by fire-breathing visitors. Closed Sundays.... **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is now in residence. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood thinking out loud about their pet pastime. Don Frye plays solo piano. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing.... **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Benny Morton's band (Big Sid Catlett, Rex Stewart, Buster Bailey, Billy Kyle) and Gene Krupa's orchestra. On Friday, Sept. 15, a miniature musical history of jazz (with showgirls as well as just plain, unphotogenic musicians) will replace all the incumbents. Closed Mondays.... **PARK SHERATON,** Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-8000): Except Sunday, Joe Bushkin's piano and trio, operating at a sparkling hand gallop on a small race track inside the bar of the Mermaid Room, through Tuesday, Sept. 12.... **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): An elegant new trio (Oscar Pettiford, Billy Taylor, and Jo Jones) as well as Stan Getz's group and Charlie Parker's shrill little band; through Wednesday, Sept. 13. Next night, new faces. Jam sessions Mondays.... **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night saturnalias. On Sept. 8, Wild Bill Davison's band (Red Allen, Sandy Williams, Ernie Caceres, Frank Signorelli, and George Wettling) vs. Oran Page's band (Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, James P. Johnson, John Kirby, and Arthur Herbert). ... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th

600
606
Getz



Velveteen and linen
and lines that curve towards evening—
from the Young New Yorker Shop.
Black, royal or dark green with white.
Sizes 7 to 15, 29.95
Ours alone on the Sixth Floor,
Lord & Taylor, New York
Also at Manhasset,
Westchester and Millburn

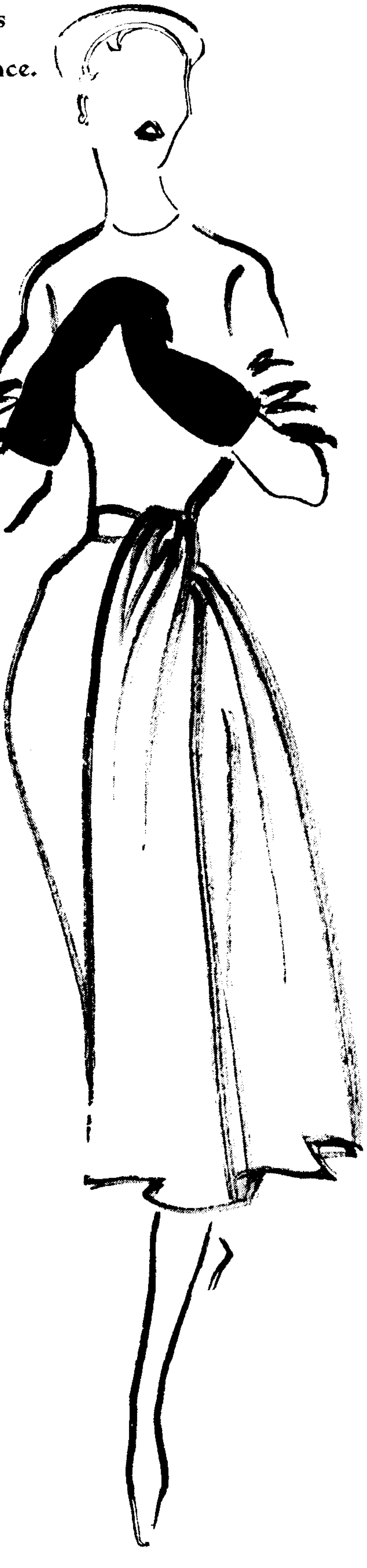
Young-Timers briefed in the reigning importance of the expertly styled wool jersey wisely choose a Bendel Original. Superbly simple bodice with "jewel neckline"... push-up-or-down sleeves... panel duet draped over the leather belt with a flourish that endows the skirt with movement, grace.

$39.95

Young-Timers
Fourth Floor

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

Navy, peacock green, purple, red... sizes 10 to 18.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of Friday-night revelry. This week (Sept. 8), Fletcher Henderson, Willie the Lion Smith, Kansas Fields, Joe Thomas, Art Trappier, and Gene Sedric. Dancing.

IN THE COUNTRY

DANCING—**CHANTICLER**, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Through Sunday, Sept. 10, Bill Cooper's orchestra; starting Tuesday, Sept. 12, Mace Irish's orchestra; closed Mondays. . . . **BOWDEN SQUARE**, Southampton, L.I. (Southampton 788): Through Sunday, Sept. 10, Irving Fields' trio.

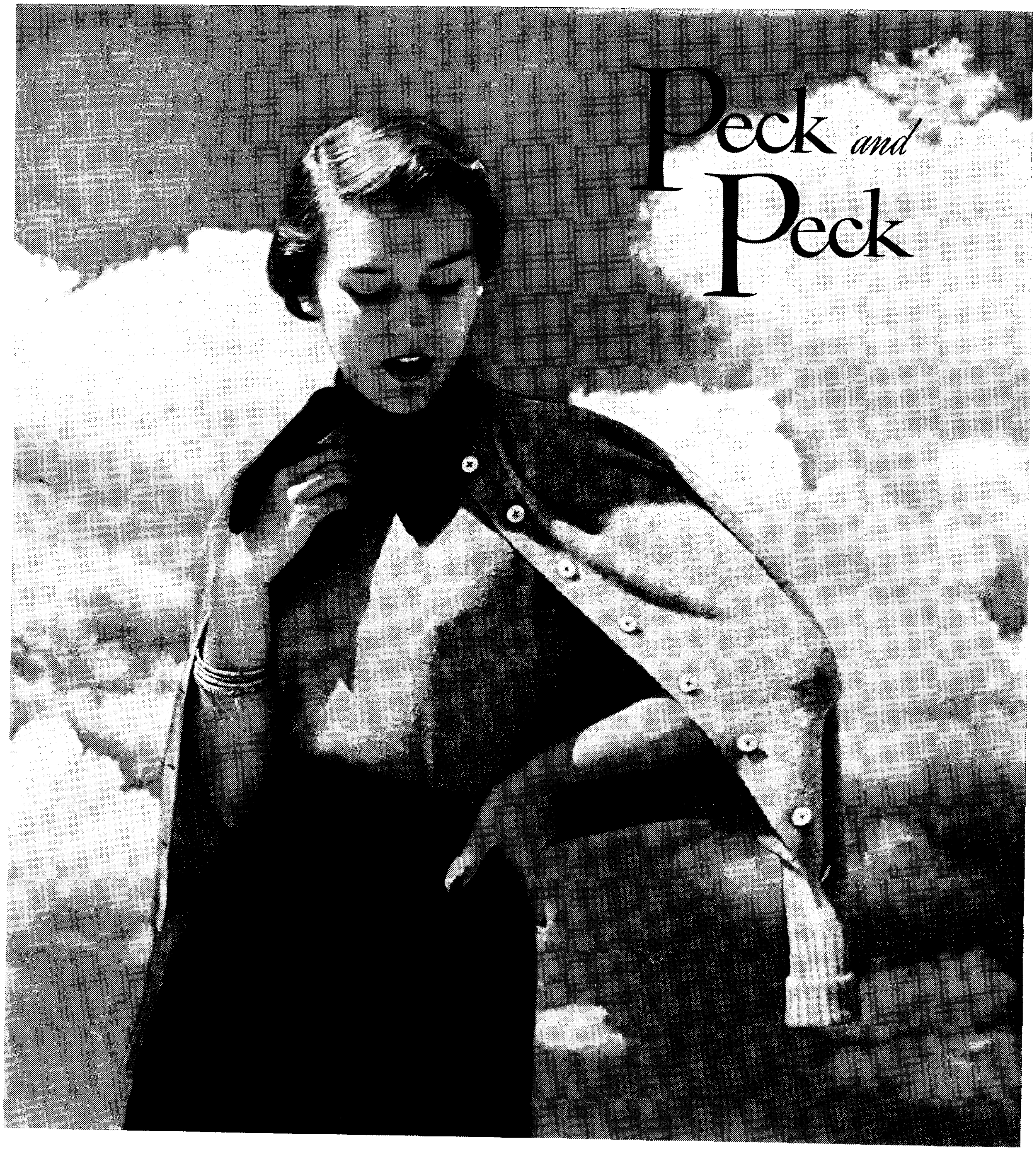
DINNER—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CLOSTER, N.J.**: Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays. . . . **COLD SPRING HARBOR, L.I.**: Mooring-on-the-Sound (Cold Spring Harbor 998). . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.**: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **CROTON FALLS, N.Y.**: Massé's (Croton Falls 7-8560); closed Tuesdays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726); closed Mondays. . . . **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.**: Old Drovers Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.**: Sea Spray Inn (East Hampton 475). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.**: Rothmann's Inn (Oyster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.**: Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.**: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.**: Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.**: Cruiser Club (Hampton Bays 342); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.**: Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.**: Mori's (Great Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays. . . . **NEW HOPE, PA.**: Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784). . . . **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Jolly Fisherman (Norwalk 8-3246). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.**: Miramar (Port Washington 7-1829); Ralph Strain at the piano after ten, except Tuesdays. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.**: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**: Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120). . . . ¶ Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232); Peter Walters at the piano, except Mondays. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 870). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.**: Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.**: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.**: Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.**: Stockholm (Syosset 6-1798); closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Villa Victor (Syosset 6-1706). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.**: Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.**: Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.**: Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-2184). . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.**: Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . **YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N.Y.**: Croton Heights Inn (Yorktown Heights 2-4090); closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans, from Winslow Homer and Albert Ryder to Jean Liberte, Sol Wilson, and John McCoy; through Sept. 8. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Contemporary painters, among them John Sloan and William Kienbusch, in a showing of oils; through Sept. 15. Closed Saturdays. . . . **LEVITT**, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.: The third part of this gallery's seasonal retrospective, with canvases and sculptures by Everett Spruce, Virginia Berresford, José de Rivera, and others; through Sept. 15. Closed Saturdays. . . . **WELLONS**, 43 E. 50th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Gaston Lachaise, Henry Lee McFee, Paul

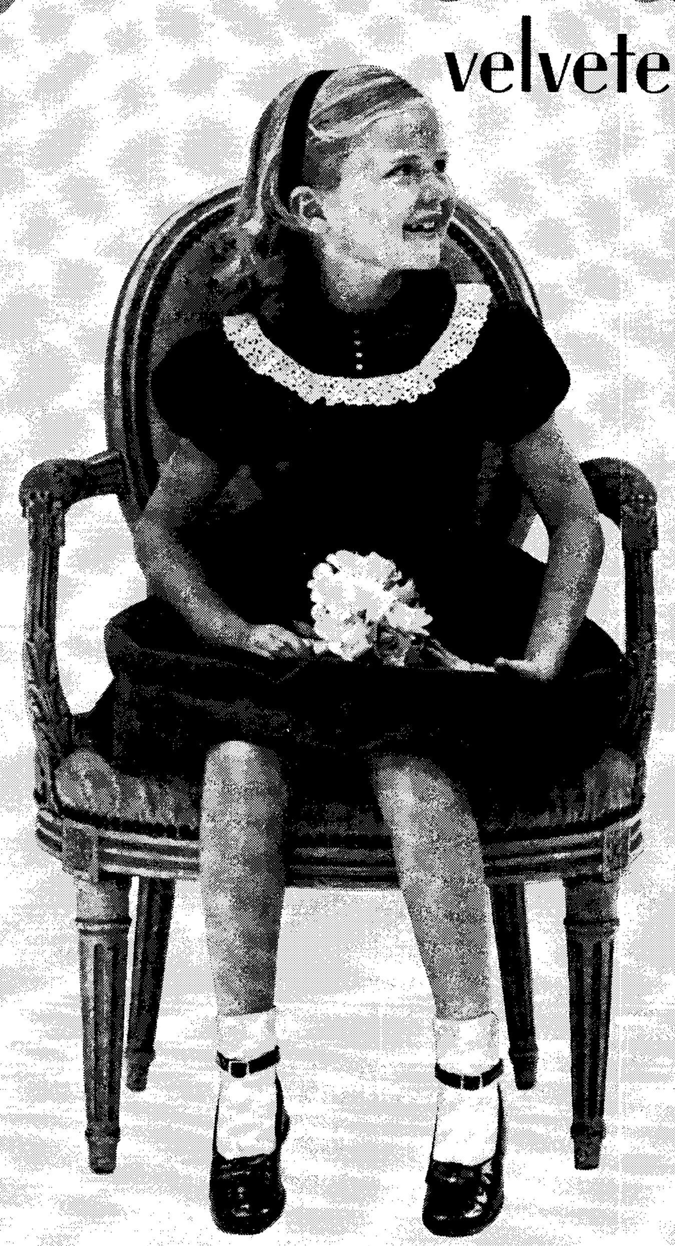


BRAEMAR

Purely Peck and Peck . . . spindrift from across the sea . . . our imported Braemar Cobweb Cashmeres

Light as a cloud . . . frothy as white caps . . . our new Braemar Cobwebs, imported from Scotland, are fashioned of purest cashmere . . . waft weightlessly above dress-up garb or casual wear. And, if you sailed the seven seas, you'd find them nowhere but at Peck and Peck! In yellow, light blue, hunting pink and white, sizes 34 to 40. Short sleeve pullover, 14.95; long sleeve *cardigan*, 19.95

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS • MINNEAPOLIS • ST. PAUL
INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • MILWAUKEE • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE • ATLANTA



Juilliard
velveteens

● A very young lady about to rate a bow . . . she'll make her curtsy wearing beautiful Juilliard JULIETTE, the richer, more lustrous velveteen. Juliette is truly finer because of its combed-yarn softness, vibrant colors, deep, luxurious pile and durable twill-back construction. You will find the little girl's dress by Celeste at B. Altman, New York; Himelhoch Bros., Detroit and A. Harris, Dallas. For stores in other cities featuring it, write A. D. Juilliard & Co., Inc., 40 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Juilliard Juliette
TWILL BACK VELVETEEN

"fine fabrics are the foundation of fashion"

Manship, William Harnett, and others; through Sept. 30.

Old Masters—Portraits, figure paintings, and landscapes. There are four Botticellis, two Claudes, a Rembrandt, and a Hals, among other works. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Sept. 8.)

Prints—An exhibition spanning the past half century. Artists of several countries are represented, among them Renoir, Picasso, Rivera, and Hayter. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10; through Dec. 5.)

The Woman in French Painting—As seen through the eyes of painters of the more or less ascetic sixteenth century, the frivolous seventeenth and eighteenth, and the Impressionistic nineteenth. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 29.)

Some of This Week's Openings—Group shows at the ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Sept. 16. . . . KOOTZ, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through Sept. 30. . . . MILCH, 55 E. 57th St.; through Sept. 27. Closed Saturdays. . . . NIVEAU, 63 E. 57th St.; through Sept. 30.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A showing of oils, water colors, prints, and sculpture by members of the Museum's Art School faculty opens on Sept. 16. The group includes Max Beckmann, William Baziotes, Reuben Tam, and Milton Hebald. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Oct. 15.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition taken from the permanent collection of American paintings, drawings, and prints, and covering, roughly, the last fifty years. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Oct. 29.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of twentieth-century paintings and sculpture from the Museum's collection. There are groupings of American, British, German, and Latin-American art, as well as a section devoted to portraits. Through Oct. 15. . . . ¶ In the Museum garden (entrance at 4 W. 54th St.), a one-story house designed by Gregory Ain; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Work by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay, Josef Albers, and Alice Mason, as well as by some Europeans who are new exhibitors here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Oct. 13.)

MUSIC

Philharmonic-Symphony—Playing at the Roxy Theatre, where Dimitri Mitropoulos conducts programs of about forty minutes each between motion-picture showings; through Thursday, Sept. 14. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th St. CI 7-6000.)

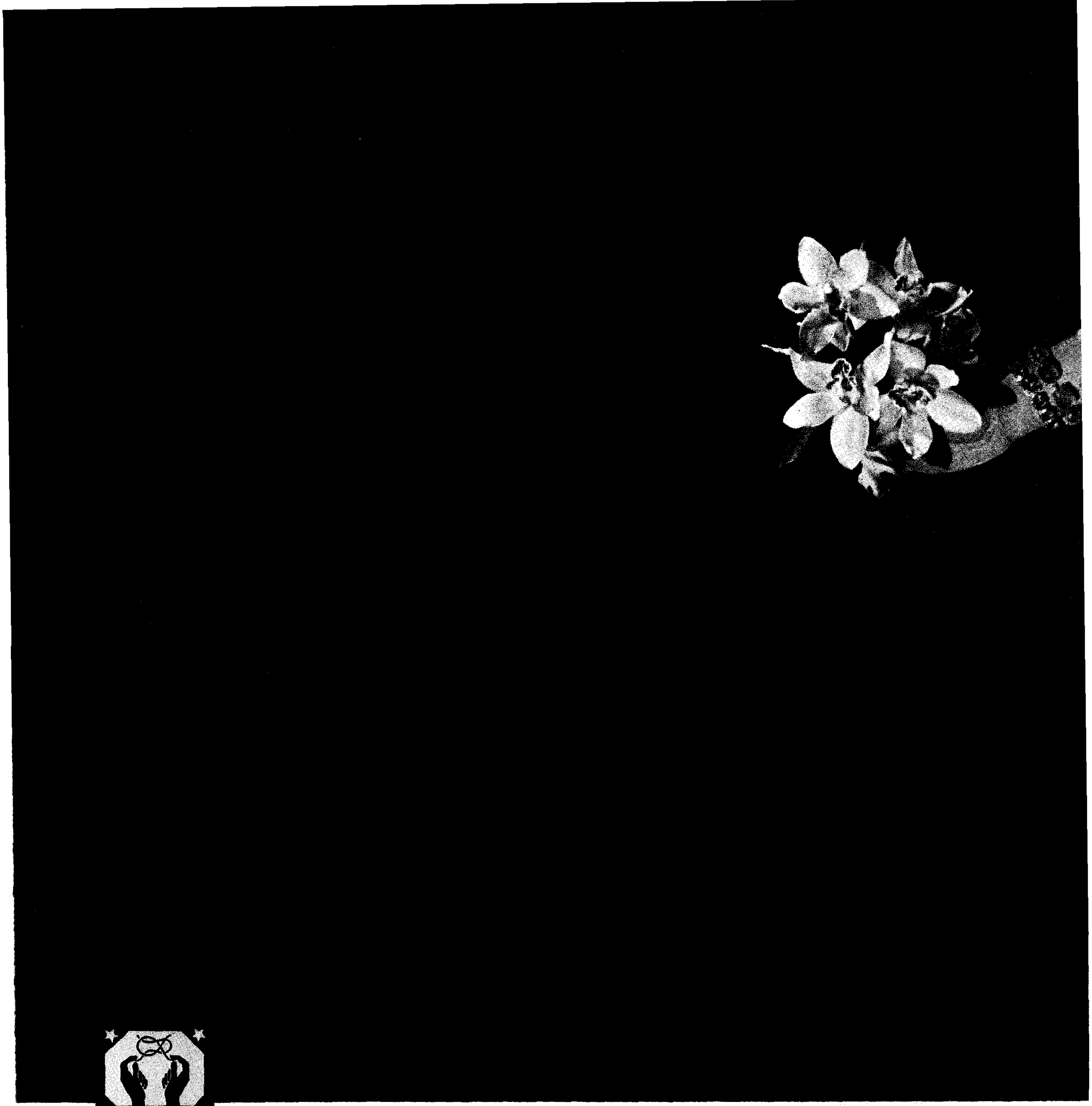
Salmaggi Opera—Thursday, Sept. 7: "Tosca." . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 8: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 9: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 10: "Aïda." (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Evenings at 8:30.)

Jazz at the Philharmonic—Ella Fitzgerald, Coleman Hawkins, Flip Phillips, Buddy Rich, Lester Young, Oscar Peterson, Hank Jones, and others in a big jam session. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Sept. 16, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Boston, Thursday and Friday, Sept. 7-8, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dodgers, Saturday, Sept. 9, at 1:30; Sunday, Sept. 10, at 2:30; and Monday, Sept. 11, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Tuesday, Sept. 12, at 1:30; Wednesday, Sept. 13, at 1:30 (doubleheader); and Thursday, Sept. 14, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Chicago, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 15-16, at 1:30. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 12-14, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Friday, Sept. 15, at 1:30, and Saturday, Sept. 16, at 2.

Boxing—Willie Pep vs. Sandy Saddler, 15



SINCE 1825
BIGELOW
Rugs – Carpets

Vanity Fair

a Bigelow Masterweave

If your furniture is to you more than "furnishings"... if you are frankly a perfectionist about your possessions . . . you, especially, will appreciate the magnificent new "Vanity Fair."

Fashioned to delight the eye . . . in a gamut of inspiring colors not found elsewhere. Luxurious to the touch . . . knowingly crafted of choice wools from all over the world, treated to retain their natural "liveliness." So richly deep-dense in texture it seems to swallow sound... spread tranquility as it does lasting loveliness.

Of course it's a Bigelow, famous for beauty you can see . . . quality you can trust . . . since 1825.

Bigelow
Rugs and Carpets

You can tell at a touch...

IT'S A **Stroock**

You can almost feel it now—the touch-appealing texture of these superb Stroock tweeds loomed of the world's choicest wool. Light-and-shadow greys in a sweeping coat costume-mated with a slimming suit...both tailored with flair and flourish by Philip Mangone. For the store in your city, write Stroock, 404 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, New York.

STROOCK "FASHION FABRICS" AVAILABLE BY THE YARD AT LEADING STORES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rounds, for the World Featherweight Championship. (Yankee Stadium. Friday, Sept. 8. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.) . . . ¶ Paddy Young vs. Ernie Durando, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Sept. 15. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

DOG SHOW—Westchester Kennel Club. (Rye. Sunday, Sept. 10.)

HORSE SHOWS—North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook, L.I. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 7-9.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Syosset, L.I. Sunday, Sept. 10.) . . . ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley, L.I. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 14-16.)

MOTORBOAT RACING—Around Manhattan, for the Harwood Trophy. (Sunday, Sept. 10.) . . . ¶ President's Cup Power Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 16-17.)

POLO—At **MEADOW BROOK CLUB**, Westbury: First match in the National Open Championship, Sunday, Sept. 10, at 3; for the benefit of the *Daily Mirror* Youth Welfare Fund. . . . **BOSTWICK FIELD**: Sundays at 3:30. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB**, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams; for the benefit of the *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund. (Polo Grounds. Thursday, Sept. 7, at 8:30.)

RACING—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, Sept. 16. The Edgemere, Saturday, Sept. 9; the Cowdin, Wednesday, Sept. 13; and the Beldame Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 16. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Monday, Sept. 11, through Saturday, Oct. 14.

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Race Week. (Manhasset. Through Sunday, Sept. 10.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Interim Committee of the General Assembly, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2253, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Ave., at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

MINEOLA FAIR—Tents, poultry, dog-obedience tests, baton twirling, fireworks, square dancing, baby shows, and other customary paraphernalia of country fairs. This one even boasts a three-ring circus, a carnival section, and a wild-animal show. (Fair Grounds, Mineola. Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 12-16, from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The September show is called "Autumn Skies." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

TRANSATLANTIC LINERS—Washington: Arrives Friday, Sept. 8; sails Wednesday, Sept. 13, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ America: Sails Saturday, Sept. 9, at noon. . . . ¶ De Grasse: Arrives Saturday, Sept. 9; sails Monday, Sept. 11, at 11 A.M. . . . ¶ Caronia: Arrives Saturday, Sept. 9; sails Tuesday, Sept. 12, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Parthia: Arrives Saturday, Sept. 9; sails Friday, Sept. 15, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Queen Mary: Arrives Tuesday, Sept. 12; sails Thursday, Sept. 14, at 11 A.M. . . . ¶ Britannic: Arrives Saturday, Sept. 16.

Our University Shop Suits (sizes 34-42 including Extra Longs) are \$39.50 to \$59.50. Dark Blue Suits as illustrated are \$49.50 in Flannel and \$59.50 in Worsted. Prep Suits (sizes 13-17) are \$34.50 and \$39.50. The Tan Polo Coat illustrated, 50% Camel's Hair—50% Wool, is \$79.50.

UNDERGRADUATES AND UPPER FORMERS ARE ADVISED TO VISIT ROGERS PEET

Whether it's just the right Buttoned-Down Shirt or a pair of English Argyll Socks . . . or a whole trunkfull of new Clothes . . . Undergraduates and Upper Formers going back to School and College will be well-advised to take a look at Rogers Peet's University Shop Clothes and Accessories.

Everything is cut in the lines they instantly recognize as authentic . . . in the Right Materials, Colors and Patterns . . . and carefully made for long and satisfactory wear. And Prices — for things of this sort — are surprisingly and pleasantly reasonable.

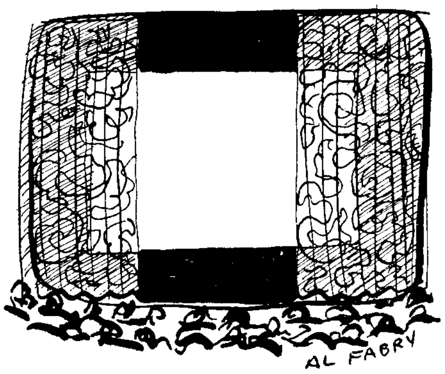
Rogers Peet
UNIVERSITY SHOP
NEW YORK • BOSTON

In New York: Fifth Ave. *at* 41st St. Thirteenth St. *at* Broadway
Warren Street *at* Broadway
And in Boston: Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



ANNIE GET YOUR GUN—Show business, Wild West division. A lively translation to the screen of the Irving Berlin musical. With Betty Hutton, Howard Keel, Louis Calhern, and Keenan Wynn. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Sept. 12.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Sept. 13.)

THE FALLEN IDOL—A small boy's introduction to a bewildering adult world in which unhappy love and violent death figure prominently. A British picture, and a fine one. Bobby Henrey, Sir Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan participate. (Embassy Cinema, 74 E. 42nd, MU 7-8723; through Sept. 8. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)

THE LAWLESS—The race problem, this time involving natives of northern California and Mexican immigrants. A film that never lets social significance interfere with the fast pace of a spanking melodrama. With Macdonald Carey, Gail Russell, and Lalo Rios. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Sept. 10.... ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; through Sept. 12.)

MADELEINE—Love and arsenic, both illicit, mingled in a mystery film set in Victorian Glasgow. Worth while largely because of the acting of Ann Todd, cast as a lady whose decorous days are quite different from her nights. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

NO WAY OUT—Sidney Poitier is superb as a young Negro doctor in a sometimes overly melodramatic but basically excellent study of color prejudice. Strong stuff throughout, with Richard Widmark turning in a convincing performance as an especially virulent race-hater. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

THE RED SHOES—A lengthy British item having to do with dancers. With Moira Shearer and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

SUNSET BOULEVARD—Horrendous doings in Hollywood, as a celebrated old movie star dreams of a triumphant return to films. There is some good acting by Gloria Swanson, Erich von Stroheim, and William Holden, but the story has many of the qualities of a mud puddle. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

THE THIRD MAN—A sporadically interesting melodrama about postwar Vienna. Written by Graham Greene and directed by Carol Reed, the film features Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Orson Welles. (Embassy Cinema, 74 E. 42nd, MU 7-8723; Sept. 9-12. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)

THREE LITTLE WORDS—A lighthearted musical escapade, with some twinkly dancing by Fred Astaire and Vera-Ellen, and an abundant supply of reminiscent old songs by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. In fact, it purports to be the biography of Kalmar and Ruby. Red Skelton and Keenan Wynn are in charge of the comic end of things. (State, B'way at 45th, LU 2-5070.)

TREASURE ISLAND—Even Long John Silver's parrot ("Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!") is pretty wonderful in this rip-roaring version of Stevenson's great story. Robert Newton and Bobby Driscoll head a large and splendid cast. Produced by Walt Disney, in England. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

THE WALLS OF MALAPAGA—Romance in Genoa, with Jean Gabin registering an excellent performance as a Frenchman whose charm overwhelms a handsome lady and her growing daughter. Isa Miranda and Vera Talchi are superb as the ladies involved. A French-Italian production. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Sept. 11.)

THE WINSLOW BOY—An absorbing account of how a beleaguered father clears the name of his son, who has been expelled from an English naval academy because he is allegedly a thief. An English film, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, Margaret Leighton, and Francis L. Sullivan. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

ANGEL (1937)—High life and intrigue in Paris. Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall, and Melvyn Douglas. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Sept. 10-11.)

BRIEF ENCOUNTER (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Sept. 9.)

DESIRE (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain, Marlene Dietrich, and Gary Cooper. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; through Sept. 9.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Sept. 10-11.)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS (1947)—The Dickens story. An English picture, with Valerie Hobson and John Mills. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Sept. 8-11.)

HARVEST (1939)—A French pastoral piece, with Fernandel. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Sept. 12, tentative.)

I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey stormbound in the Hebrides. An English film. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; starting Sept. 12.)

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN (1937)—Harry Baur as the composer. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 7.)

NIGHT TRAIN (1940)—Carol Reed's thriller about spies, the Gestapo, and such. A British film, with Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Sept. 11.)

PEARLS OF THE CROWN (1938)—Sacha Guitry's tricky history of some famous jewels. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 7.)

THE SEARCH (1948)—An account of the effects of war on the lives of some children in Europe. With Montgomery Clift. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Sept. 12-13.)

SHADOW OF A DOUBT (1943)—A Hitchcock job about a mild little family and a mysterious uncle. Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Sept. 12-13.)

SOUTH RIDING (1938)—Yorkshire life, with Edna Best and Sir Ralph Richardson. A British picture. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 8.)

STORM IN A TEACUP (1938)—A British comedy about a Scottish village and a flock of dogs. With Vivien Leigh and Rex Harrison. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Sept. 8.)

STORY OF G.I. JOE (1945)—The American infantryman's progress through Africa and Italy during World War II. With Burgess Meredith. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; starting Sept. 13.)

SYMPHONIE PASTORALE (1948)—A French version of the André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Sept. 12, tentative.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—More Hitchcock mystification. A British film with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Sept. 8.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Sept. 12.)

THUNDER ROCK (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. An English film with Michael Redgrave. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Sept. 8.)

TILLIE AND GUS (1933)—W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, and a ferryboat swindle. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Sept. 10-11.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Through Sept. 10: "Male and Female" (1919), with Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan.... ¶ Starting Sept. 11: "Drottningholms Teatervarld" (1935), a Swedish film, and "Juno and the Paycock" (1929), with Barry Fitzgerald and Sara Allgood. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Edge of Doom," Farley Granger, Dana Andrews, Joan Evans.

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Summer Stock," Judy Garland, Gene Kelley.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Sept. 13 (tentative): "Shakedown," Brian Donlevy, Howard Duff.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Sept. 13 (tentative): "San Quentin," revival, Humphrey Bogart, Pat O'Brien; and "Alcatraz Island," revival, John Litel, Ann Sheridan.

LITTLE CINÉMET, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"My Widow and I" (in Italian), Vittorio De Sica, Isa Miranda.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
TREASURE ISLAND.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
SUNSET BOULEVARD.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Fancy Pants," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
NO WAY OUT.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Black Rose," Tyrone Power, Orson Welles. (The Philharmonic-Symphony, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, will play for about forty minutes between features.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
THREE LITTLE WORDS.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Tea for Two," Doris Day, Gordon MacRae.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Our Very Own," Ann Blyth, Farley Granger.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Difficult Years" (in Italian).

So very exciting . . .
TABU on fur
TABU
Dana
the "forbidden" perfume by Dana

Copyright 1950, Dana Perfumes, Inc.—Chinchilla Stole by Esther Dorothy

only
by

Vanity Fair

This nightdress
in enchanting colors,
flower-like
in peerless
nylon tricot
all permanently
pleated for
loveliness
now and forever.

© 1950, VANITY FAIR MILLS, INC. • EXECUTIVE OFFICES, READING, PA.

MARK SHAW

Tender were his words . . .

Gentle were his arms. And thrilling was the engagement ring so new to her finger.

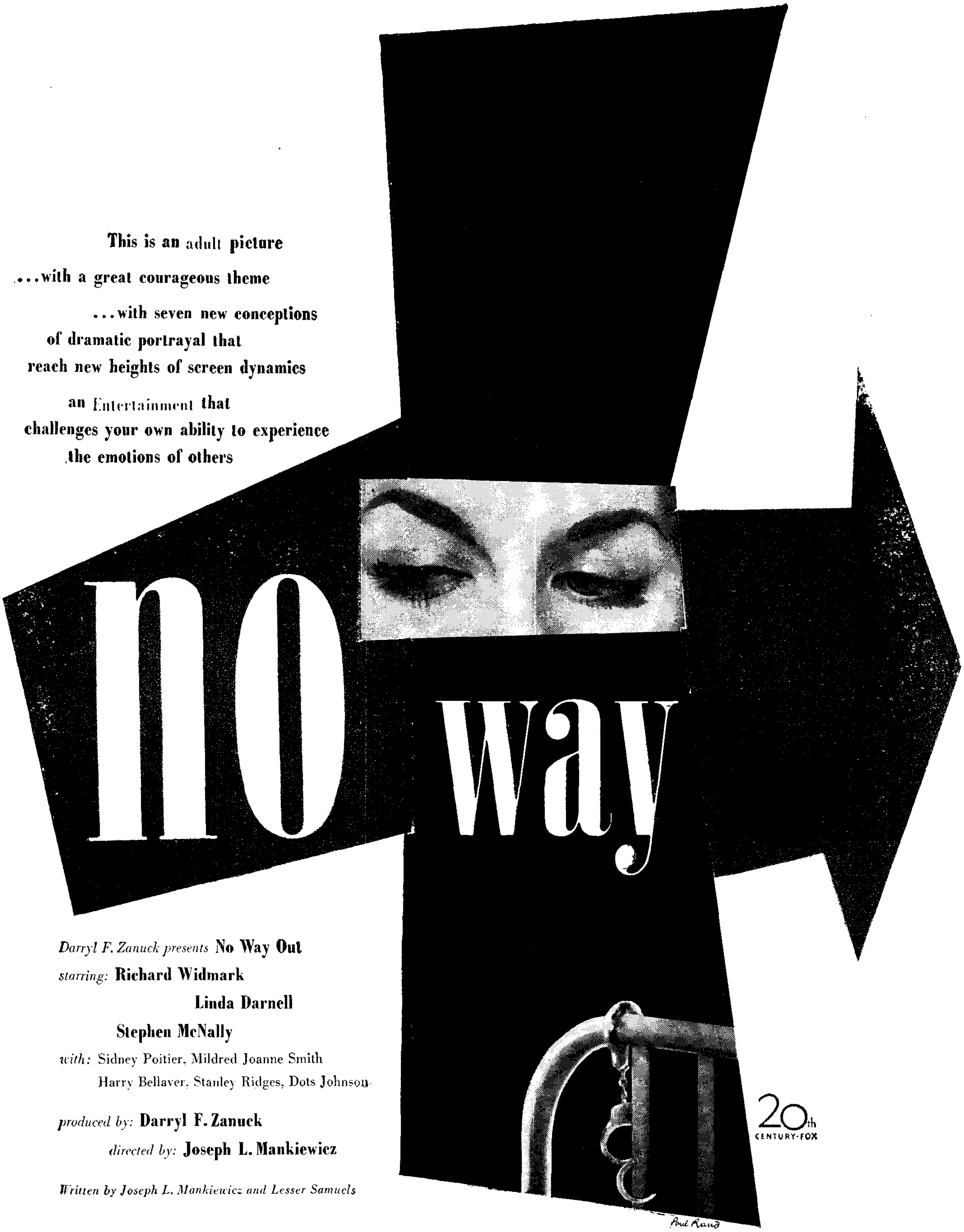
An engagement ring made of precious palladium. Rare, beautiful, white palladium. The jewelry metal that enhances the brilliance of diamonds . . . holds them so securely.

See palladium creations at your jeweler. Or, write us for a nearby source. A booklet telling the interesting story of palladium is available upon request.

PALLADIUM

A PRECIOUS METAL FOR FINE JEWELRY

PLATINUM METALS DIVISION • THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC. • New York 5, N. Y.



This is an adult picture
...with a great courageous theme
...with seven new conceptions
of dramatic portrayal that
reach new heights of screen dynamics
an Entertainment that
challenges your own ability to experience
the emotions of others

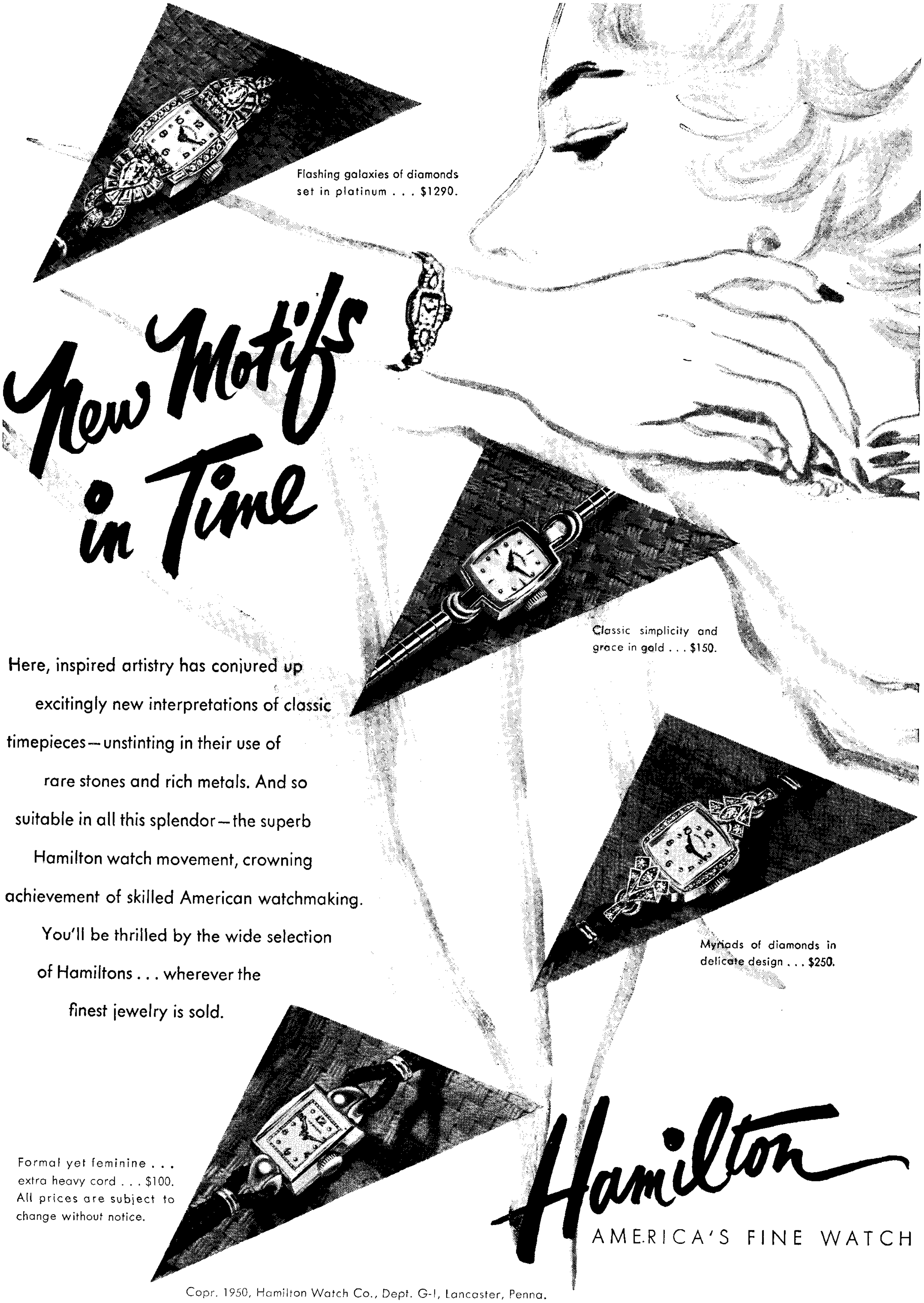
Darryl F. Zanuck presents **No Way Out**
starring: **Richard Widmark**
Linda Darnell
Stephen McNally
with: Sidney Poitier, Mildred Joanne Smith
Harry Bellaver, Stanley Ridges, Dots Johnson

produced by: **Darryl F. Zanuck**
directed by: **Joseph L. Mankiewicz**

Written by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and Lesser Samuels

20th CENTURY-FOX

Paul Rand



New Motifs in Time

Flashing galaxies of diamonds set in platinum . . . $1290.

Classic simplicity and grace in gold . . . $150.

Myriads of diamonds in delicate design . . . $250.

Here, inspired artistry has conjured up excitingly new interpretations of classic timepieces—unstinting in their use of rare stones and rich metals. And so suitable in all this splendor—the superb Hamilton watch movement, crowning achievement of skilled American watchmaking. You'll be thrilled by the wide selection of Hamiltons . . . wherever the finest jewelry is sold.

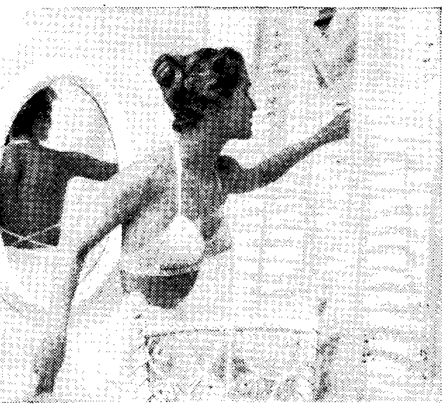
Formal yet feminine . . . extra heavy cord . . . $100. All prices are subject to change without notice.

Hamilton

AMERICA'S FINE WATCH

Copr. 1950, Hamilton Watch Co., Dept. G-1, Lancaster, Penna.

Backboon! Just the bra for the new sleeveless blouses and dresses. Tucks down . . . stays down. Still keeps *you* up. Exquisitely embroidered white nylon marquisette. $3.50. Bra #2231.



At last—a halter! A tiny, adjustable strap halters this lace-on-nylon bra. Two long straps fasten in front...baring you to be beautiful! White. $5.00. Bra #2210.

You'll see yourself in a new light, lovely!

The sheer magic of Warner's fabulous new bras

An angel must have dreamed them! They're so heavenly sheer! So bewitchingly beautiful! So delicately frosted here and there with touches of dainty lace. They're Warner's newest nylon bras . . . no longer wishes away.

And, of course, yours will be yours alone in your very own 3-Way-Sizes.

1. Your Warner's is your cup size... true-to-the-letter, perfect cup-sizing A to D.

2. . . . and your band . . . no bands, narrow bands, deep bands or elastic bands . . . every one with the snug-hug you love.

3. . . . and your uplift . . . whether you like a little lift or a lot you can have your own way in a Warner's. At finer stores.

Taffeta a la marquisette! Whisper-weight nylon tissue taffeta topped with embroidered marquisette for a lovely, rounded lift. Pink, black or white. $3.50. Bra #2299.

Best seller! Millions love it! Nylon tissue taffeta with filmy French stitching under the cups. Small elastic gores for comfort. White only. $2.50. Bra #2195.

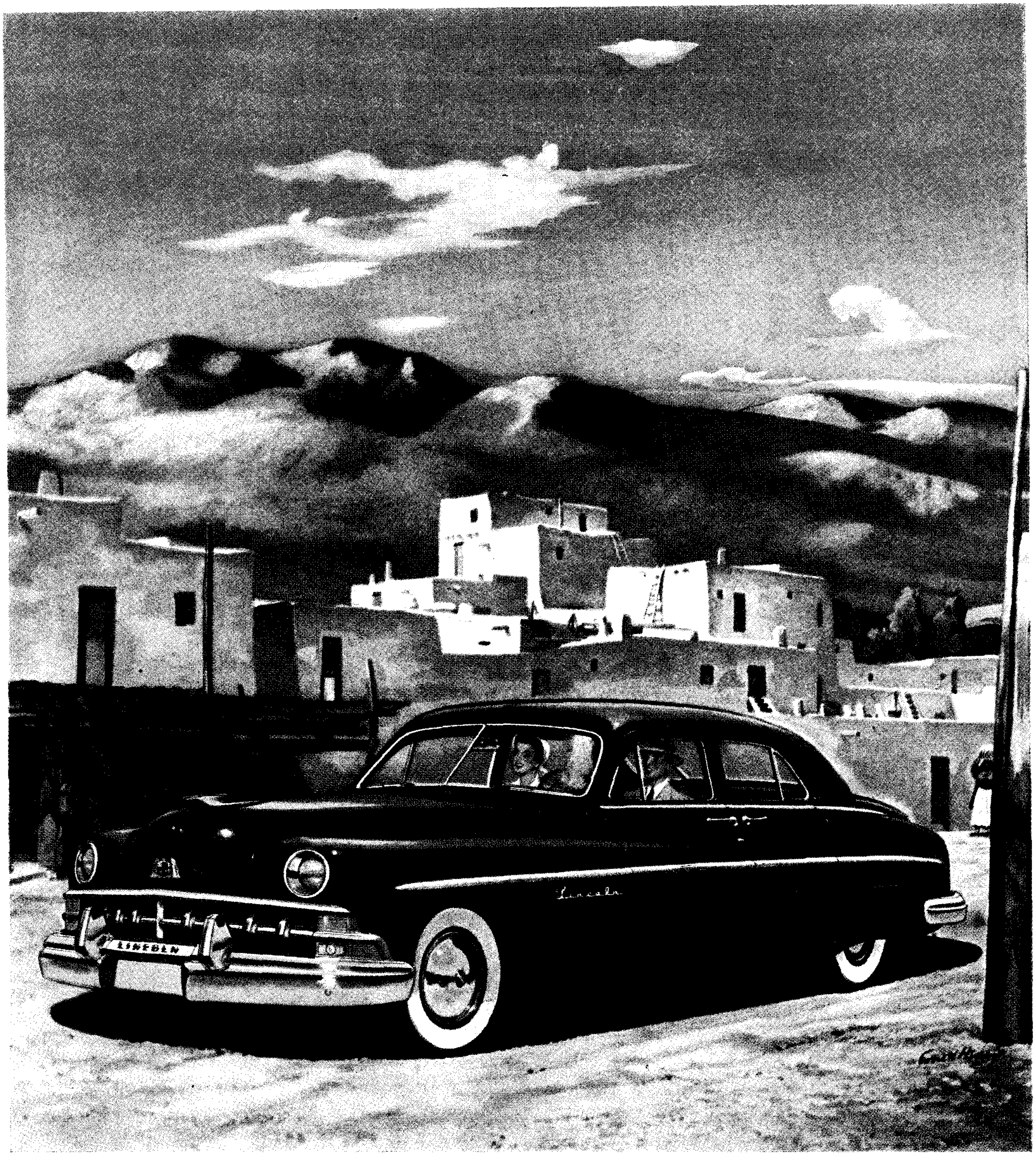
Nylon with a notion! We have an idea you love the wispy-sheers but like a little firmer control. It's yours in white nylon tissue taffeta. $2.50. Bra #2146.

WARNER'S*

3-Way-Sized

Foundations and Bras

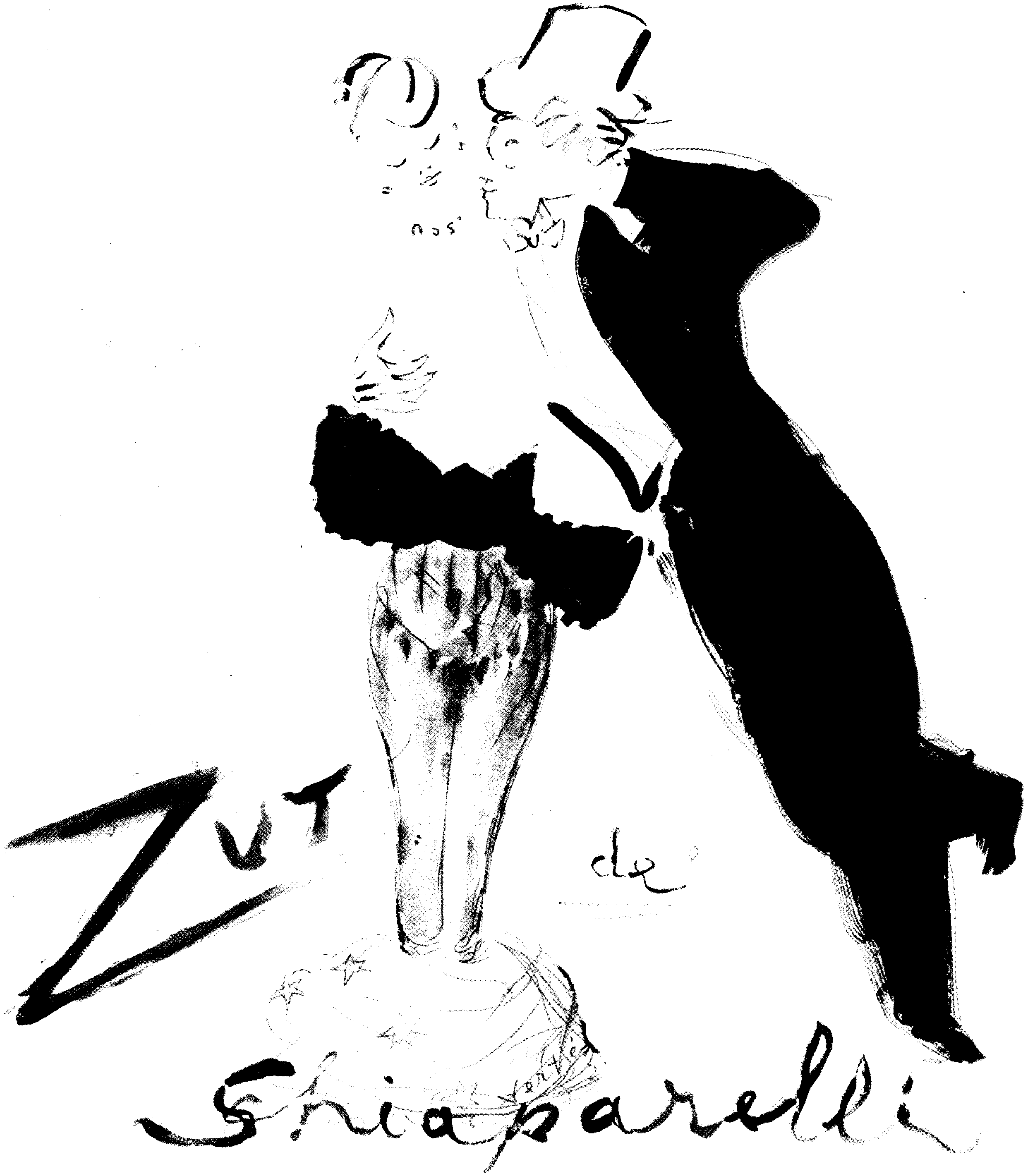
WORLD FAMOUS FOR LE GANT* • A'LURE* WARNERETTE* • STA-UP-TOP* • "FREE-LIFT"
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off., The Warner Brothers Co.,
New York 16 • Chicago 6 • San Francisco 8



For the open road...the carefree heart...the urge to follow the sun—there is no car quite like the Lincoln. It adds more holidays to the year than you ever dreamed any calendar could hold. Why not see what a change a new Lincoln can make in your life! Lincoln Division of Ford Motor Company.

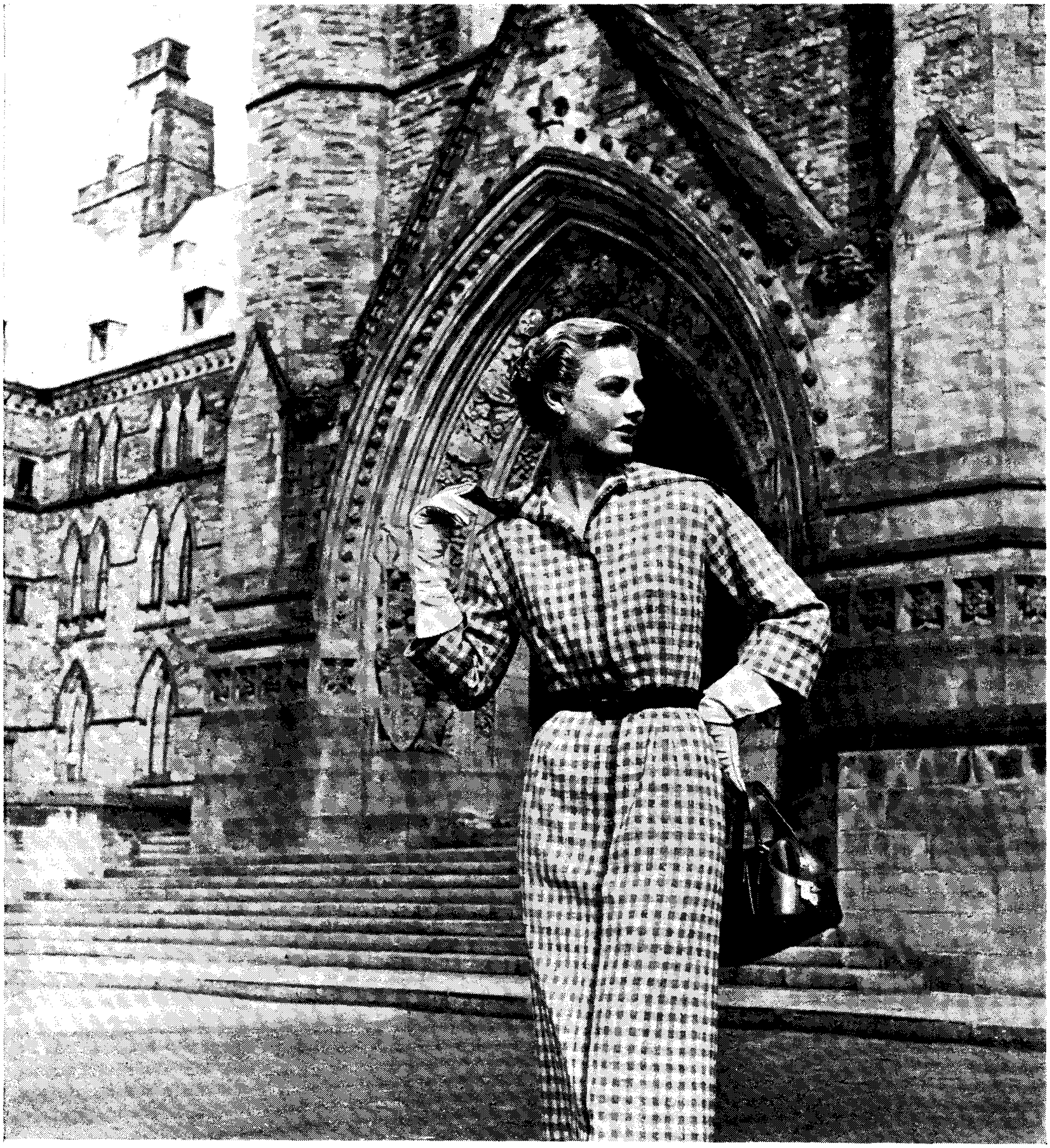
All Lincoln cars equipped with improved HYDRA-MATIC transmission at extra cost

Lincoln... Nothing could be finer


Zut
de
Schiaparelli
Vertès

Schiaparelli's latest Paris perfume sensation... made and packaged in France

THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS ADJOINING THE CHATEAU LAURIER AT OTTAWA PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROBERT BAGBY BAG — GREATREX, LTD.



McMullen's "casual" dress

. . . the essence of sheer weaving in checked worsted
from Hockanum . . .
designed by Dorothy Cox.

McMullen

Available at LORD & TAYLOR, New York City and — Best's Apparel, *Seattle* — Flint & Kent, *Buffalo* — The Halle Bros., *Cleveland* — Harold's, *Minneapolis* — J. L. Hudson, *Detroit* — Julius Garfinckel, *Washington, D. C.* — J.W. Robinson, *Los Angeles* — Ransohoff's, *San Francisco* — Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney, *St. Louis* — Farmington Shop-Charles A. Stevens, *Chicago* — Tribout Shop-John Wanamaker, *Phila.* — Woolf Bros., *Kansas City*

WE'D LIKE TO ROLL OUT THE CARPET

Just for You!

AND SO, WE HAVE A SPECIAL HOSTESS WHOSE PLEASANT TASK IT IS TO MAKE A SPECIAL WELCOME FOR FOLKS FROM OUT OF TOWN. SHE IS INTERESTED IN VISITORS, AND SHE'LL HAVE ALL OF US HELPING TO ENTERTAIN YOU WHEN SHE OFFERS ALL THE SPECIAL SERVICES THAT WE HAVE HERE FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE, AND SHE'LL THINK UP NEW ONES JUST FOR YOU! WHILE YOU'RE IN NEW YORK . . . COME TO ALTMAN'S*. MAKE YOURSELF KNOWN TO OUR HOSTESS AND WRITE YOUR NAME IN HER GUEST BOOK ON THE MAIN FLOOR, CALL ON HER FOR FRIENDLY ASSISTANCE. YOU WILL SENSE THE TRULY PERSONAL INTEREST THAT HAS GROWN UP BETWEEN OUR STORE AND ALTMAN CUSTOMERS EVERYWHERE. YOU'LL THOROUGHLY ENJOY IT, AND WE KNOW YOU'LL FEEL AT HOME HERE.

*Of course, if you are in a hurry you can shop at Altman's right from your New York hotel. CALL BARBARA ADAMS at MUrray Hill 9-7000, extension 449, and she'll start shopping . . . *just for you!*

B. ALTMAN & CO. **FIFTH AVENUE AT 34TH STREET**

NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK
MURRAY HILL 9-7000

. . . AND AT EAST ORANGE, WHITE PLAINS AND MANHASSET

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE are full of admiration for the manner in which the *World-Telegram & Sun*, when it resumed publication, on August 28th, tidily picked up a handful of loose ends it had been obliged to leave dangling when the strike began, on June 12th. The word in its little-words-out-of-big-words game in the last pre-strike edition had been, symbolically, "fretful"—average mark: seventeen words—and eleven weeks later the editors conscientiously printed eighteen little words that could be made from its letters, including "reft," one that had eluded us throughout the strike. (The first post-strike word was "applause," an equally timely choice.) On the comics pages on August 28th, most of the serial-story strips carried a capsule résumé of what had been happening during the strike period, which was deemed necessary because the characters had been resolutely going right on with their adventures in the newspapers of other cities in spite of the local hiatus. In the case of "Vic and Flint," for instance, we were advised that "Since wealthy Alec Steel became engaged to Bobby Rand, apparently accidental attempts have been made on his life. . . . Vic sifts baffling suspicions down to Mrs. Kyle, Alec's housekeeper, by tracing a piece of cloth torn from a dress. . . . He pursues Mrs. Kyle to an old mill." Thus brought up to date, we were taken into the mill itself, where Mrs. Kyle, glaring savagely at us over the barrel of a rifle, warned us not to come a step closer, just as if she thought we'd been hot on her wicked track all summer long.

THE curtailment of mail deliveries, with the result that the postman rings only once a day, and sometimes not before noon, has prompted one reader to inform us how this state of affairs has affected her life. She says that since the mail is no longer the morning mail—or, as she puts it feelingly, The Morning Mail—she no longer cares if she never receives any mail at all. "I realize that this is an impractical point of view," she writes, "but The Morning Mail, no matter how slim or unsatisfactory its contents might prove to be, used to mean a lot to me. It was somehow inseparably associated with the smell of fresh coffee, with the heady anticipation of a brand-new day teeming with heaven knows what unforeseeable and exciting adventures, and with the nice, clean smell of the air, before all the trucks and taxicabs got to working on it. Now that the mail doesn't arrive until lunchtime, it's merely a dispiriting reminder that my day has once again settled into its dreary, conventional routine, that the air outside is leaden and probably polluted, and that the breakfast dishes still have to be done." We sympathize with the lady's plight, and we'd add that it's no less desirable from a man's point of view that the mail arrive at breakfast time. It's been our experience that unless we get to see our home-delivered mail then, we stand only a fair chance of ever seeing it; the lady of *our* house, regardless of the condition of her spirits or the kitchen sink, not only accepts the midday mail eagerly but by the time we've returned home in the evening has usually tucked it away in some obscure and improbable place from which it is very likely never to come to light.

Free

WE got a tip last week that the Minute Maid Corporation makes a practice of dispensing free orange juice to all comers in the reception room of its offices, on the eighteenth floor of 488 Madison Avenue, and were quickly on our way over there. As we got off the elevator, we almost walked into a man waiting for a down elevator with five paper cups of orange juice balanced in his hands. Sidestepping him, we proceeded into the M.M. reception room, which is decorated with an assortment of glossy, tropical-looking plants and cans of the different M.M. concentrated frozen juices—orange, grapefruit, orange-grapefruit, tangerine, lemonade, and pineapple—tastefully sunk into blocks of Lucite and affixed to one wall. In a spotlighted recess stood a glass dispensing machine, rather like an office water cooler, but fancier. It was mounted on a stand that also held a supply of paper cups and a slot for their disposal. A postman, his sack at his feet, was thoughtfully finishing a cup of juice. A young lady who looked as if she drank plenty of it was seated at the reception desk, and we informed her that we not only would like a drink but would like to talk to somebody about the company's generous attitude toward its product. She recommended that we speak to Mr. Rayen.

While she was telephoning Mr. Rayen, we went over to the dispenser and gave assistance to a lady who had come in and was having difficulty with the spigot. We then drew a cup of juice for ourself; it was refreshing and delicious. By the time we had finished the cup, a Western Union messenger, two delivery boys, and an elderly man with a briefcase had entered and helped themselves. Though the traffic was brisk, the atmosphere was hushed and genteel, like that in the lounge of a movie house where coffee is served. The elderly man offered the receptionist a drink, and she smiled and shook her head. "My goodness, can you imagine what would happen to me if I accepted every drink I was offered?" she asked. "I usually just have a couple of cups for lunch." The public's response to rumors of the free-juice situation was, she indicated to us, disillusioning. "Outsiders used to be very timid about taking a nip," she said. "Often they'd pretend to have some business with the company and then ask me if they might have a drink. Now everybody seems to take it for granted, and I have to listen to complaints if the machine is empty. People from all over the neighborhood drop in for a drink before they have their coffee and doughnuts in the morning, or for an afternoon pick-me-up. It makes a nuisance for the elevator men, but they take their share, too, so they can't kick. A few days ago, a man walked in with an empty milk bottle. I gave him the eye, but he glowered right straight back at me and filled his bottle."

Mr. Rayen came up, introduced himself, and led us back to the dispenser. We told him we'd already had a drink. "Have *two* drinks," he said. After waiting in line behind a couple of husky fellows who might have been furniture handlers and who had appeared while he was talking to us, he drew a cup for us and one for himself. He sampled his with pleasure. "Orange today," he said. "We don't have orange every day. Some days we have orange-grapefruit, some days lemonade. They all go equally fast, and the weather doesn't make any difference." Three or four other men had come in by this time and had gradually edged the two of us away from the dispenser. Rayen explained that Minute Maid had maintained a dispenser for employees in the offices it had occupied elsewhere until last May, and when it moved into its new quarters, it had decided to put a dispenser in the reception room, for customers. "At first, the boy in charge had to fill it only once a day," he said. "Now he has to fill it as often as four times a day. The fact is, we decided to let it go dry some of the time, so the thing wouldn't get out of hand, but I'm afraid it's already out of hand. When I get out of the elevator on my way home, I follow a line of discarded cups out into the street and clear up to the corner. I've seen cups six or eight blocks away." While Rayen was telling us that orange juice isn't the universal drink we might think, that the country produces only enough oranges to provide eighteen million people with an eight-ounce glass daily, the situation at the dispenser worsened, a barber who arrived in a white coat being a contributing factor. He downed a cup of juice, and then filled three more cups and headed for the elevator. "Those are five-ounce cups," said Rayen. "We've got a water cooler somewhere around back, and maybe we'll have to bring it out here."

•

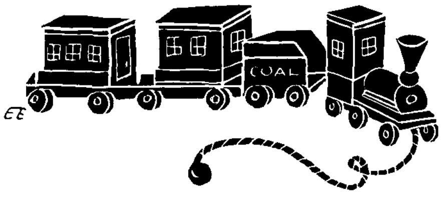
NORTHERN INTELLIGENCE: A recent issue of the Canadian edition of *Time* contains a Dow Chemical of Canada, Ltd., advertisement headed "Plastics—Canadian As Apple Pie."

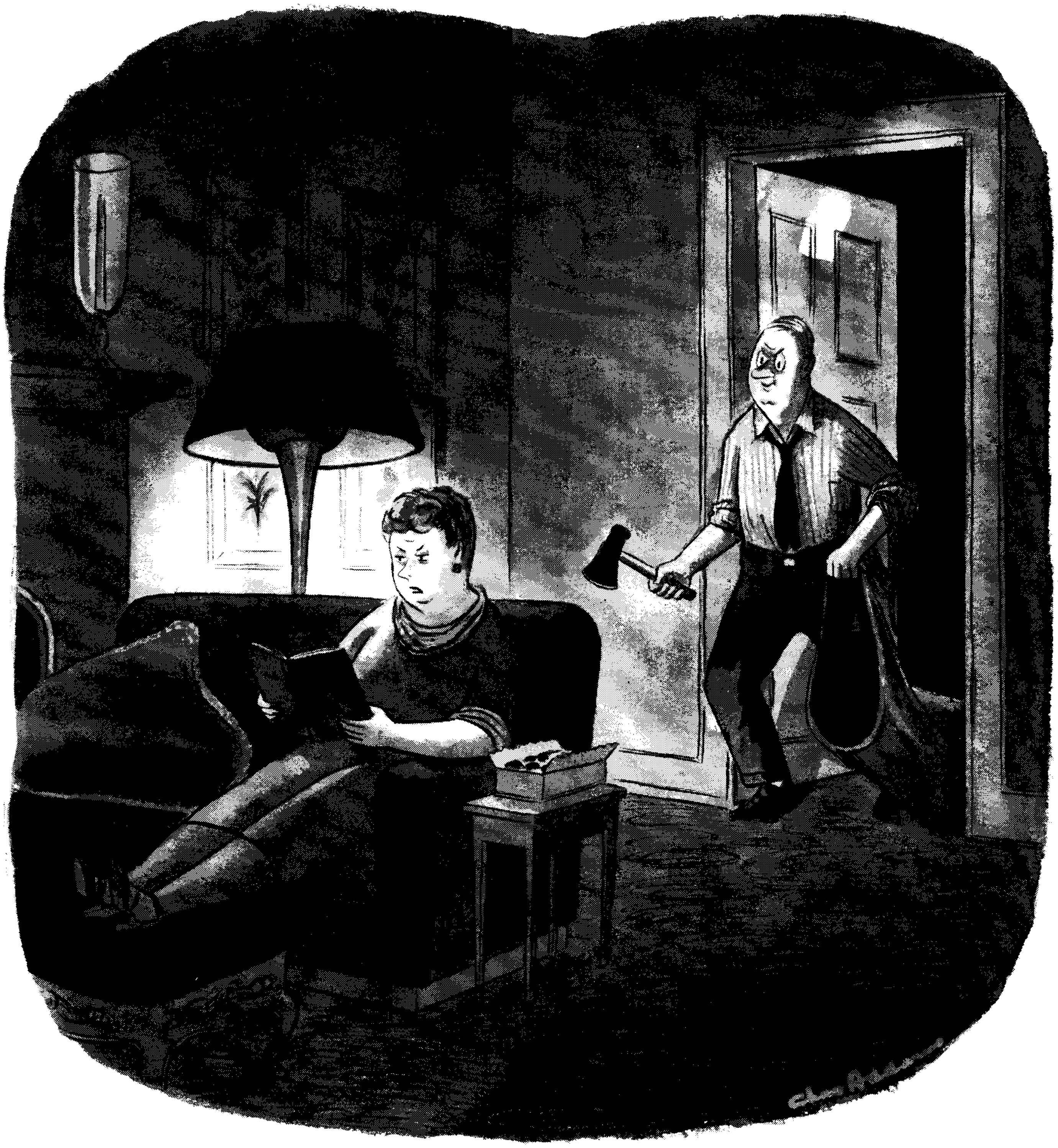
Cellar Game

WE dispatched our man Stanley to Philadelphia last week to find out what goes on when two hopeless baseball teams meet at this late stage of the season, especially when one of them is the Philadelphia Athletics, the most chronically hopeless team in modern baseball. It finished in the first division only once in the last ten years, and wound up eighth in six of them. Stanley took in an American League doubleheader, starting at six-thirty, between the Athletics, who began the evening in seventh place, thirty-five and a half games from the top, and the St. Louis Browns, thirty-six and a half games off the pace. Stanley now batting:

"Had early dinner in hotel and found Philadelphia agog over baseball, with the Phillies lording it over National League, but didn't hear Athletics mentioned. Cabdriver amazed when I asked to be driven to Shibe Park. He brooded for a while and asked, 'You got a cousin playing, or something, Mac?' Streets near park clear of traffic as I drove up, like Wall Street on Sunday. Knew game had started, but so quiet you could have heard a mitt drop. Flags hanging limply from staffs. No lines at ticket windows. Ticket man seemed surprised when I showed up, asked where I wanted to sit; said I could sit anywhere. Thought it over and decided on behind third base. Sign on wall inside said seating capacity 33,166. Attendance didn't seem to total 1,166. 'Not a bad crowd, considering,' said man three seats from me, my nearest neighbor, after I'd sat down. Said, conversationally, Athletics must be in financial straits. 'Not them,' said man knowingly. 'They own the park, and they make money when the National League plays here, and they do pretty well selling the players they develop. And the hot dogs—there's a lot of money in hot dogs.' Hot dogs actually warm, by the way. Unusual. Ushers female, and man was hawking Coca-Cola in Pepsi-Cola hat. Very unusual. Crowd quiet; could hear infielders talking to pitcher. Foul ball dropped in lower stands. Nobody sitting within fifty feet of it; could have nabbed it myself by sprinting. Atmosphere not conducive to sprinting. Athletics' catcher slow getting ball away on pick-off play. 'Saving himself for the 1960 Series,' spectator three rows behind me yelled derisively. Later same catcher called safe at first on close and questionable play. Browns didn't even bother to squawk. Browns had two outfielders playing in infield. That kind of team. Signals of Athletics' third-base coach to batter so obvious everybody knew what they meant. So did Browns, I suppose, if they bothered to look. During traditional seventh-inning stretch, mild applause for Athletics from group directly back of home-club dugout. Players' families? Nobody at all sitting behind visitors' dugout. Black cat strolling on field near Browns' bull pen got biggest hand of night. In eighth inning, Athletics' cleanup man struck out and let go of bat, and it flew past St. Louis pitcher's head. 'Our power man!' moaned man behind me. A's lost, 2–1. Old Connie Mack, now in hundred-and-seventeenth year as manager, stuck head over roof of dugout and waved at friend in stands. 'Mr. Mack's looking pretty good, considering,' said nearest neighbor.

"Rained briskly between games. Stopped just as second game supposed to start. Dodgers never have that sort of luck. Wandered around stands, thinking to sample public opinion on Athletics, but decided impractical, not enough public present to make conclusive. Did ask man at refreshment stand why he thought the people came to game. He replied, 'What else is there to do in Philadelphia?' Returned to seat. Nearest neighbor told me he hadn't missed a Shibe Park game (both leagues, mind you) in 1947 season and had seen all of the Phillies' home games and most of the Athletics' home games this season. Must have looked at him incredulously, for he said, 'Why not?' Had me there. Philadelphia player hit what would have been sure double down right-field foul





"Now, don't come crawling back asking me to forgive you."

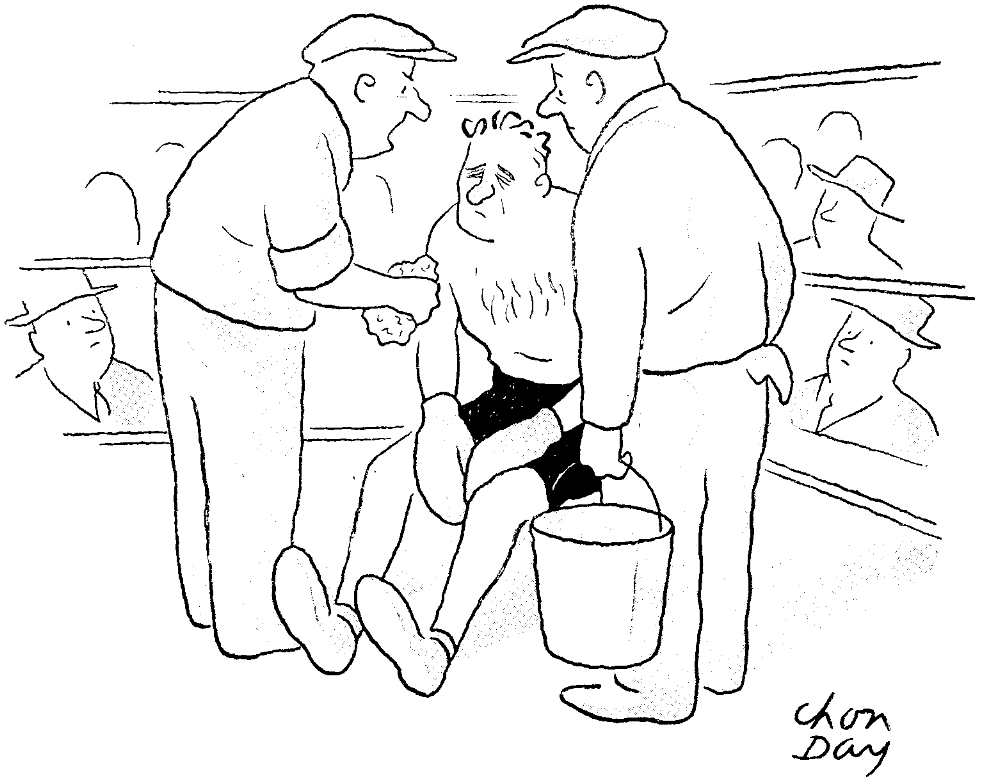
• •

line, but stopped running on way to first base to turn around and see how umpire called it. Asked nearest neighbor why he thought batter hadn't been advised by Athletics' first-base coach. 'He's probably asleep,' man behind cut in. Browns put on three-run rally. 'These A's can't win a game!' young fan about twenty feet southwest of me cried out. 'Yes, they can, boy,' said older lady with him. 'Don't be down on them, boy. Help them along a little bit.' Philadelphia player dragged himself listlessly to plate. 'Notice that spirited enthusiasm,' groaned cynic behind me. Cleanup man batted next, struck out, bat flew out of hands toward Browns' pitcher again. 'You're bound to get him the third time. Keep trying!' hooted cynic. Athletics by now five runs behind. 'Get the shovel out,' shouted cynic. 'We're heading for the cellar again.' A's lost second game, too, and landed there. Browns, by winning both ends, only thirty-five and a half games out of first. No trouble getting cab from park. 'Must have been drab and dreary in there,' said driver.

"P.S. Just looked up official attendance figure: 1,356."

House Rule

A THIS year's graduate of a conservative Massachusetts college for young women tells us that she has applied for admittance to the graduate



"In this round, outclass him."

• •

school of the University of Chicago this fall and been accepted. She received a notification to this effect just the other day, and along with it a notice warning her that students are not allowed to keep firearms and explosives in the dormitories.

Rare Bird

A READER of the article on Dr. Sidney Dillon Ripley, the ornithologist, in a neighboring department of this publication a couple of weeks ago rushed forward with a lead on one more bird story, which we have investigated and which we now set down, with the idea that it will hold this whole magazine for some time so far as birds are concerned. The tale is about an odd group: Mr. M. Stuart Roesler, a junior officer of a downtown bank; his wife, Carol; Mr. John Henry Dick, a painter; Mr. Ludlow Griscom, chairman of the board of directors of the National Audubon Society and probably the greatest field identifier of birds in the country; and Bachman's warbler (*Vermivora bachmanii*), a bird brought to Audubon's attention in 1833 by the Reverend Dr. John Bachman, of Charleston, South Carolina. It then disappeared from sight for fifty-three years, then reappeared and was seen and collected widely in the late eighteen-eighties and the eighteen-nineties, then got scarce again, and latterly has come so close to extinction that Roger Tory Peterson, in the 1947 edition of his "A Field Guide to the Birds," characterized it as "perhaps the rarest North American songbird today," and in his "Birds Over America," published a year later, stated flatly, "Today, I do not know of a man in America who can show me a Bachman's warbler." Well, a Bachman's warbler was sighted by three men and a lady in America last spring, and— But we'll let Mr. Roesler, a 1935 Yale graduate, tell the tale, as he told it to us the other day over a beaker of iced tea at the Yale Club:

"Dick, who's an artist and lives on a plantation near Charleston, and I have been collaborating on a book on Western Hemisphere warblers for the past two years—he's doing the water colors and I'm writing the descriptions. My wife and I took up ornithology as a hobby many years ago; she's helping with the book. The three of us are trying to see every one of the fifty to sixty species of United States warblers, but we'd never seen a Bachman's warbler, so early this April, when Dick called us at our home in Connecticut and said that, tipped off by some alert local boys, he'd seen one of the things, we drove right down to his place in South Carolina. Fortunately, there was some business for the bank I could do on the way. Well, guided by Dick, we found the warbler, a male, sitting in a tree on a low-country plantation north of Charleston, buzzing away. I don't know why it's called a songbird; it just says 'bzzzzz.' Sounds like a grasshopper tuning up. It's not pretty, either; it's tiny, and mostly a dirty green and yellow. The male has a black bib as a distinguishing mark, but the female hasn't, and looks like a whole crew of other birds. We saw this guy's female some time later, and heard a second male we didn't see. I knew that Mr. Griscom, whom I'd met, had never seen one, and that except for the ivory-billed woodpecker, which is practically extinct, it was the only American bird indigenous to the Eastern states he *hadn't* seen, so I called him up in Cambridge, where he's connected with the Museum of Comparative Zoology, at Harvard, and he came down the next day. He's the dean of fieldmen, and we were fearful that his trip might be in vain. Bachman's warbler is at its best and its most discoverable early in the morning—it sings, or buzzes, until nine, when it shuts up—so the day after Griscom arrived, we all got up at three-thirty and drove forty miles north of Charleston to the woods where we'd seen the bird. Thank God, he was still there, shrilling that miserable territorial song—this Bachman bird sings as a notice, you know, to other males to keep away from the area where its wife is nesting, and we call that territorial singing. I couldn't see him at first, but I heard him, and I flushed him out of thick cover—holly and azalea bushes—into a longleaf pine tree, so Mr. Griscom could see him. We stayed there quite a while, and finally I asked Griscom if he had had a good look at him. 'I've had the bird under observation for one hour and seven minutes,' he said. The four of us spent the rest of that day and the next looking at various South Carolina birds, and Dick went to work revising a painting of a Bachman's warbler he'd already made. He'd studied museum specimens, but seeing a warbler in the flesh gave him some new ideas."

Mr. Roesler believes that deforestation and the draining of swamps may be what has decimated the warbler, which was formerly found in wet lowlands. The pair he saw were in dry terrain.

•

SIGN on filling station near Poughkeepsie: "Ye Olde Gas Stop."

Hoosier Pilgrims

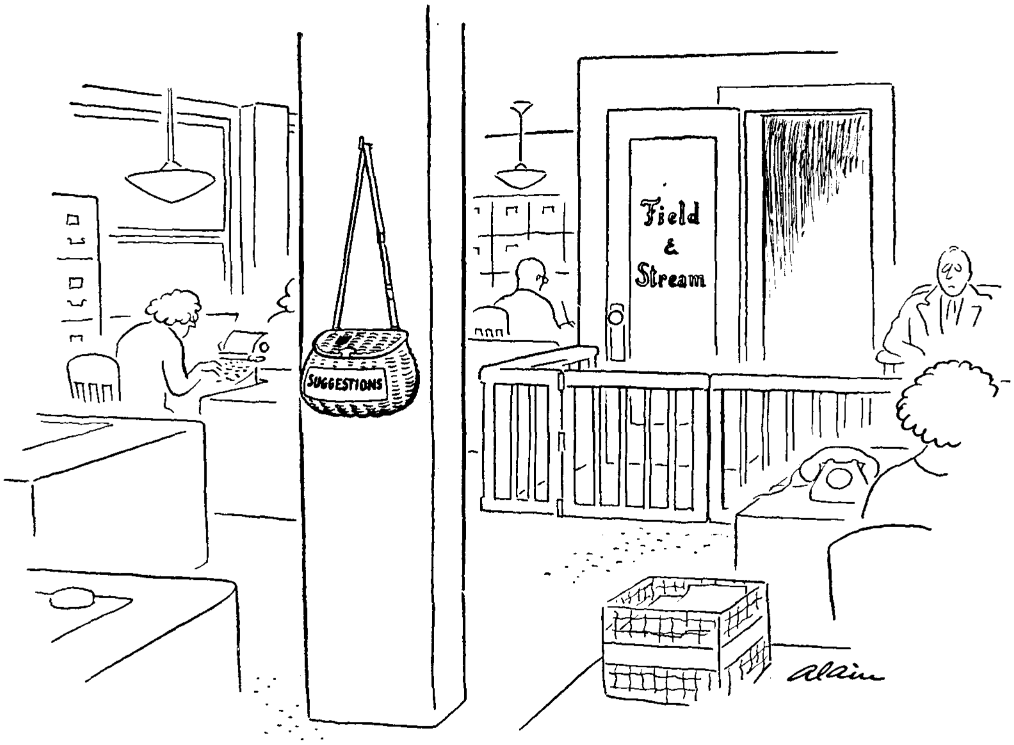
WE had lunch at the Woodstock Hotel one day last week with a diligent band of drama-lovers who have been keeping a little-theatre movement blazing impressively on the banks of the Wabash for several years and come here annually to refuel. Before we fell in with them, though, we were cornered in the Woodstock lobby by a burly, dishevelled character who demanded to know where we were from. "Whole place is full of people from Terre Haute, my old home town," he continued heartily, ignoring his question. "You know what they haven't got in Terre Haute? They haven't got plaques for Theodore Dreiser and Eugene Debs. Plaques for Paul Dresser and the goddam Wabash, but not for Dreiser and Debs, the greatest guys ever came out of Terre Haute. What do you think of that?" We said it sounded bad, and made for a dining room in which we found some fifty people, ranging from spratlings in knee pants to ladies in bombazine, gathered at a horseshoe-shaped table. A young man who identified himself as the business manager of the Indiana State Teachers College Theatre took us in tow and told us that about half those present were students at the college who get credits for a week of show-going and theatrical investigation in New York, and that the rest were just citizens of Terre Haute interested in the theatre. "And, of course, Madame and Dr. Masters," he added. "They're in charge."

The young man led us to a place at the table beside a lady in black who proved to be Mrs. Masters, and she told us that Terre Haute is *alive* with theatre, that besides the college theatre, which Dr. Masters handles, there is a community theatre, in the activities of which both adults and children participate. "The college theatre was put up last year," Mrs. Masters said, "and it's probably as well equipped as any in the world. It has seventy-two dimmers. Think of that!" While we were turning that over in our mind, a slender gentleman came up and conferred with Mrs. Masters, who presently introduced him as her husband. "None of us ever has a minute to spare," said Dr. Masters. "Today we have 'The Happy Time,' and 'The Member of the Wedding,' and visits to radio and television studios, and then probably the whole bunch of us will stay up till all hours talking about the day." Mrs. Masters added that the program also includes visits to theatrical-costume and lighting establishments and set-makers. "Then, we have these luncheons every day, with speakers," she said. "Today we have Eddie Dowling." "One achievement I'm proud of," said Dr. Masters, "is getting fifty tickets for 'South Pacific.'" A waiter captain moved in on Mrs. Masters. "After ice, talk starts, fans off so no noise. O.K.?" he said. Mrs. Masters gazed at him vaguely, said "Yes," and remarked to us, "You know, that man's been talking to me for three days now and I still don't know what he's saying." Between the soup and the entrée, Mr. Dowling slipped into a seat on the other side of Mrs. Masters. "I've got a play, a hundred thousand dollars to produce it with, and a good actor for the leading role," he told her, "but the man's a foreigner, and now I have to get Equity to approve him, for he's worked in this country within the last six months. This is a dizzy business." "Dr. Masters was in the theatre as a young boy," said Mrs. Masters. "He played in 'Sir David Wears a Crown,' which was a sequel to 'Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil.'" "That's nice," said Mr. Dowling. "You know what I like about you people? You come to New York and see what the theatre I represent is up to. There are a lot of these small-theatre groups that spend all their time trying to tell Broadway people how it ought to be done, and then never come to town to see you. They lie in wait for you on the road."

The ice came and was consumed, the fans went off, and Dr. Masters introduced Mr. Dowling, who related some sad tales about his experiences last year with the millionaires of Houston, Texas, and contrasted them unfavorably with the enlightened folk of Terre Haute. At the windup of his talk, a windowpane to his rear unaccountably shattered. "Needs putty," said the waiter captain loudly. "Just like 'The Consul,'" said a gentleman nearby. A young man arose and explained the workings of the Barter Theatre, in Virginia. "What an exciting lunch!" said Mrs. Masters when the Barter Theatre had been explained. On our way out, we chatted for a moment with Dr. Masters, who told us that he and his wife will soon bring out a play-producing manual. "Whatever else I may say for it," he added, "it's the only book of its kind that includes a chapter on the care and use of animals in the theatre. My wife, you know, is in charge of the children's side of the community theatre, and animals are used there constantly." Our burly, dishevelled friend was still in the lobby when we passed through, sitting morosely on a settee. "They haven't got a plaque for James Whitcomb Riley, either!" he shouted.

Party of the First Part

A MAN who had a minor automobile accident when his brakes failed reported same to his insurance company and received from it an acknowledgment headed "Re Unknown Tree *vs.* Edmund Jacobson."



CLOUDLAND REVISITED

ANTIC HEY-HEY

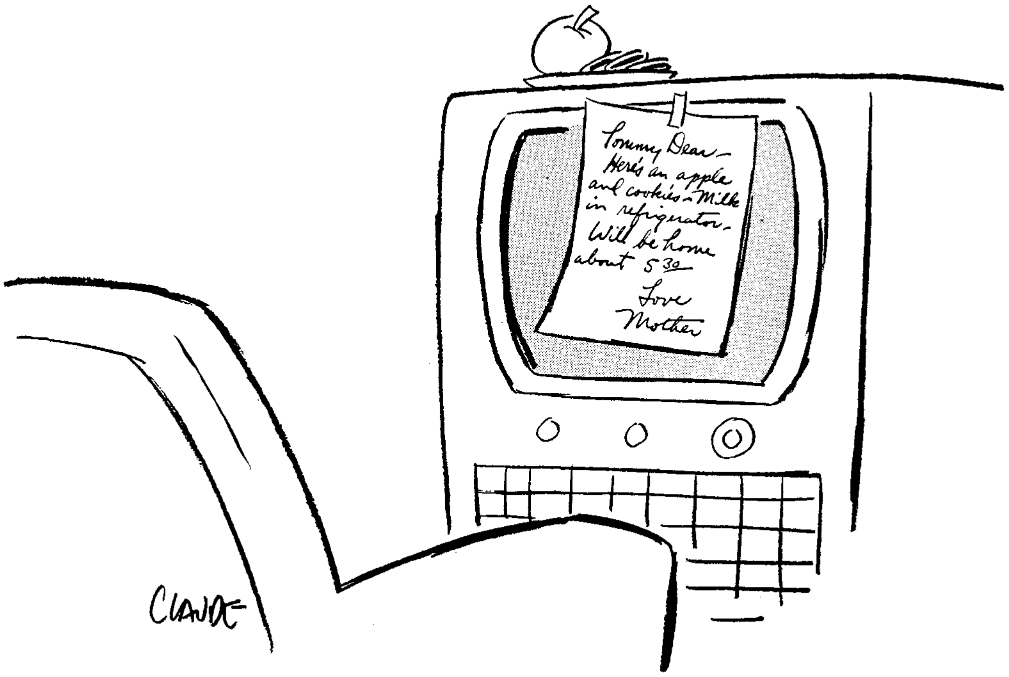
PERHAPS the saltiest observation Max Beerbohm made in "Seven Men," a book whose saline content has remained as high and delightful as it was on its appearance thirty years ago, occurs in that matchless story of a literary vendetta, "Hilary Maltby and Stephen Braxton." Writing about the preoccupation of contemporary novelists with sprites and woodland gods—Maltby, it will be recalled, was the author of "Ariel in Mayfair" and Braxton of "A Faun on the Cotswolds"—Beerbohm remarked, "From the time of Nathaniel Hawthorne to the outbreak of the war, current literature did not suffer from any lack of fauns." I suppose this reflection has always struck me as especially astute because when I originally encountered it, back in 1923, I happened to be in a milieu where satyrs and dryads, Silenus and Bacchic revels, were as common as cattails in a Jersey swamp. Its impact was heightened, moreover, by the fact that I was just convalescing (although for a while my reason was despaired of) from the effects of a tumultuous, beauty-bound best-seller of the period called "Wife of the Centaur," by Cyril Hume.

The place was Brown University, and the particular focus of all this mythological activity was a literary magazine by the name of *Casements*, on whose staff I had a brief, precarious toehold as assistant art editor. At least three-quarters of the text of *Casements* each month was made up of villanelles, rondels, pantoums, and ballades in which Pan pursued laughing nymphs through leafy bowers, and it was my job to provide decorative headings and tailpieces to complement them. Fortunately, I had a steady hand and an adequate supply of tracing paper, and if my superiors had not accidentally stumbled on the two albums of Aubrey Beardsley I was cribbing my drawings from, I might have earned an enviable reputation.

My short and brilliant tenure had one positive result, however; I finally discovered what was inspiring the Arcadian jingles I illustrated. One afternoon, while dawdling around the dormitory room of our chief troubadour and waiting for him to shellac a madrigal about cloven hoofs in the boscage, I picked up a novel bound in orange and gold and read a passage he had underscored. "Ho!" it ran. "The centaur is born! Child's body and colt's body, birth-wet and asprawl in the ferns. What mother will nourish this wild thing? Who will foster this beast-god? Where will he grow? In what strange cavern will he make his bed, dreaming his amazing dreams? What shaggy tutor will teach him as he lolls with his head on nature's breast? What mortal maid will he carry away to his upland pastures in terror and delight?"

"Hot puppies!" I burst out excitedly. "This isn't prose—it's frozen music! The gink who wrote this is the bee's knees!"

"Yes, yes," said the poet guiltily, plucking the book out of my hands. "I—er—I haven't read it myself, but I guess it's had a wide influence." It was a Freudian slip on his part, which some instinct told me was worth investigating, and when I did, my suspicions were confirmed. Not only he but practically every bard on *Casements* had been using "Wife of the Centaur" as a water hole. The opportunities for blackmail were, of course, illimitable, and had my own nose been clean (the Beardsley complication was just breaking), I might have taken advantage of them. The truth is, though, that on reading the book I succumbed to its witchery so completely that I, too, began writing villanelles and pantoums in the same idiom. Sad to say, they never saw printer's ink; my colleagues, jealous of the applause the verses might excite, stopped publishing *Casements* altogether, and overnight a potential Wordsworth again became a drab little sophomore.

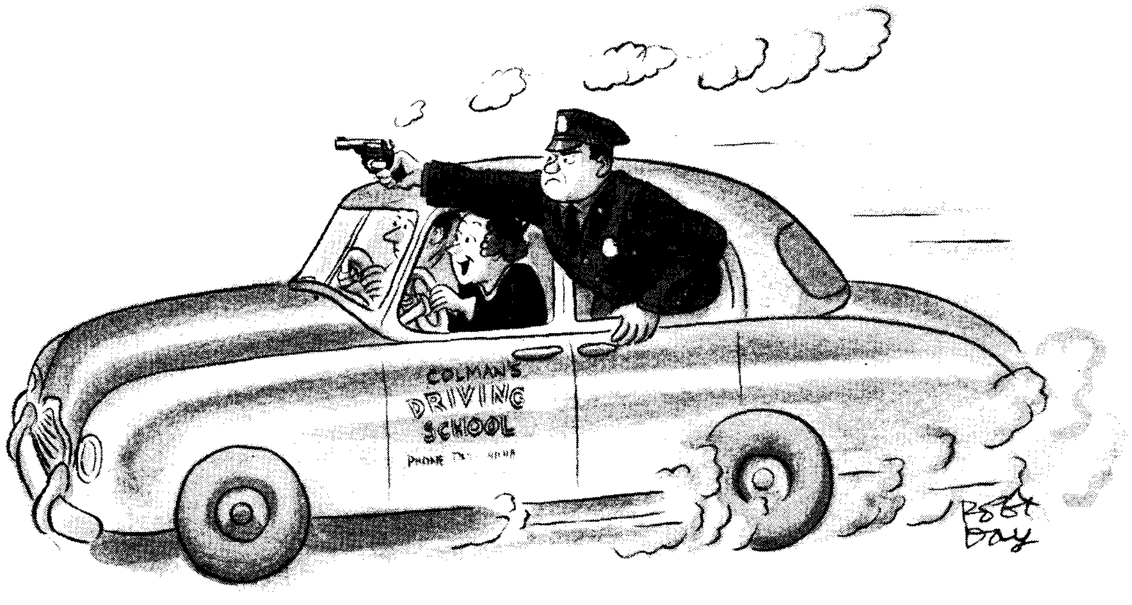


A WEEK or so ago, standing with nostrils atwitch and a pocketful of rusty change over the bargain table of a Fifty-ninth Street bookstore, I spotted a copy of Mr. Hume's chef-d'oeuvre and, unable to resist a cut-rate sentimental pilgrimage into the past, gave it a home. Its effect, after a lapse of twenty-seven years, was not quite as dynamic as I had anticipated. Rather than quickening me to an orgy of spondees and dactyls, it slowed down my heartbeat to that of a turtle's and enveloped me in a profound slumber under a grape arbor, where I narrowly escaped being consumed by a colony of ants. It may sound unfair to suggest that they were attracted by the rich and sticky imagery of the book, but from now on I plan to restrict my open-air reading to the *World Almanac*, with a Flit gun cocked across my knee to repel browsers.

Since "Wife of the Centaur" is the tale of a sensitive boy who grows up to be a poet, it quite properly begins with a salvo of rapturous and yeasty verse to help you adjust your emotional sights. The following, one of several quatrains introducing a fifty-page pastiche of Jeffrey Dwyer's childhood, gives a hasty but reliable preview of the feature picture:

The centaurs awoke! they aroused from their beds of pine,
Their long flanks hoary with dew, and their eyes deep-drowned
In the primal slumber of stones, stirred bright to the shine!
And they stamped with their hooves, and their gallop abased the ground!

Jeffrey, it is shortly established, is an infant centaur, in what might be described as cushy circumstances; he attends an exclusive private school in



"What does the *second* *lesson consist of?"*

• •

Connecticut, preparing for Yale, and, when not saturating himself in "The Oxford Book of English Verse," struggles tormentedly under the lash of awakening sex. The description of the process discloses him to be a pretty full-blooded lad: "Lean desire wrapped his body in taut coils, oppressing him like pain. . . . Lust was a blind force, immeasurable, overwhelming, irresistible as a toppling wall of black water. . . . And desire, the gaunt beast, buffeted and shook him. . . . 'God! God!' . . . The air was a voice that hissed hot promises of forbidden mysteries, the trees were erotic minstrels singing old songs of shameful loves." Luckily for Jeffrey, if not for the reader, his adolescent libido is channelled into writing verse before it lays waste to the Nutmeg State, and while the samples furnished are hardly calculated to set the Housatonic on fire—packed as they are with fantasies of whitely radiant madonnas with golden coils of hair and cherry-red lips moving in strange benedictions—it is clear that Calliope has destined the youngster for the business end of a quill.

The heroine of the book, a conventional maiden named Joan Converse, in the same affluent social stratum, now makes her advent with a clash of cymbals and another fifty pages of adolescent background. Joan's sexual yearnings do not seem quite as turbulent as Jeffrey's, but she gets a symbolical send-off just as rousing: "Ohé hamadryad, lurking in yon covert of ruddy sumac, are your cheeks red with remembered dreaming? Hark! Hark, little maid with the limbs of a slim cascade—hark, for the young centaur tramples and neighs along the wooded hillside, no longer far away. And you do not flee, little maid with your rose-petal cheeks? Ah, the centaur! Ho, hamadryad!" It is futile to begin slavering and speculating on the explosion the two will eventually create, though, because their paths do not converge for years, and by the time they do, at a Long Island house-party, the third leg of the triangle is already in place. Jeffrey, during the interval, has been distinguishing himself at Yale as a poet and tosspot, and is currently dangling after Inez Martin, a heartless flirt whose eyes range from clear gray to transparent green with her varying moods. "She's a willow beside a brook of running water, and the sun on both," the poet epitomizes her to Joan, brokenly recounting the indignities Inez has subjected him to. Irksome as the maternal role is, Joan sensibly bides her time and is rewarded in the Easter vacation, when Jeffrey buckles under her own glamour in the rear seat of a Stutz. He kisses her roughly, impetuously; as she goes faint at the contact of his slim, strong hands, she notices that "they seemed to have an eager, fine life of their own. Tense and flexible and swift as blood horses." Much to Joan's chagrin, alas, it is merely a routine workout for the ponies. Reining them in before they can bolt, Jeffrey warns her that something horrible might have happened, that she must never let anyone again kiss her in such abandoned fashion. " 'Me least of all,' he said harshly. Then he bent down and kissed the cool palm of her hand." And so, in a bittersweet dying fall that combines echoes of Havre de Grace, Jergen's Lotion, and the code of a Yale gentleman, is born the romance of Joan Converse, occupation hamadryad, and Jeffrey Dwyer, jongleur and centaur.

Actually, despite all the preliminary huffing and puffing, nothing concrete develops between them in the ensuing third of the story, for Jeffrey still has to fight the First World War and purge Inez from his system. He cleans up the first, and obviously easier, assignment in a brisk ten pages, throws himself into a journalistic career, and makes a superhuman but fruitless pitch for Joan's rival. How greatly she disturbs him may be gauged from this saucy vignette: "Her blouse was deeply opened at the neck, showing a long V of glowing flesh with a faint shadow at the point. One foot was drawn up under her and Jeffrey caught a glimpse of a rosy knee with the stocking rolled below it . . . Happiness pierced him suddenly like a flaming sword. His pulses beat to the rhythm of a wild prothalamion. . . . He! For him! He was to explore the shrouded mysteries that dwelt behind her eyes. Her Venus body and the youth of it, the promises he read in the sultry curves of her mouth . . . these were his to take and hold like a cup, to drink deep . . ." The goodies, maddeningly, remain just out of reach; Inez has pledged herself to a wastrel named Jack Todd, and, sick with disillusion, Jeffrey plunges into a stormy cycle of wenching and boozing that climaxes in the arms of a lady of the town. Slowly and painfully, his equilibrium returns, a salvage operation that calls forth fresh flights of lyricism: "Now is the centaur weary of men and men's ways. . . . Centaur, is your beast's spirit broken? Is your man's heart crushed utterly? No! For now the centaur shouts anew his loud defiance! . . . I will go back again to taste the bright hill-water of my colthood and my nostrils shall know as of old the thin air of my mountain realms. I shall lie upon a bed of ferns under familiar constellations. . . . In the still of the night, in an hour when quiet comes upon the crickets and all the little creatures of the dark, I shall reach up with my hand and pluck that round honey-

A MALEDICTION

ON THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE BUILT A HOUSE DIRECTLY ACROSS THE ROAD FROM OURS

Across our road there used to lie
A little meadow, semi-rural,
Which seemed to a suburban eye
View pleasanter than Alp or Ural.
Four birches grew there, leaning leeward,
And apple trees without a steward.

Day lilies lit an orange flame
In June there. We could glimpse a steeple
And look on fields, until they came—
This pair, these proud, presumptuous people,
With prints irrevocably blue
For a tall house to block our view.

They cut the meadow down alive,
Cut down the leeward-leaning birches
To make the stylish cinder drive
Where now their station wagon lurches.
Down went the lilies' yellow glory
And up their sordid second story.

Despiteful folk! With half earth's soil
On which to rear their vile enclosure,
This single meadow must they spoil,
The one that blest our south exposure.
But they shall rue the day they marred
The vista of an angry bard.

Confusion take their walls, their house!
May termite dwell in porch and shutter;
In closet, moth; in pantry, mouse;
And leaks in every copper gutter.
May they be haunted by disaster,
Including cracks in all the plaster.

Let rivers through their basement flow,
Paint peel, pipes knock, screens fail in summer.
And may they call one fiend I know
When, weekly, they must call a plumber.
Let tradesmen do them down in battle.
And may their midnight windows rattle.

My wrath on them across our lane
Who laid those apples low with axes!
Come, smoking chimney, clogging drain,
Drafts under doors, and higher taxes.
Come, swarm of wasp and plague of gnat;
Come, trouble with the thermostat;
Come, faithless eaves that buckle over;
Come, crab grass where was planted clover;
Come, dogs along their borders rooting!
And let them simply *loathe* commuting.

Perhaps that will instruct them to
Ravage a poet's favorite view!

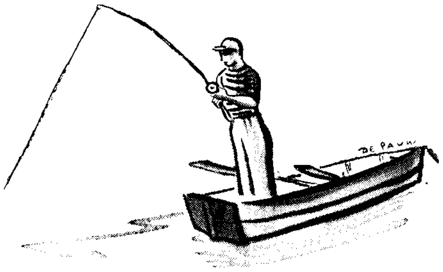
—Phyllis McGinley

• •

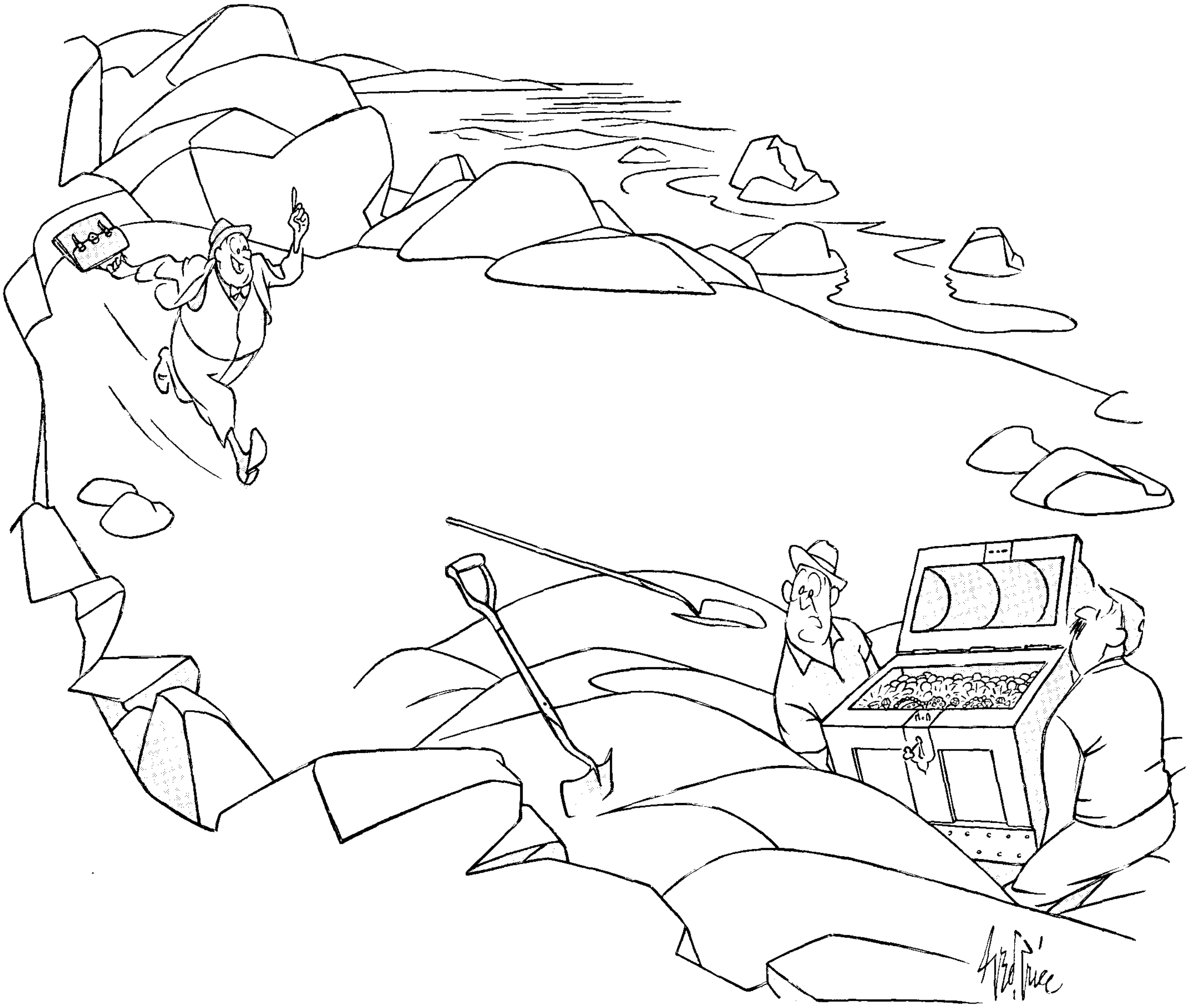
comb, the moon, out of the sky to feed my hunger."

Reduced to prosaic, taxpayer's lingo, this means that Jeffrey goes back to his prep school, engages in a purifying bull session with the headmaster, sobers up, finishes a novel called "Squads Right About" debunking war, and publishes it to wide critical acclaim. Joan, who meanwhile has lain obligingly dormant for a hundred pages waiting for her swain to unsnarl his glands, hereupon pops back into view. Just why she and Jeffrey should plight their troth at the Museum of Natural History, I was unable to fathom, except that it affords the hero an opportunity to indulge in some verbal pyrotechnics on science—or, rather, his conception of it. "Geology, Joan!" he exclaims. "God, but I love geology! Astronomy! The gorgeous tremendousness of it! Science for gods! . . . Your mind goes tramping through space like a hobo in spring, with spiral nebulas trailing at its ankles like gobs of cobwebs. You want to howl and kick suns around because then you realize that the human mind is the greatest created thing." At any rate, after a plethora of similar brainy generalizations, Jeffrey providentially runs out of saliva, and the two dissolve into an embrace that leads to the altar and the next movement of the symphony, a section stylishly entitled "Lilith's Garden."

"Lilith's Garden" is ecstasy unconfined, a honeymoon that makes most other fictional ones I can recall seem vapid by comparison. The newlyweds spend it at a seaside cottage on Long Island, whooping around the dunes and behaving in a thoroughly heathen and unfettered fashion: "At night on the beach, he would suddenly make a horrible face and howl, 'I'm a remora!' or 'I'm a mandrake!' or even 'I'm a Calvinist!' Then he would growl and come after her in great fantastic leaps, flinging out his arms and legs and she would squeal and try to double back to the deserted steamer rug." The proximity of salt water, naturally, brings on a whole new rush of metaphor, and the hamadryad switches into a mermaid: "And when he kissed her mouth he tasted the brine of the deep places where her home was; and her dripping arms crept around his neck to draw him under and carry him down forever to a palace of pale coral where fish darted like birds in a garden." As if these quincelike frivolities were already not sufficient to pucker up one's lips, they are punctuated by scolding comments from an old Irish retainer of Joan's playfully known as Madsy, a dialectician of the school of Harrigan and Hart: "Didn't I hear the both of yez on the beach last night carryin' on like wild pagan creatures? Half the night you was up behavin' scandleous and undaicent as though there wasn't that much of a Christian soul between yez! . . . When you might better have been in your bed you was out on the sand there schreechin' like a pair of unredeemed catamounts. . . . Then *you*, Mr. Dwyer, takes and carries her upstairs, with the pair of yez drippin' like Tim Connel's ghost and him just after drownin' himself for havin' hit Father Mulligan a skelp wid an axe." Alanna, and 'tis with a sigh of relief and the divil's own skippin' of pages that you finally claw your way out of the tunnel of love.



The culmination of "Wife of the Centaur" may be one of the mildest in letters, but I was never so glad to see a culmination in my life. It is, of course, Inez, the girl with the chameleon eyes,



"Hold it, fellows! I'm from the United States Bureau of Internal Revenue."

• •

who motivates it; Jeffrey has barely settled down on a Connecticut hilltop with his bride when the enchantress slinks back into the plot and everything goes haywire again. Night after night, the harassed poet patrols the countryside, waging a losing fight against her allure and addressing rhetorical questions to the heavens: "Must all true metal be tempered in flame? Is every birth a long agony? *Designer infinite. . . . Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?*" Then, at very long last, comes blessed deliverance for all hands. Amid melting snows and adjectives, Jeffrey finds that the dross has burned away, and in a single burst of renewed creativeness composes two hundred and sixty lines of a saga called "The Brook." "God, Joan! I've never written anything like it in my life before! It's poetry . . . it's great poetry!" But whether it is or not will forever rest a secret, because at this juncture the reader is swept up on a mountainous comber boiling with allusions to Botticelli, Pallas Athene, and the old surefire thunder of centaur hoofs, and is washed up, weak as a kitten, in the end papers.

THE reaction of a forty-five-year-old stomach to twenty-five-year-old brandy is a physiological certainty, but surprisingly little information exists on how that organ responds to novels of the same vintage. My subsequent history, therefore, may have a trifling clinical value. For thirty-six hours after completing "Wife of the Centaur," I experienced intermittent queasiness, a tendency to howl "I'm a Philistine!," and an exaggerated revulsion for the printed page. A day or two later, while emptying a wheelbarrow of old books into a gully near my home, I saw (or thought I saw) a stout, bearded individual with four feet chasing a scantily clad showgirl along a ridge. I returned home on the double and, having notified the local game warden, busied myself with indoor matters. Ever since, I have been hearing reedy sounds from the ridge, as of someone playing a rustic set of pipes. More than likely, the game warden got himself mixed up in a three-handed saturnalia and they're looking for a fourth. One of these evenings, as soon as I can get myself shod, I really must gallop up there and see.

—S. J. PERELMAN

•

Out of the millions of business men in this country, there are hardly a hundred examples of conspicuous delinquency. *—William Randolph Hearst in the Journal-American.*

Hardly enough to keep a newspaper supplied with news.

THE LONELY CONSTELLATION

The pretty blond girl at the grand piano in the Kitty Hawk Bar was playing old songs of the twenties and thirties in a pleasantly desultory way, and Henry Sherman heard them without quite listening. He was a roadman for a Boston publishing firm, he lived outside Chicago, he was waiting at LaGuardia to connect with a plane West, and he was vaguely thinking of his return home after a three-day sales conference in Boston. Wearing a light raincoat, he sat on a stool at the round bar, his shoulders hunched over a highball, his cheek resting on his palm. He looked across the bar at the white evening light on the water outside, and at the great gray metal birds rushing across the strip of land beside it now and then and lifting themselves ponderously into the silvery twilight sky. He was tired and just slightly drunk and just slightly melancholy.

He would get into Chicago around midnight and take a late train out to Winnetka. When he got to his house, it would be late, and he would not wake his wife. She would be sleeping heavily in her bed, making a soft sound that was neither quite breathing nor yet snoring, and he would undress in his "den" and make no noise as he turned down the blue candlewick spread on his bed; yet his presence alone might stir her sleep just enough to make her turn over from her back to her side, and then the puffing sound would cease and he might be able to get in a good seven hours before the Sunday clatter of the household began.

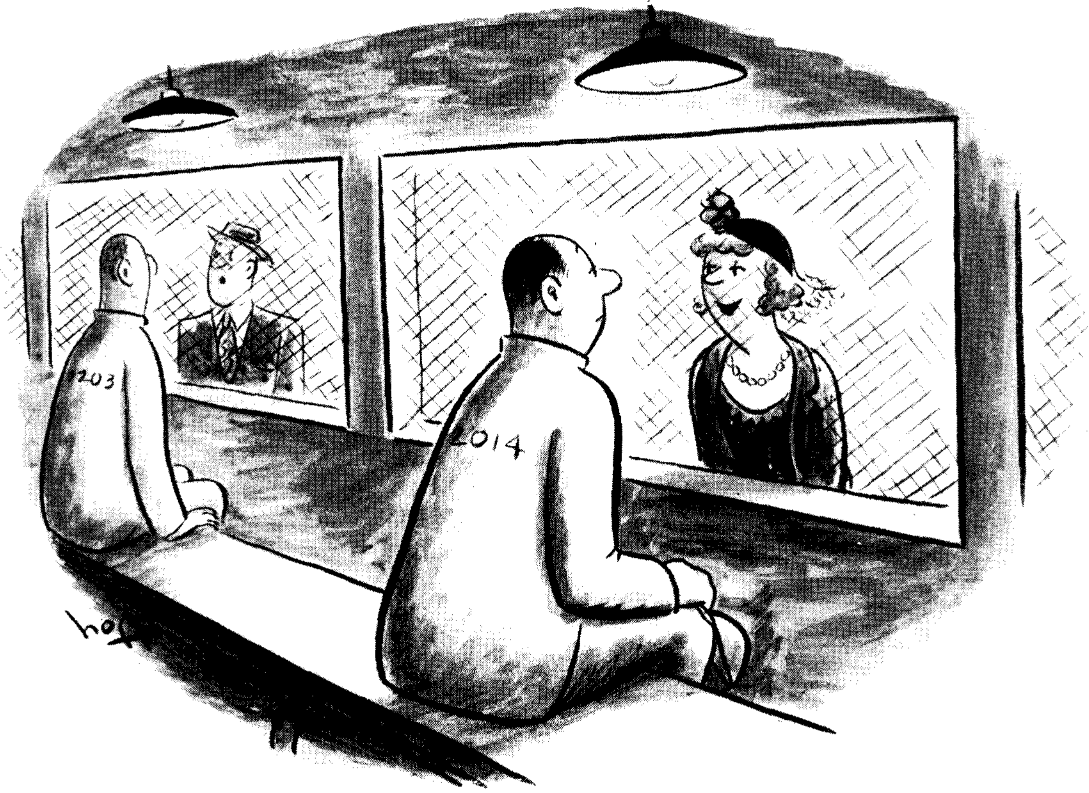
A series of casual arpeggios carried the piano into a deft treble account of "Tea for Two," and the old song, only half recognized as it mingled with Henry's thoughts of home, somehow heightened his nearly total disinclination to return to his family. He went back there out of pure physical habit, the way a plow horse goes back to the barn, doggedly, and, for a change, this self-knowledge did not shame him, it simply saddened him. Perhaps his children seemed so distant from him because he had been away from home so much, working his repetitive rounds through that vast Middle Western area, season after season for ten years now, so that he was half a stranger to them and they to him. His son was a fourteen-year-old prig who looked with disapproval on Henry's highball before dinner; "Hi-Y-and-Handsome," by way of a nickname, was Henry's occasional joke, but the boy was not amused. His daughter Mary, looking at him owlishly through her spectacles, once in a while expressed an interest in his work by asking him questions about publishing, yet the real reason, Henry knew perfectly well, was that she was interested above everything else in the publication issued by her high school, on which she served in some devoted editorial capacity. Were they really, as they seemed to him now, children peculiarly devoid of charm and grace, or did he think so only because they gave him an increasingly strong feeling that he was an intruder in his own domain? His wife, at any rate, did not seem to notice the character of his position in the household. She went through her wifely duties with a blind, unspirited humility that made everything more drab.

Those dripping arpeggios again, and then the piano suddenly made him sit up straight on his stool. The girl was playing a song called "Tenderly." Henry had heard it two nights before in a South Boston café, where it had been sung by a lithe colored girl in a long, clinging dress of green metal cloth. She had not really sung it; she had whispered it, with a fixed, unhappy smile, into a loudspeaker, her white teeth shining, her shining chocolate-brown shoulders and bosom lifting and falling in the slow rhythm of the music, over the low top of her dress. It was a queer song that kept shifting into minor tones, and it was full of all kinds of misery that was not in the words, and when the girl had come for the first time to the lines about taking my lips, taking my love, Henry Sherman had felt the back of his neck go shiveringly cold.

He listened closely now to the piano without any of that former uneasiness, trying to learn the tune, but he did not have the kind of ear that could readily retain a tune of any complexity, and this blond girl did not go on playing it over and over, as the colored girl had sung it over and over, chorus after rueful chorus and always with that rigidly disconsolate smile, but started to play something else.

Henry looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes before his flight. He finished his drink (the third since dinner), slid off the stool, and went down to the lower level of the terminal. He went out into the arcade, paused at the desk where his flight would presently be called and where he had already checked in, and then wandered on toward the gate designated on his pass. When he came to the gate, he decided to wait a while, even though at just that moment the voice on the public-address system announced that passengers for his flight would now please board the plane.

Henry travelled a good deal by air, and he liked air travel in every way but one; over and over he had found himself stuck with some dull character in the seat beside him, and there was no way of choosing again, or of getting away, as you



"The kids? They're thrilled—I told them Hopalong Cassidy caught you."

could on a train. Henry liked to talk with people, but he had found that some were dull and some didn't like to talk. So now he decided to wait and watch the passengers who got on this plane and follow someone who might conceivably be interesting. A few foreign-looking individuals who had been waiting at the gate when Henry came up to it had already gone out on the field, and now a man and a woman and another man, all unpromising, came along in a straggling line. But where, Henry wondered as he continued to wait, were the usual rush and concentrated push? Then one man did come running, a comic little figure with a briefcase in one hand flapping against his leg, an oversize panama held down on his head with the other hand. He ran past the gate, then came to a sliding stop, wheeled, glared frantically at the number above his head, wheeled again, and darted out on the field. Henry looked at his watch. It was five minutes before flight time, and unless some passengers had gone out through another gate, it seemed likely that quite a few were going to miss the plane. Then the voice over the public-address system gave its final call, and Henry himself passed through the gate.

Twilight was gone now, and the field glimmered in darkness. He walked around the shining wing of a great plane parked near the gate, climbed the steep stairs to his Constellation, and handed his gate pass to the waiting stewardess. Inside the plane, he looked ahead of him, and the idea of choosing an interesting companion dropped from his mind when he took in the fact that most of the double seats were empty. He sat down in the outside seat of the pair nearest the seats where the stewardesses would sit, and wondered. Something was wrong.

One late passenger came crashing up the steps and panted at the door, "Whew!" He stood there for a while, blowing out his breath hard, and then came ahead and found a seat. That made nine passengers in all. The pilot came aboard, exchanged a word or two with the two stewardesses at the door, and then went on up to the front of the plane, where the second pilot and the engineer already were. Then the stairs were wheeled away, an attendant outside made some laughing remark to the stewardesses, and the heavy door ground into place and the bolt turned. The engines roared, subsided, roared again, and the stewardesses came forward. Nine people in a plane made for sixty. It was eerie.

"May I take your coat?" one of the girls asked him. He glanced up at her. She looked like Loretta Young, with the same large, liquid eyes, the same heavy, shining lips and lovely white skin.

He handed her his raincoat and said, "Anybody up in the compartment?"

"No."

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know. This is awful."

"Saturday night?"

"It's never been like this," she said, and turned to the woman across the aisle. "Your coat?"

The woman broke into Italian, and the girl laughed quietly, helplessly. "Coat," she said, "coat," reaching out to touch the black coat the woman clutched suspiciously in her lap. Then she saw that the woman's safety belt was not fastened, and she bent over and fastened it for her. "Keep shut," she said, but she did not try to take the coat.

The plane began to move along its runway, and the stewardess moved to the passenger ahead of the Italian woman.

"Your coat?" she said again, and again she was answered in Italian. She laughed, and Henry laughed. There was, apparently, no connection between the two foreigners. The woman was in her sixties, a gaunt-looking peasant who twisted her harsh hands together in her lap; the man ahead of her was in his late thirties, an urban type, dressed in a thick tweed suit of a dogtooth pattern, black-and-white checks at least a half inch square. He laughed confidently up at the stewardess with a flash of white teeth in his dark face, and spoke again in Italian. She touched his coat, and he shrugged. She took it, and then glanced at Henry and smiled at him, and he leaned forward in his seat toward the ravishing generosity of her smile.

"It's crazy," he said to her. "Only nine people and two of them Italians who don't know each other."

THE plane was ready for its takeoff, roaring at the end of the airstrip, and then began its race across the ground. The Italian woman groaned and clutched the arms of her seat. Loretta Young moved on, and the nearly empty plane lifted, a great empty metal shell rising in the blackness, and Henry imagined it for a moment light as a soap bubble or a dandelion fluff blowing along on the dark currents of the night, and when he leaned toward the round window at his left after a while and looked down and saw, almost directly below them, the maze of moving, twinkling, crazy lights that meant Palisades Park, and thought of the masses of people down there, jammed together on this Saturday night while he moved over them, unknown, almost alone in an enormous plane, he felt altogether separate from earth, from the familiar things he thought that he loved—felt positively unanchored. And that vague melancholy that he had pleasantly felt in the terminal bar, simply a sign that he was tired after three days of hard work, now seemed to pull itself together in his stomach and reach up inside him and clutch. He shook his head sharply in amazement.

The stewardess was speaking gently to the man who wore the absurd panama hat. The man had not removed the hat, and he declined now to let her put it on the rack over his head. He had seized the rim of the thing with both hands, and he was pulling it down over his ears, as though he thought she would try to remove it by force.

"But you'll be more comfortable, sir," she murmured. "You'll want to sleep."

"I can't sleep," he cried back at her in an oddly high-pitched voice.

She shrugged. "Very well," she said, and passed on.

"Jesus!" Henry said aloud. "Characters! All characters!" But his impatience drained away when the second stewardess came toward him, with the seating chart. As he gave her his name, he was astonished to notice that she really looked a great deal like Bette Davis, with that same tensely neurotic beauty that he had always found so particularly exciting, and the scornful droop of the lips, too. She had, besides, short red hair, a charmingly slender waist, and trim legs rising out of neat, high-heeled pumps, and he gazed up at her with a kind of fatuous gratitude as she studiously wrote down his name, smiled at him briefly, and passed on behind him.

Now the lights in the cabin went out, and there was only a pin-point ray from a reading light here and there cutting sharply through the droning darkness. The green "FASTEN SEAT BELTS—NO SMOKING" sign went out, too, and a few matches flared. Henry reached into his pocket and found a cigarette. Then the girls came forward again, offering blankets and pillows from the racks overhead, and the Italian woman tried to describe with her hands the sensation of her stomach, the lift and fall of nausea. The two girls wrapped her up in a blanket, and one brought a wet cloth and laid it over her forehead and the other placed a carton, suggestively open, in her lap. The woman groaned with soft dismay, and the girls returned to their seats again.

THEN the plane seemed to move into a new zone of quiet. The engines seemed to burn down to an almost noiseless throb. Henry let his seat drop back, and from his half-reclining position he studied the tops of the several heads that jutted up over the seats in front of him, and he let his eyes rest finally on the panama hat, which was at once so eccentric and so pompous. More than ever then, with these few odd strangers in it, the plane seemed empty, and suddenly he remembered a flight he had made from New York to Boston during the war. In those years, there was never an empty seat on a plane, and people queued up in airports all over America simply on the chance of a seat. There was a term—"No show," or "Go show," or something of the sort—that meant that if a passenger with a reservation did not turn up, you could go in his place. And late one afternoon when Henry was to fly up to Boston for one of those semiannual sales conferences from another of which he was now returning, a queer thing had happened. At flight time, one passenger had not appeared, and his seat was given to an elderly, plump, and prosperous-looking businessman who had been standing by for passage to Providence, where the plane made a landing. Then a delay occurred; five minutes passed, ten minutes; still the engines were quiet, and suddenly there was a hubbub of excited conversation outside the plane. Presently the stewardess came forward and spoke to the blue-suited, prosperous-looking man; the passenger whose seat he occupied had now arrived, and would he please give up the seat? The man's face went an apoplectic red under his well-brushed silvery hair. He would not indeed; if the departure had not been delayed, he would now be in the air, and he would certainly keep the seat. He tightened his safety belt and hung on to it pugnaciously.

The stewardess had spoken softly, but the blue-suited one simply stared stubbornly to the front. She shrugged and moved away. Then the two pilots appeared. They explained again, and after repeating his arguments for keeping the seat, the blue-suited one told them who he was. He was the president of a well-known watch company; it was imperative that he get to Providence, and not on his account but on account of the war effort; he did not know who the other passenger was, but he was sure the man's contribution was not as important as that of the watch company. The pilots were not impressed, and they pointed out that right then the watch company was holding up the flight and twenty-one legitimate passengers. They would have to call the police. Call the police, said the watch company.

By then, the passengers on the plane, who had at first been amused and then only mildly nettled, were angry. There were restrained mutterings and a buzzing of conversation, and one somewhat strident call from a sailor at the back of the plane: "Where's your priority, Big Shot?" Before the two policemen came on board, the engines started up, but the man seemed unperturbed; he stared ahead and sat stolidly in his seat, clutching at his safety belt.

"Sorry, sir, but you'll have to leave the plane," one of the police officers said to him.

"You'll have to put me off," he said.

"We'd hate to, but we can."

"Go ahead. Put me off forcibly."

The two officers looked at each other and shrugged, and the sailor shouted, "Put him off. I got only eight hours more of my liberty."

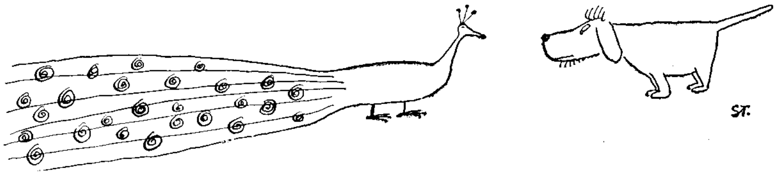
"That boy's being transferred to the Pacific, sir," the second police officer explained. "There's a wounded soldier on board who's being flown to a hospital for special treatment. Everybody has his own job to do, just like you."

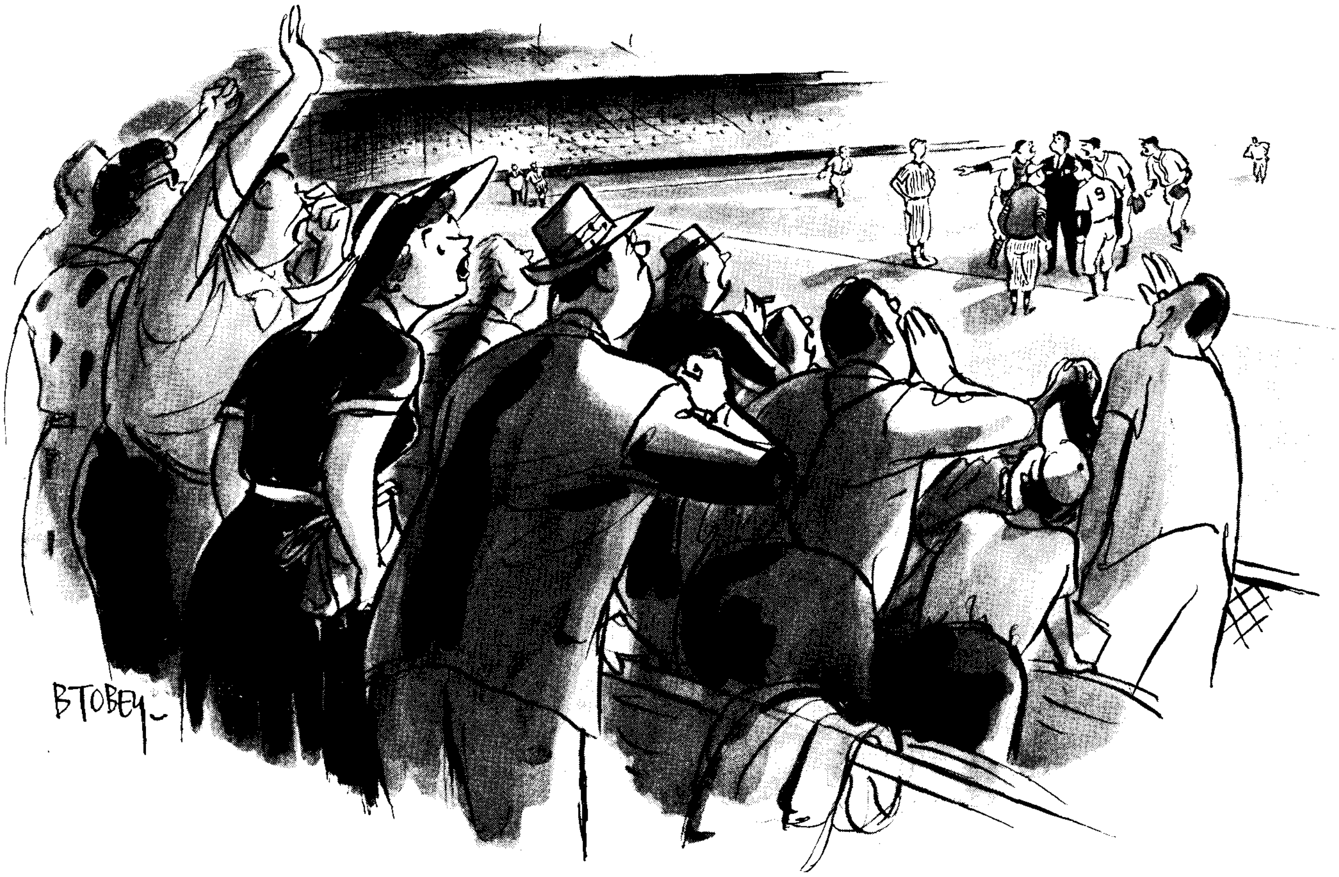
"You'll have to put me off forcibly."

"O.K., Mister," the first police officer said in a harder voice, and reached forward to unfasten the man's safety belt.

"Wait a minute," the blue suit said. "First you'll give me your names and your numbers, and you can expect to hear of this. Remember that you're putting me off by force." He reached into his pocket and brought out a memorandum book and a pen.

The policemen looked at him and





"*I* *think he looks* *noble.*"

• •

laughed. "Sure," they said together, and they recited their names and numbers. "Ready now?"

"Put me off."

They unfastened his safety belt and lifted him from his seat. Once he was in the aisle, he gave in. "Pick him up," called the sailor, but it was not necessary. The man went off the plane. And then the second man came on. He was a little man, a short, dark cloak-and-suit type, middle-aged, and he looked embarrassed by the fuss he had caused. As the little man took his seat with a confused smile, the passengers began to clap and shout approval, and there was a general buzz of happy excitement, as if an important principle had been vindicated. Then the door was slammed, and the plane took off, and conversation between the passengers never stopped for the hour it took to get to Providence. There everyone laughed again, and when the little man got off, the sailor cheered.

THINGS were different then, Henry thought with sleepy nostalgia. There was a kind of excitement in the air then that drew people together and made them more human than they ordinarily were, and the contrast with his present situation, in effect alone on an empty plane made for sixty, saddened him and roused him from his sleepy state. Now it was harder to sell books, too, just as, apparently, it was harder to sell plane space. Things had changed. He lit a cigarette and listened to the engines humming, and stared down out of the round window at the transient yellow lights of a country town far below, and then at nothing at all.

The two stewardesses, behind him, had been talking together in low voices, and now one of them suddenly raised her voice in animation. The voice was not pleasant. It had a flat, chopped, nasal quality, a basic *yak, yak, yak*, that meant Kansas or Nebraska, and no course in Oral Delivery at the State U., either. It could not be the Loretta one, with whom Henry had spoken; it must be the red-haired Bette Davis type, and it seemed strange that such an otherwise stylish girl should not have caught on about her voice. She was telling the other girl some story, full of "then he"s and "then she"s, and the voice chopped on in an almost pitiless way—*yak, yak, yak*—in the darkness.

The very contrast reminded Henry of the new promotion woman in the office, that cool Boston type with the beautifully clipped speech, a really smart voice that spoke of the Winsor School, and childhood summers at Prides Crossing, and a four-story house on Beacon Hill with a big library and a music room, and summer evenings in a white chiffon gown on the Ritz Roof. Henry was growing sleepy again, and as he put out his cigarette, he was almost able to substitute that charming voice for the one that went on behind him. Miss Priscilla Thayer was the name. She was a handsome girl in her early thirties, with short black hair and a proud, boyish figure in a black gabardine suit, and a touch of bluntness in her manner, a little like—well, yes, a little like Katharine Hepburn. She had practically taken over the conference; Jim Moore, the top editor, had really turned it over to her, and there was no doubt that she had some fine, bright new ideas. Her theory was that every book had its own class audience—not just the "special" books, but every book, novels as well as cookbooks—and she had laid out the next two seasons in that way, tying in with each book the special groups among whom it should be promoted. On the first of those three days in the big room in the Parker House, some of the fellows had given this girl a very fishy eye; they were going to make her prove herself. Henry himself had had no doubts even at the beginning. She was a girl who knew how to handle herself, and when Henry asked her to go out with him on the second night, she turned him down so prettily that he could hardly feel that he had been turned down. The suspicious fellows were won over, too, as the smoke grew thicker in the room, and the sandwiches got to seem staler, and the joint hangover each morning was harder to shake. She even managed, somehow, to take the shock off the news in the papers on the third morning, when they all read that their brightest young best-selling novelist had drowned in an inexplicable accident at sea, somewhere off the coast of Florida.

THE voices behind Henry had softened down. The girls were talking still, but very quietly now. There was no light on in the plane, and no sound except their subdued voices and an occasional soft sigh from the Italian woman across from Henry. He felt sleep working through him like the gentle droning that came from the engines, and as he closed his eyes, he was wondering in an idle way why two such lovely girls as those behind him should be unmarried—such clear-eyed, trim, beautiful girls, and no husbands—with successful young guys jumping off boats out at sea, and Fifth Avenue full of bouncing pansies, and pansies lined up three deep at the Pine Room bar, where he used to like to stop for a beer. "Things fall apart; the center cannot hold," he quoted dreamily to himself from a poem in an anthology that he handled. Such handsome girls going begging. His head sank slowly.

Then he was selling books. He was talking fast, and at first he did not realize that he was talking to no one, but he was giving out that new sales line, and he thought he was doing all right, until suddenly he was aware that he was in an empty airplane, a completely empty airplane; there were not even any pilots. In what should have been the pilots' cabin, there were the usual crowded instrument panels, but nothing else; the instruments were working away busily, with needles moving back and forth across dials, and lights blinking red and green, and the plane was flying high and steadily—pure machine, completely under control. But Henry, facing the empty seats and then lurching up and down the aisle as he sought for just one live customer hiding somewhere, grew miserable. He kept on talking anyway, selling, selling—something for Granny, something light and humorous; something for the Busy Housewife, something hot, something historical; something for Junior; something for the Concerned Executive; something for Aunt Polly, a work on cooking and gardening and embroidery, all in one, with a little religion, not heavy; and something, too, for the kiddies; and this special something for the sub-deb daughter who wants to learn how to make up that soft, woundable mouth; and for that boy home from the service, who just committed suicide, there is this special—Oh, *Jesus!*

Henry groaned in his misery as he lurched through the empty plane, addressing the empty seats, but then everything seemed to change again, and he realized suddenly that he had not really had a fix on the situation at all, that all these seats were really to be taken, and taken right away, because here were two for Jennifer and Betty, here two for blond Ingrid and dark Barbara, here were two more for Ginger and Rita, here were two for Paulette and Marlene, and here for Greta and gorgeous Joan, and here for Loretta and—and her friend, whose name escaped him. The whole plane was to be filled with these lovely girls, and he was to go around and sell his books to *them*, and for a moment he went way up into a cloudland of exhilaration, into a kind of crazy, drunken, lifting happiness, and then a voice broke in on him—*yak, yak, yak*—and he jerked to pull himself up out of that sleep.

HENRY was sitting up in the dark, nearly empty plane, still struggling out of his loose sleep, and as he came into wakefulness, an idea was present in his mind, as if it had been waiting there for him to rouse himself sufficiently to take it in in all its shattering clarity: *A machine is a lonely thing.*

As the thought struck him, the back of his neck went cold, went all goose flesh, as it had when he first heard that colored girl sing those words, "My lips, my love," only now, besides, he could feel the clipped hair on the back of his neck positively rise, as if, with this simple thought, he had seen a ghost or had a revelation from God, and he shuddered.

Then the clarity of the thought blurred in his mind, and the prickly sensation on the back of his neck subsided, and, sitting up straight, he saw ahead of him the tops of those isolate heads, one of them with the hat still upon it, all rigid in their uncomfortable loneliness, locked in the prisons of their useless languages, their intractable solitude, in the great oval metal belly of the plane, and then the voice of the Bette Davis type behind him broke on his ears again—*yak, yak, yak*, pure Nebraska—and in a weary way he reached up and pressed the button over his head.

A chime struck out dimly in the nearly empty Constellation. Then Loretta Young appeared beside him. He lay back, gazing up into her great liquid eyes. He said, "Look, tell Bette to pipe down. Tell her to come sit here." He patted the empty seat beside him. "I'll keep her quiet."

"What did you say, sir?"

He looked up at the loose, lovely mouth. "Oh, my God!" he said, and then, for reasons that he did not know and could not possibly have known, he felt his throat tighten. And the four droning engines, which he had become aware of again in his still-sleepy state, were now assuredly his own feelings—they were his sadness; they were his awful, empty sorrow—and out of his lingering dream he began really to cry, round tears rolling down over his plump, substantial cheeks, and said, "Get me, please, a drink of water." —MARK SCHORER

• •

THE SIRENS

I never knew the road
From which the whole earth didn't call away,
With wild birds rounding the hill crowns,
Haling out of the heart an old dismay,
Or the shore somewhere pounding its slow code,
Or low-lighted towns
Seeming to tell me, stay.

Lands I have never seen
And shall not see, loves I will not forget,
All I have missed, or slighted, or foregone
Call to me now. And weaken me. And yet
I would not walk a road without a scene.
I listen going on,
The richer for regret. —RICHARD WILBUR

A REPORTER IN GERMANY

THE PEOPLE WITH NAMES

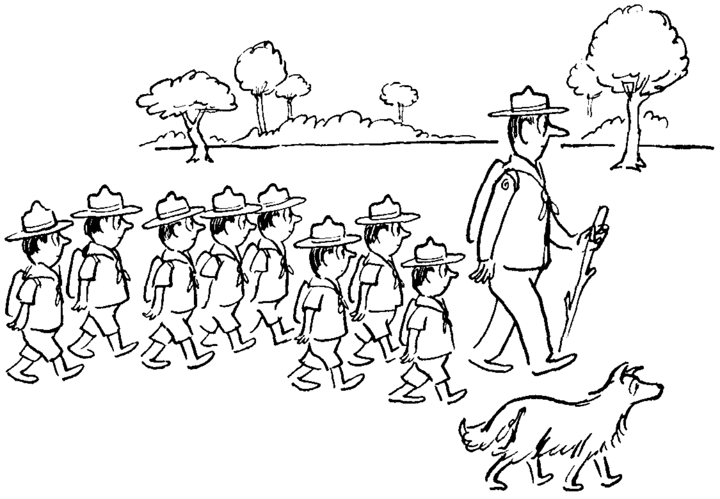
FOR decades, German philosophers and poets and men of letters have wrung their disavowal of the German people from the depths of their commitment to that people. Among them have been Goethe, Heine, Nietzsche, Mann, and Plivier, and in their denunciation of, as in their dedication to, the German people, they have come by separate, even by antithetical, ways to the recognition of a single, fatal thing. Each came to his own vision of the duality of German identity, and, baffled, each sought to probe within that vision. "The Germans are more intangible, more ample, more contradictory, more unknown, more incalculable, more surprising, and even more terrifying than other people are to themselves," Nietzsche wrote nearly a century ago—Nietzsche, who in himself has given us the perfect symbol of German man, of man divided within himself, unable to comprehend and judge himself because unable to see himself in his entirety. Of Heinrich Heine, David Daiches has written, "German and Jew, patriot and Francophile, sentimentalist and ironist, radical and hater of the organized Left, Christian convert and passionate defender of Israel, charlatan and martyr, lyrical poet and journalist, lover of life and perpetual self-torturer—his haunting figure looms out of the mists of social and ideological conflict in early nineteenth-century Europe to appear as the epitome of all the problems that face sensitive man today." Has Germany, then, one eventually asks oneself as one lives here in its ruins, been offered as a warning, and have the people of Germany, Jews and Christians alike, been sacrificed so that their drama might serve as an admonition to the modern world? Is the duality of the German identity to be taken as a symbol of the choice each man is offered? And if so, how much—or how tragically little—of the drama have we officially understood?

A few months ago, Dr. Konrad Adenauer, the Chancellor of West Germany, publicly declared that the time had come "for Germans to end the division of the people into sinners and innocents." For *Germans*, he specified, knowing more certainly and more bitterly than any foreigner can know it that the moral decision each German made under Hitler is still, in 1950, burningly alive in that German's consciousness, and knowing, too, that until the sinners and the innocents are merged into one, there can be no hope for a united Germany. Because this issue is not dead, it was not only inevitable, it was essential, that the trial for murder of a man called Heinrich Baab should have begun earlier this year in the city of Frankfurt. It was a completely German trial, prepared and conducted by Germans, and it is significant that the man was brought to trial for murder even though he was not accused of having with his own hands committed murder. It was as if the will of the German people were finally putting on trial in a German courtroom, before German judges and a German jury, the ambiguousness of German duality.

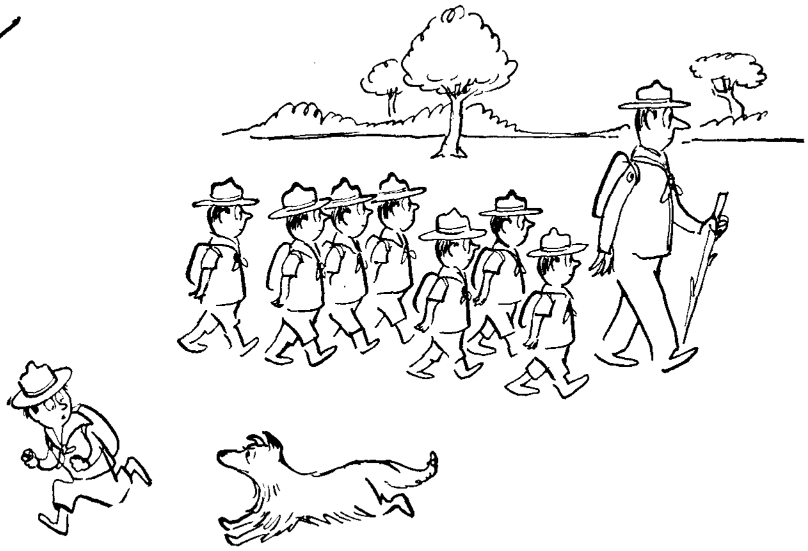
Heinrich Baab was indicted on a number of charges, the chief one that of participating in fifty-six murders in Frankfurt in the years 1938 to 1943. Among the others were attempted murder, deprivation of liberty, use of coercion to obtain information, and assault and battery. It was reported that, some time before the trial, Baab had confidently remarked that none of the people with whom he had had dealings during those six years would be likely to appear as witnesses against him, for they were all undoubtedly dead. The first sight I had of him, he was seated in the prisoner's dock, only his large head and his heavy shoulders visible above the panels of dark, varnished wood. He had a pallid, bloated face, this forty-two-year-old Frankfurt citizen, and he was wearing a khaki shirt, the collar of which seemed tight around his fleshy neck. His broad tie, which had apparently been flamboyantly striped in yellow and brown in its time, was now faded. His heavy head, the front half of it naked of hair, hung sidewise, for, despite the fact that he was on trial for the murder of fifty-six Frankfurt citizens, he was concerned with some kind of nut, which his fingers kept shelling out of sight. With his head at an angle, the polished area of his broad, flat skull was mercilessly exposed. His blunt-fingered, heavy hand could be seen only when he secretively slipped a nut into his mouth. As he prepared the next morsel of food for consumption, his sagging jowls went surreptitiously into motion, and as he chewed, his glance moved carefully around the courtroom. His slightly bulging, heavy-lidded eyes looked slowly and without expression over the occupants of the two raised benches that seated the press and over the assemblage of spectators that packed the room, passing the two police officers at the double doors of the public entrance and the green-uniformed guards at the door used by the press, seeming to seek not a face he knew but merely the confirmation

Shoe Shine 15c.

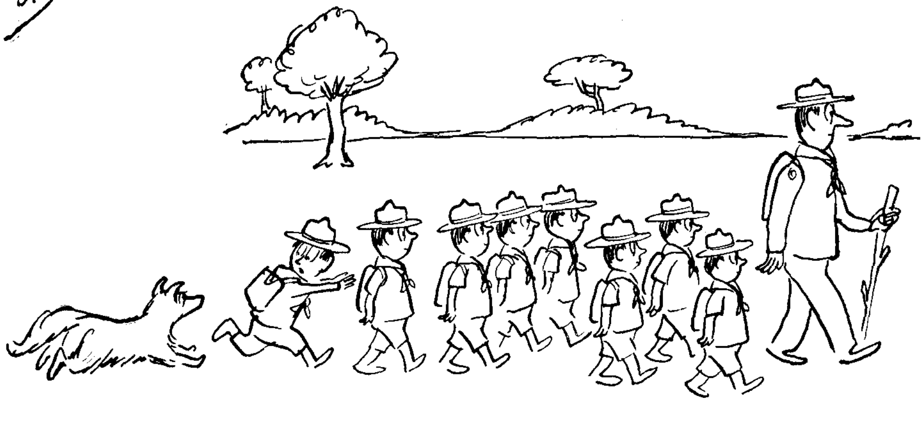
1.



3.



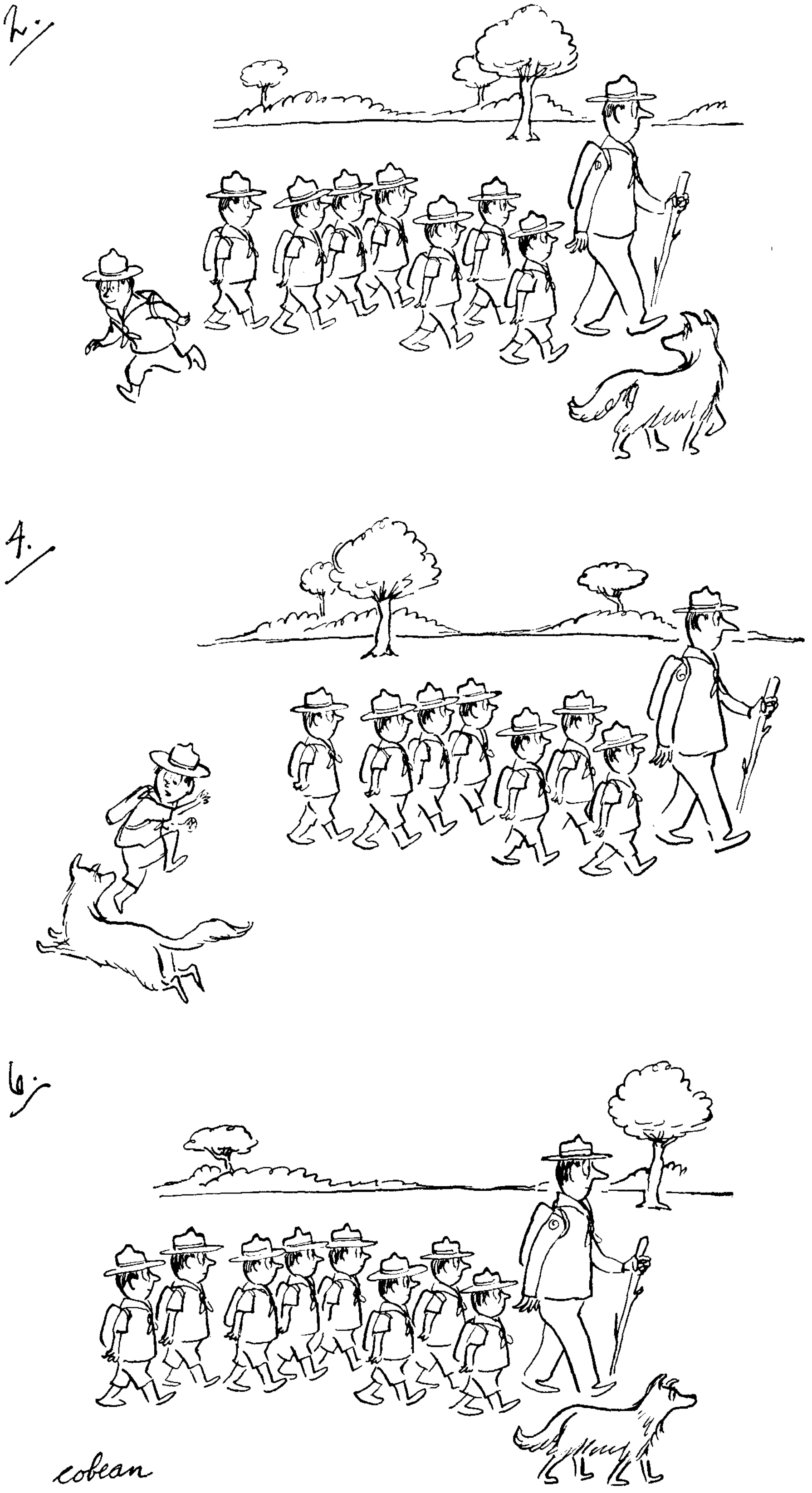
5.



that his furtive masticating was not being observed. Upon the entrance of the presiding judge, the two associate judges, and the eight members of the jury, Heinrich Baab rose, as did all the others seated in the courtroom, and one could then see the bull-like, nearly neckless torso in the cheap, shiny striped wool jacket that could no longer be brought to close across his tightly belted paunch.

The hall in which the trial took place was small—unfortunately, far too small to accommodate the crowds that pressed up the ancient stairs every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of the four weeks it lasted, and that waited, hour after hour, at the panelled doors for word of the proceedings. But those who came actually had no need to come, for they already knew the story well. No member of the local German-American Club—a social and essentially snobbish organization, introduced by the American Military Government, which has chapters in towns and cities of the American Zone—reached the courthouse at seven-thirty in the morning in order to wait at the closed doors for a seat, nor did any member of the Frankfurt Chamber of Commerce; no handsome German cars, driven by chauffeurs in livery, waited outside the courthouse as they wait outside the Bad Homburg Casino, or outside the de-luxe Frankfurt restaurants, where one may dine on trout in aspic and pressed duck and other delicacies, and where the German management reserves the right to refuse service to American enlisted men. Had there been present one or two of those German businessmen who are to be seen every day entering the former I. G. Farben building (now used by the American, British, and French occupation authorities and known as the Headquarters Building), in well-cut suits of imported wool, carrying leather briefcases in their smartly gloved hands, it would have given another meaning to the proceedings, and there might have been reason to believe that the German caste system had begun to go. Not only was there, except for me, no American in that crowd, either official or unofficial, but no representative of the new West German government in Bonn lent his presence to the chronicling of this new chapter in German legal history. The spectators at Baab's trial were, in the main, Baab's victims as well. They were those whose murder had been attempted, or they were of the flesh and blood of those who had died. They were poor, and they were, in many cases, shockingly maimed. Their jaws were askew, their teeth were gone, and in some instances the remnants of their shattered faces had been pieced together so that they might once more bear some resemblance to men. There were some without arms, and others—and these not necessarily among the aged—whose legs were so crippled that they walked with the aid of canes. There was one young man about whom it was later testified that not one thread of his under or outer garments had retained its original color, so drenched were they by his own blood after a visit to Heinrich Baab in 1942.

Of what, and of how many, was this man Baab a representative, this man who was a pure product of Ger-



many? For how many had he acted, this man with the heavy-lidded eyes, the full, cleft chin, and the lips curved with a flourish of vanity and sensuality? For how many did he speak in the years 1938 to 1943? When you put this question to gently bred Germans, they will tell you that Baab was no more representative of Germany than Al Capone was representative of America, and it is possible to concede that there is a physical resemblance between the two men. There is, however, one factor that must set them apart forever, and that is that Baab functioned as an official, with official sanction, even after the population of Frankfurt knew, either through experience or by rumor, the kind of man he was. For Heinrich Baab was a Gestapo official and an S.S. trooper who was proud of his title—"The Terror of the Frankfurt Jews."

On November 21, 1945, Justice Robert H. Jackson, Chief of Counsel for the United States at the Nuremberg trials, in his opening statement said of the twenty-odd defendants, "These prisoners . . . are living symbols of racial hatreds, of terrorism and violence, and of the arrogance and cruelty of power. . . . They took from the German people all those dignities and freedoms that we hold natural and inalienable rights in every human being. . . . Against their opponents, including Jews, Catholics, and free labor, the Nazis directed such a campaign of arrogance, brutality, and annihilation as the world has not witnessed since the pre-Christian ages. . . . If these men are the first war leaders of a defeated nation to be prosecuted in the name of the law, they are also the first to be given a chance to plead for their lives in the name of the law." But Baab was a small criminal, and, as the prosecution was to point out, he attained the status of a big criminal only because his quality was identical with those others whose names had come to be known throughout the world. Baab was not a war leader, and no such "hundreds of tons of official German documents" and captured film as Mr. Justice Jackson referred to in his opening statement existed in his case. The evidence against him had been collected almost entirely from the memories of living German women and men, but the proof was no less valid merely because it resided in nothing more ponderable than their anguished testimony.

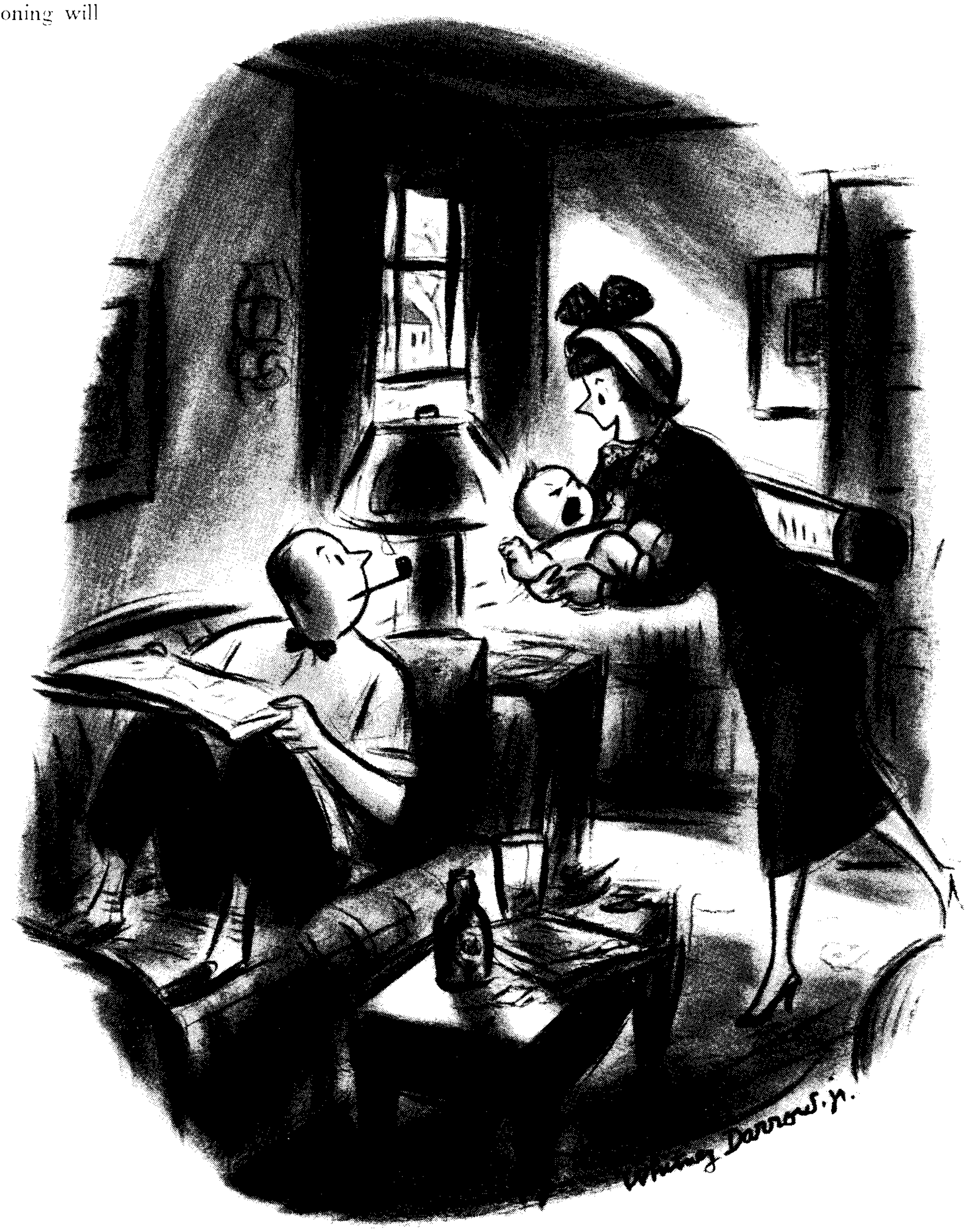
A year after Germany's defeat, this S.S. trooper, who had eventually achieved the rank of S.S. Untersturmführer, had been released, because of ill health, from a French P.W. camp. He had then joined his wife and two sons, who had been evacuated during the Allied bombings to the East Zone. There he lived in Thuringia, in the mountains, unable to apply for work for fear of revealing his identity, for it was on record that he had for a brief time in 1940 worked "in the interests of the Gestapo" in Poland, and he had no desire to face trial in a Communist-controlled court for the crimes he had committed there. It must be supposed that he, even more hungrily than other Germans, read, in his East Zone hiding place, the various reports of the trials being held in 1947 in the denazification courts sponsored by the Allies in the West Zone. He, in company with even smaller Nazis, must have welcomed th intelligence, so widespread throughout Germany, that there had been since 1945 considerable change both in the viewpoint of the population and in the viewpoint of the conquerors—at least in the American Zone, the zone in which Baab's interests lay. He must have believed with great readiness, because he wished so to believe, the report that to get employment in this zone it sufficed to show your Nazi credentials to German businessmen. And he must have accepted without question the cynical legend that in 1947 in the American Zone all worthy Germans looked upon German anti-Nazis as men who had betrayed their country in her hour of need. If he did in fact accept all this, he must have felt secure in his knowledge that he had never dishonored his Party and he must have come to believe that only in an East Zone court would there be any consequences to fear. So, late in 1947, upon receiving a summons from the Frankfurt denazification courts, he returned with his wife and his two sons. There are five denazification categories—major offender, offender, minor offender, follower, and exonerated—and he must have been confident that in submitting to denazification proceedings he would be judged a follower, would pay his fine, and then go free. He had not counted on the mass-grave opening, with the halt, the blind, and the maimed emerging from it, for not one of those who had survived annihilation had forgotten either the syllables of Heinrich Baab's name or the features of his face. In February, 1948, before the denazification proceedings began, it became evident through the weight of testimony these witnesses submitted that this case was not a case to be disposed of by a denazification court but was indeed a criminal case. Baab was placed under arrest, and, pending trial in the criminal court, was put in jail, where he remained during the two-year period required for the preparation of the case.

BAAB was given the chance to plead not for his life but for his liberty. For, under present West German law (except in Western Berlin), the severest penalty permitted for any crime is hard labor for life, and this was the penalty the prosecution asked. In the first days of Baab's trial, it was shown that the lives and the liberty of many hundreds of human beings had passed through this one man's hands. Had he not had the good fortune to be a policeman in a police state, it would be difficult to conceive of him as anything but a bored and belligerent taxi-driver or café waiter, an unwilling servitor with a permanent chip on his shoulder, ready to dispute the amount of the tip one gave him as insolently as he had disputed the right of men and women to live. He could never have become a white-collar worker, for the signs of the requisite patience and industry were missing, and it is doubtful whether his vanity would have allowed him to labor with his hands. It was he who, as the head of Amt II B 2, the Judenreferat—the office for "the handling of the Jewish question"—from August, 1942, to June, 1943, had had jurisdiction over the disposal of the Frankfurt Jews. (Baab's predecessor, a man named Nellen, committed suicide in 1945.) "The once flourishing Jewish community in Germany," writes Jack Hain in his official Military Government report, "Status of Jewish Workers and Employers in Post-War Germany," "which contributed so greatly to the German economy and its culture, has been reduced from more than 500,000 in 1933 to today's estimated population of 20,000. . . . In Frankfurt, for example, which city before the Nazi regime claimed the second largest Jewish community in Germany [over 30,000], there are now only 365 German Jewish residents." But Leo R. Werts, former Director of the Manpower Division of the Military Government, in his foreword to this survey points out, "While the brunt of this inhuman attack was borne . . . by German citizens of the Jewish faith, it must be kept in mind that all social organizations, whether secular or religious in nature, were persecuted for holding firm to the ideals of equality and brotherhood." By February, 1943, owing to the fanatical zeal with which Baab and his predecessor performed their task, the last full-blooded Jew had been deported from Frankfurt. But inasmuch as Baab's duties were not limited to the liquidation of one group of people, the violated faces of those who watched him from the spectators' seats in the courtroom were not only the faces of Jewish women and men.

Among the hundred and fifty-seven witnesses who were called to give evidence, there was, for instance, a tall, strongly built, stubborn-jawed young man with a shock of tan hair; he was neatly dressed in a gabardine raincoat, a gray suit, and polished shoes. He took his place at the witness table, which stood in the arena below the judicial bench. His brown hat lay on the table before him as he sat with his back to the spectators and raised his stolid, florid, square-browed face toward the presiding judge. In accordance with German legal procedure, the judge was the one who conducted the examination of the witnesses, but it was the prerogative of the defense counsel, the prosecutors, and also the members of the jury panel to examine the witnesses either at intervals during the judge's examination or after it had taken place. The sleeves of the witness's gray coat were pulled a little high as he rested his arms on the table, and he posed them there with an awkwardness strange in one who appeared to have an impervious layer of phlegm beneath his healthy blond skin. But because that armor of phlegm had been shattered once, he used his strong arms in a singularly helpless, self-conscious manner, as if for the rest of his life it would be these arms alone of which he would be aware. For, from the height of the press benches, it could presently be seen that on the inside of each wrist the witness bore a deep, disfiguring scar. The story that he told, in a low, dogged voice, was simple enough. In 1939, he had been denounced, possibly by his neighbors, as an anti-Nazi who listened to foreign broadcasts. He had been arrested and taken to Gestapo headquarters at Lindenstrasse 27, a gray stone building that might better have served as a library or museum and that still stands, miraculously untouched by bombs, in the ruined heart of a residential section of the city. There the witness had been first questioned and then beaten insensible by S.S. Oberscharführer Heinrich Baab. The cellar of Lindenstrasse 27 was partitioned into cells, and the witness had remained in one of those cells for several days, during which time he could hear the screams of other prisoners in the cellar. After several futile attempts, he had eventually managed to reach the light bulb that burned night and day in the ceiling of his cell, and, having broken it, he had sawed at his wrists in the darkness with one of the larger pieces of glass but had not succeeded in reaching the arteries. When the witness had completed this much of his soberly given testimony, an elderly court physician was called upon to examine the mutilated wrists and to give a professional opinion on the possible consequences of the act the witness was going to describe next. The day after the suicide attempt, Baab had ordered him put in chains, and had then interviewed him again. In response to the presiding judge's attentive questioning, the witness admitted that he was at the time still suffering from the effects of the beating and was, as well, weakened by loss of blood. On the pretext of examining the wound, Baab had disarranged the medical dressing on the witness's right wrist, and then he had taken an indelible pencil from his jacket and run the pointed end of the pencil under the bandage and into the open wound. "Perhaps blood poisoning will accomplish what you didn't bring off," Baab had said.

The presiding judge, Landgerichtsdirektor Wirtzfeld, who had served for some time as a juvenile-court judge in Berlin, gave every evidence of being of a gentle and fastidious nature, a man of breeding and refinement; he has a sharp, sad, patient face and graying golden hair. Almost consistently throughout the trial his features bore a look of alert forbearance, but it was obvious that his heart and soul went sick as the details of this story, and the stories of others, were told by the men and women who sat at the little table below him. It is to be presumed that he and his two associate judges, in their flowing black robes and crisp white ties, and the two women and six men of the jury had examined the records of the evidence, for before each of them, as before the chief prosecutor and his associate, lay a copy of the indictment, forty-six pages long and twice, during the trial, expanded by additional evidence. But Wirtzfeld and the ten other members of the Court listened with rapt attention, now and then making notes, now and then referring to the indictment, as the stories were given life by the voices of those who had, again by some miracle, not died. One witness testified that on calling at Lindenstrasse 27 for his father, whom Baab had questioned, he found him with blackened eyes and a broken jaw, and a member of the panel, a plump, competent-looking man with a bald head and a gray mustache, took off his glasses and spoke out clearly from the bench: "That is true! I saw him!" And there were those among the spectators who could not keep from groaning in horror and protest at the monstrousness of the thing that was described or at the memory of what they themselves had experienced or seen done to others, which the words of the witness now recalled. On such an occasion, Wirtzfeld would raise his hands in the most temperate of gestures and ask that the spectators help, not hinder, the work the Court had undertaken to do.

It should not be concluded that either the judges, who had been appointed by the Land Hesse Ministry of Justice, or the jury, which had been selected from a permanent jury panel of several hundred names, had been chosen to sit at Baab's trial because of any expressed predisposition toward people of the Jewish faith or because of any active


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

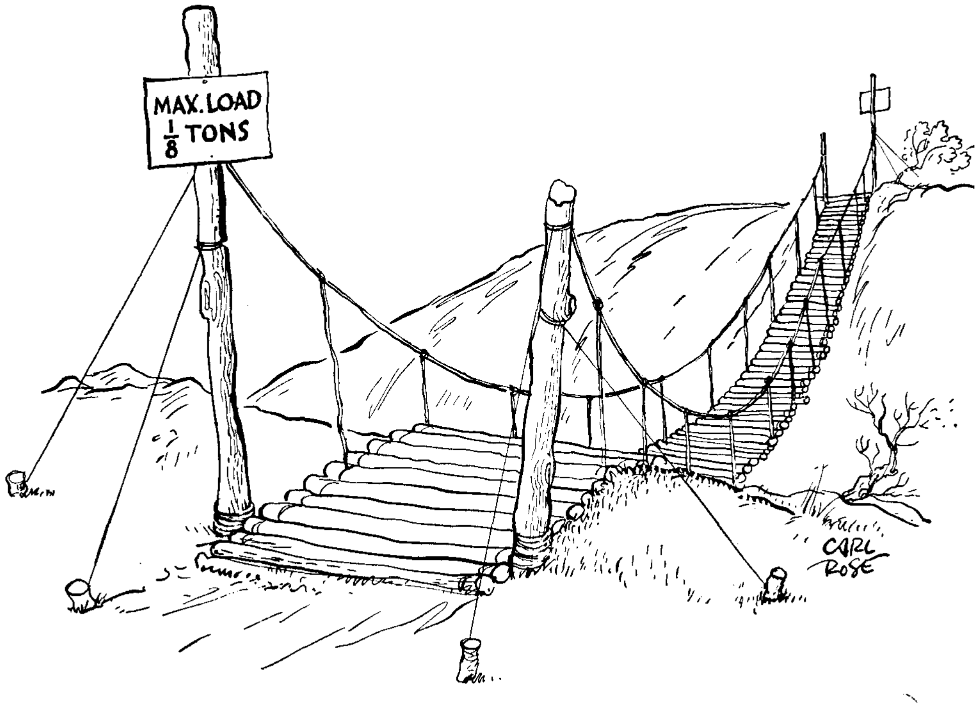
"Look who wants to spend Saturday afternoon with his daddy!"

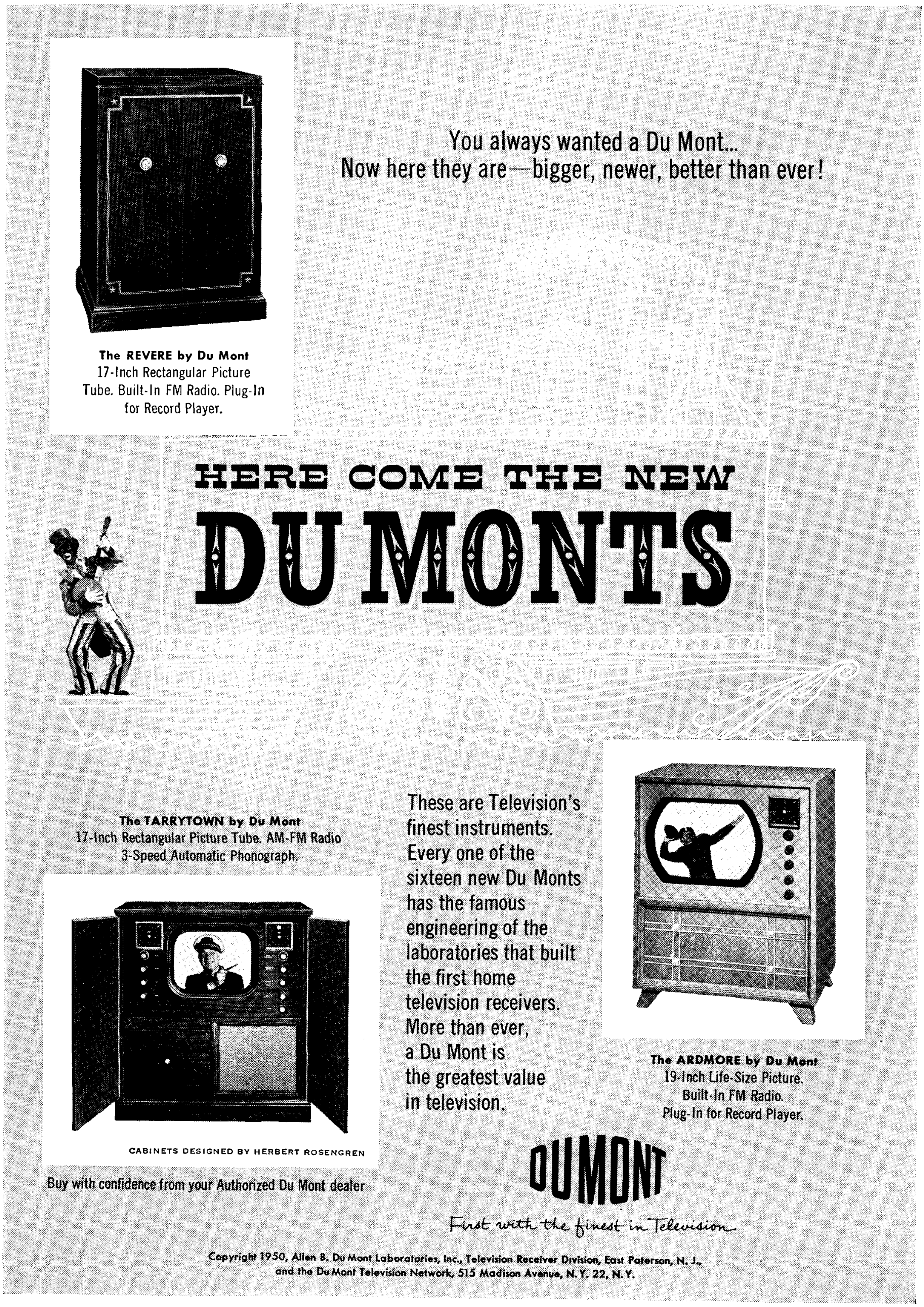
prejudice against former police agents of the National Socialist Party. The judges and the prosecution had simply been named to function at whatever criminal trials were on the calendar of the Frankfurt assizes during a specified period, and the men and women of the permanent panel are selected by a committee of representatives of the leading political parties and trade unions of Hesse. They are chosen for their reliability and their standing in the community, and while the law bars only the first three of the four categories of Nazis from serving on a jury, Dr. Riese, one of the associate judges, told me that he does not recall a former Nazi Party member's serving on a Frankfurt jury, at least in the criminal court. It is safe to say that they were, these six men and two women, a valid cross-section of the responsible citizenry not just of Frankfurt but of Germany, and although it would be an error to see them as representative of the majority of the German people, they are representative of a potential majority. The occupations of the six men, who sat on either side of the three judges and who were distinguishable from them only because they wore no judicial robes, were given as: an official in the bureau for the restitution of property to Nazi victims, a messenger in the Oberbürgermeister's office, two clerks, a mechanic, and an employee of the Frankfurt streetcar company. One of the two female members, a plump little woman in her middle fifties, with gray, elaborately curled hair, owns a tobacco shop, and the other, a slender, dark, worn young woman, is a housewife and the daughter of Johanna Kirchner, a secretary of the Social Democratic Party who was executed by the Nazis and in whose memory a street in Frankfurt has been named. With the exception of the chief prosecutor, Oberstaatsanwalt Dr. Kosterlitz, a man in his early fifties, a Nazi-classified "mongrel" from Berlin, it happened that no one of Jewish blood officiated in this trial.

The equity and patience of the members of the Court seemed tried as they listened to the physician explain in the most tedious terms, and with endless reiteration, not only the kinds of blood poisoning that might prove fatal if a patient were not treated in time but certain diseases that, while not in the remotest way connected with blood poisoning, might likewise, if neglected, produce symptoms of a suppurative nature and eventual death. The doctor was a solid, pink-cheeked man with closely cut white hair, and although he expended a great deal of his breath in his effort, his voice was so asthmatic that it was not easy to follow his laborious descriptions. It was perhaps not his lengthy monologue but the sight of the cold-eyed defendant, who did not cease chewing his surreptitious tidbits in the dock, that caused a young woman in the back of the crowded courtroom to slide unconscious from her chair. But the doctor's discourse was thereupon cut short by Judge Wirtzfeld, who leaned down from the bench to suggest that the doctor leave the examination of the witness for the moment and attend to the young woman, who had been carried out by the court guards.

During the brief time the doctor was absent, another witness was called—an anxious, angular, slight woman. She said she was a seamstress by trade, and shifted uneasily on the chair as she said it, her voice so small that it was necessary to bend forward to catch her words. She wore a brown velvet hat on her knot of dark hair, cheap patent-leather slippers with a strap across the bony instep, and a beige suit that bore signs of having been cut and recut, lengthened and shortened, and pieced this way and that, time and again, by a seamstress's nimble fingers, in observance of the altering whim of fashion. A brown fur piece, composed of several tired, shabby little beasts, was fastened tightly around her agitated neck, and she spoke now and then with nervous belligerence, as if for years she had been told (and perhaps had even recently been warned again) that the things she was saying were not proper things for a German woman worthy of the name to say. But still she testified that in 1942 Heinrich Baab had arrested her seventy-two-year-old Jewish mother-in-law, and, in the course of events, she had been permitted to go to the Frankfurt railway station to take the old lady some family photographs and a change of linen before she boarded a train. The train, the witness stated in response to Judge Wirtzfeld's gentle questioning, consisted of several sealed boxcars, in one of which her mother-in-law had left in company with "a great many other Jewish people." She said she thought there were four cars in the convoy, and she thought it possible, she added (as if hearing the far voices of neighbors speaking in rebuke or threat), that those Jewish people believed they were going to be "resettled in the East." Then, two and a half months later, the witness had been notified that her mother-in-law had died, in Auschwitz, of "natural causes." That was all. It was for another witness to testify that Baab had frequently taken one of his young sons to the Frankfurt station to watch these sealed trains leave.

When the doctor returned to the courtroom, the striking, gray-maned prosecutor, Kosterlitz, whose lively sense of drama contributed to the theatrical quality of the trial, leaped to his feet in his flowing black robe, adjusted his white tie on his bold, opera singer's throat, and asked Judge Wirtzfeld for permission to put a question to the medical man. It was granted, and as Kosterlitz drew one quick, strong hand back over his smoothly groomed, abundant hair, he could scarcely contain his impatience, scarcely temper the vehemence in his voice. "For fifteen minutes," he cried out, "we listened to your opinion on the effects of diphtheria





You always wanted a Du Mont...
Now here they are—bigger, newer, better than ever!

The REVERE by Du Mont
17-Inch Rectangular Picture Tube. Built-In FM Radio. Plug-In for Record Player.

HERE COME THE NEW DU MONTS

The TARRYTOWN by Du Mont
17-Inch Rectangular Picture Tube. AM-FM Radio 3-Speed Automatic Phonograph.

These are Television's finest instruments. Every one of the sixteen new Du Monts has the famous engineering of the laboratories that built the first home television receivers. More than ever, a Du Mont is the greatest value in television.

The ARDMORE by Du Mont
19-Inch Life-Size Picture. Built-In FM Radio. Plug-In for Record Player.

CABINETS DESIGNED BY HERBERT ROSENGREN

Buy with confidence from your Authorized Du Mont dealer

DUMONT

First with the finest in Television

Copyright 1950, Allen B. Du Mont Laboratories, Inc., Television Receiver Division, East Paterson, N. J., and the Du Mont Television Network, 515 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 22, N. Y.

on the mucous membrane, the effects of tuberculosis on the lungs, and the effects of cerebral meningitis on the brain! I believe you were asked by the Court to give a professional opinion as to the effects that might be produced by the insertion of the point of an indelible pencil into an open wound. Would you be so kind as to answer that question, please?”

It was evident that Kosterlitz was attacking far more than one pedagogue’s inability to stick to the point. He was, there could be no doubt, assailing the rigid, medieval mold of professional German thought and the outrageous bombast of official German communication, and doing so out of long and enlightened conviction, knowing far better than any stranger, who comes upon it only on occasion and can even find humor in it, how it can avert action, invalidate knowledge, and trouble the essence of truth. The elderly doctor murmured in reply, “I was just coming to that, Herr Oberstaatsanwalt.” And there was a note of deep injury in his voice as he stated, in the space of half a minute, that an indelible pencil inserted into an open wound might, under certain circumstances, produce blood poisoning of a serious nature, and that it was probable that Baab, as a layman, had believed it would cause the witness’s death. Kosterlitz flung himself into his seat with apparent gratification, and made a note on a piece of paper.

Across the arena, the black-robed defense counsel, Dr. Lengsfeld, a lean, scholastic, Hamlet-visaged young man with horn-rimmed spectacles, sitting in what appeared to be a chronic state of sour depression and distaste, also made a note. The defense counsel had asked only one question of the witness with scarred wrists and that was about the width of the bandage and the tightness with which it had been applied, a question that contained the obvious implication that a pencil could not have been inserted into the wound if the bandage had been of normal width and had been properly affixed. But he made his note without any perceptible sign of satisfaction, as though aware that if the prosecution failed to prove that the defendant had participated in murder, this evidence of his intent to kill one man might very well be the point on which the validity of the indictment would be determined. It is not to be doubted that Lengsfeld was in bitter opposition to all that his client had stood for in Nazi Germany. While it is true that Baab had engaged Lengsfeld as counsel, he had done so because of the lawyer’s reputation for astuteness and not for any known past political affiliations. During the selection of jury members from the panel, Lengsfeld insisted that no survivors of concentration camps be permitted to serve on the jury, but it may be assumed that he was moved only by respect for the rules of equity. If he lacked the qualities of warmth and eloquence that would have drawn public sympathy to him in this role he had to play, it was evident that he had recourse to rich compensation in the way of fine points of law and in the complexity of legal interpretations and precedents that to the mind of the average man and woman could not but seem as dry as the dust of the ruins outside the courtroom windows. But Kosterlitz was made of other flesh and blood.

Kosterlitz is best described by the French word “*fin*,” which means that he is subtle and quick of mind, and exact and light of speech. Although German, he has acquired, through intelligence, an almost exclusively Gallic fusion of shrewdness and lucidity. There were times when the others officiating in the court seemed effigies in wax, and he the one living man among them, for it could be seen that he was not only the appointed conscience of the state but the playwright and the producer of the drama in which he was appearing. A man of mixed Jewish and Christian blood, whose mother died in Auschwitz, he must have known the lines by heart at least fifteen years before he succeeded in getting the piece upon the boards and the words in the mouths of living players. He had studied law in Breslau and served as a judge in Upper Silesia before he was forced by the Nazis out of the legal profession, in 1933. He then became a clerk in a charity organization in Berlin, but in November, 1938, as the synagogues burned, he was removed from his white-collar job by the Gestapo and put in a road gang, carrying cement and breaking rock. He managed to procure a laborer’s job in the Siemens factory, in Berlin, and worked there until 1943, when he was again arrested by the Gestapo, and set to laying railway ties. Arno Rudert, one of the editors of the *Frankfurter Rundschau*, a liberal, non-party daily, which has the largest circulation of any newspaper in Hesse, said to me recently, “There will be no post-

Works
wonders
on blemishes
minor burns
abrasions
chapped skin

ARDENA
EIGHT HOUR CREAM
ELIZABETH ARDEN

Eight-hour Cream

Astonishing how many skin irritations this gentle, medicated cream salve can help! A child’s scratched knee, a mild kitchen burn... sunburn, windburn, cold sores are eased *instantly*. A teen’s blemishes ...spots on the skin...even dry hair and scalp respond like magic to wonder-working Eight-Hour Cream. You will want it on hand at all times. **1.50** plus taxes

Elizabeth Arden
691 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. 22, PLAZA 9-2910

They'll laugh together through the years in movies you make yourself

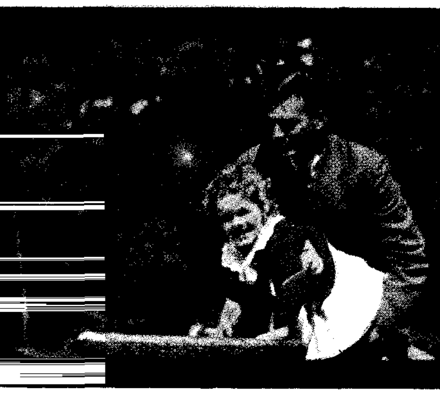
Your movies faithfully re-create the fun . . . the action . . . the color of the days you'll want to remember always.

Movies mean more . . . They are the pictures closest to reality. Your dear ones smile, they gesture, they *live*—in movies.

The happy memories wrapped up in a little red sweater live on. Movies preserve the very color of your lives together.

A day at the zoo is a day on the go, but the movie camera captures all the action, all the fun, all the excitement.

The carefree week ends, the vacations, the gay holidays—all are yours to enjoy again, whenever you will, in the movie record.



Always Daddy's girl . . . The years when the children are closest to you spring to life again on the home movie screen.

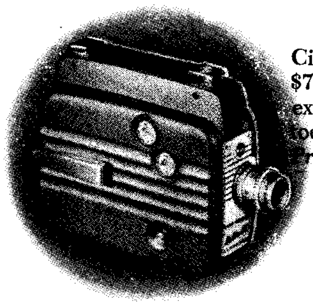
Simple as snapshots. Making movies—even gorgeous full-color movies—is a simple press-the-button operation.

Easy to afford nowadays. Movies fit so comfortably into the budget that a million American families make them regularly.

The little movie you see on this page . . . made into seven full-length scenes in full color . . . need cost no more than a dollar. (Film processing cost *included!*)

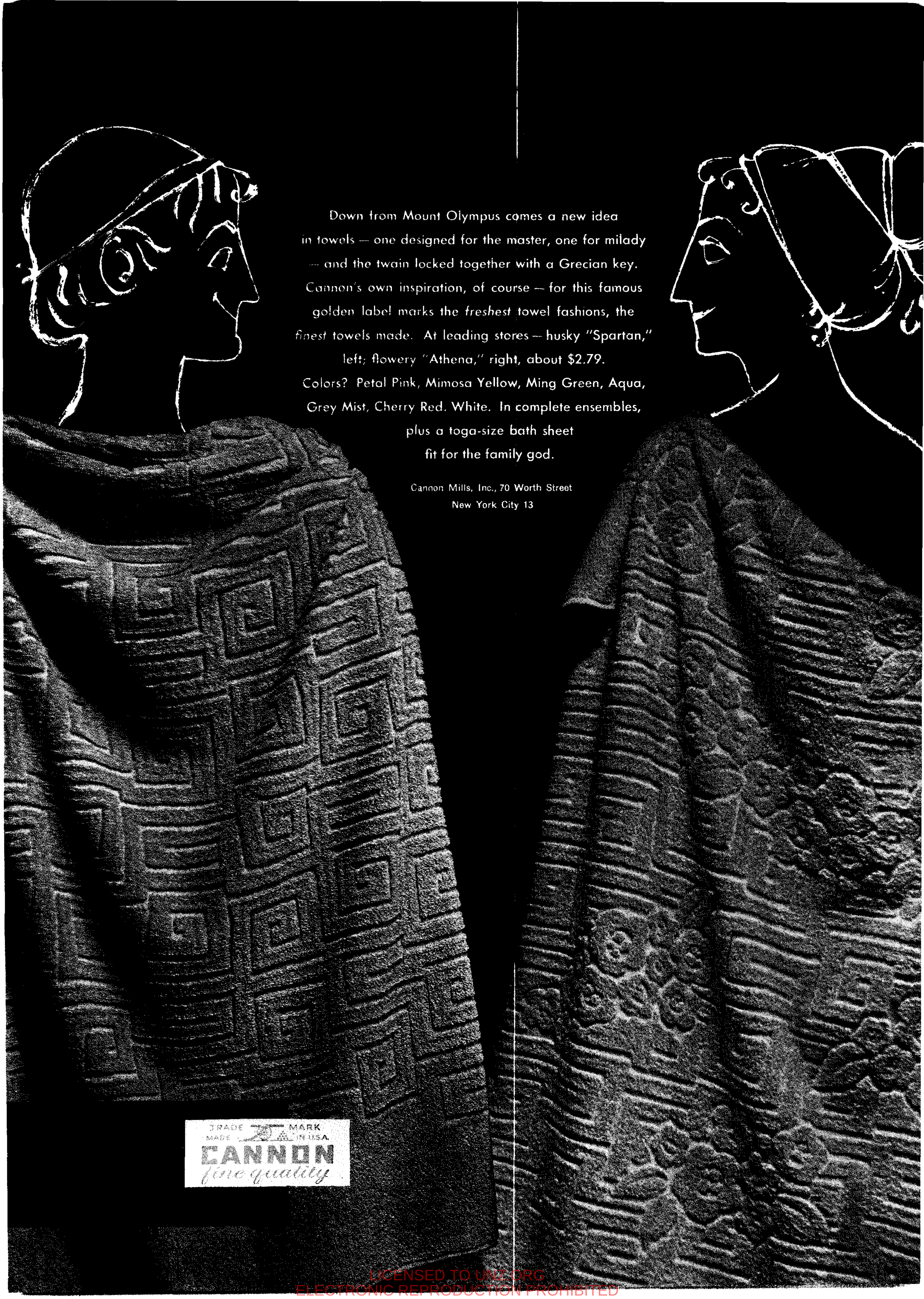
Camera cost is well within reach, too. Kodak has a new economy 8mm. movie maker, Cine-Kodak Reliant Camera, and most Kodak dealers offer time payments. See all the Kodak movie cameras at your dealer's. There's one just right for every family.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.



Cine-Kodak Reliant Camera (8mm.), $79. Fast *f*/2.7 lens, built-in exposure guide, "slow motion," too! (With *f*/1.9 lens, $97.50.) *Prices include Federal Tax.*

Kodak
TRADE-MARK



Down from Mount Olympus comes a new idea in towels — one designed for the master, one for milady — and the twain locked together with a Grecian key. Cannon's own inspiration, of course — for this famous golden label marks the *freshest* towel fashions, the *finest* towels made. At leading stores — husky "Spartan," left; flowery "Athena," right, about $2.79. Colors? Petal Pink, Mimosa Yellow, Ming Green, Aqua, Grey Mist, Cherry Red. White. In complete ensembles, plus a toga-size bath sheet fit for the family god.

Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street
New York City 13

Shopping Guide

You'll find Cannon's "Spartan" and "Athena" towels—shown opposite—featured at better stores, including:

ATLANTA
Rich's, Inc.

BALTIMORE
May Company

BOSTON
Chandler & Company
Wm. Filene's Sons Company

BUFFALO
The William Hengerer Company

CHICAGO
Marshall Field & Company
Mandel Brothers, Inc.

CINCINNATI
The Alms & Doepke Company
Rollman & Sons Company

CLEVELAND
May Company

DENVER
Daniels & Fisher Stores Company
The Denver Dry Goods Company

DETROIT
J. L. Hudson Company

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT
G. Fox & Company

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA
Miller & Paine, Inc.

LOS ANGELES
Bullock's

MILWAUKEE
The Boston Store
Ed. Schuster & Company, Inc.

MINNEAPOLIS
L. S. Donaldson Company

NEW HAVEN
The Edward Malley Company

NEW ORLEANS
D. H. Holmes Co.

NEW YORK METROPOLITAN AREA
Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn
B. Altman & Company
L. Bamberger & Company, Newark
Kresge Newark, Inc., Newark
Lord & Taylor
James McCutcheon & Company
Stern Brothers

OMAHA
Thomas Kilpatrick Company

PHILADELPHIA
John Wanamaker

PITTSBURGH
Gimbel Brothers

SAN FRANCISCO
City of Paris
The Emporium

SEATTLE
The Bon Marche

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
Forbes & Wallace

ST. LOUIS
Famous Barr Company

ST. PAUL
Emporium of St. Paul, Inc.

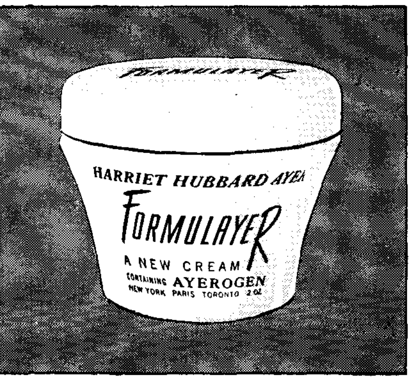
WASHINGTON
The Hecht Company

poning and sabotaging of these trials as long as Kosterlitz is prosecutor here."

IT is part of the record that Heinrich Baab came of honest, working-class people, a class in which, through pre-Hitler trade-union education, democratic ideology had been profoundly instilled. Baab's father was a tailor and is said to have been a member of the Social Democratic Party, or S.P.D., and Baab, while still in his teens, joined the Reichsbanner, a militant branch of the S.P.D. The Reichsbanner, which functioned in violent opposition to the Nazi S.A., served principally as a bodyguard to S.P.D. speakers and kept order at Party rallies. Its members derived prestige and satisfaction from dressing up in quasi-military outfits and throwing their weight around. This predilection for uniformed violence is not uncommon among the young of many countries, and in the ordinary development of children and events it might have led to nothing. Had it not been for the temper that prevailed in Germany at that time, it is possible that Baab might have become the industrious locksmith his family wanted him to be. But in 1927, when his three-year apprenticeship was completed, the old urge for command, for uniformed prestige, possessed him again, and he joined the Frankfurt police force instead of pursuing his trade. During the trial, Kosterlitz brought up the question of Baab's choice, and it was shown that it had not been made for material gain. How much the traits of his character motivated this decision and his later ones, and how much those traits were the result of the hideous pressures of that time, cannot be judged, but it can be said that his eight years of education and his three years of apprenticeship had failed to produce a reasoning, responsible man. With panic and menace in the air, Baab made the ignorant and cowardly man's choice of the police side of the coming police state. Somewhere along the line, his belligerent fervor for Democratic Socialism turned upon itself and became a belligerent fervor for National Socialism, and in 1932, on the eve of the ruthless Nazi annihilation of the institution of trade unionism and the liquidation, in concentration camps, of its principal leaders, Baab joined the National Socialist Party, "for idealistic reasons." By 1933, he had joined the S.A. and become a Blockhelfer (a Blockwart's aid in the block-by-block Nazi supervision of the urban population), and in 1937 he offered his services to the Gestapo, not for any

Fool the three tattle-tales

Don't let dry skin around your eyes, neck and hands tell tales about your age! Help keep your skin dewy-fresh and young with FORMULAYER, *new and different* wonder cream by Harriet Hubbard Ayer. Contains Ayerogen, miracle ingredient which enables skin to retain *natural youthifying moisture.* FORMULAYER *helps keep your eye-skin young, neck young, hands young.* $3.50, plus tax, at drug and cosmetic counters everywhere. *Formulated without hormones.*



Harriet Hubbard Ayer

BEST'S
Exclusive

Gray Flannel
TOPPER

The coat you'll wear from now 'til spring. Tailored for Best's from 18 oz. imported menswear flannel, with lamb's wool interlining. Trim, easy to wear design that puts fashion emphasis on the silk velvet collar, double-breasted detail and full back. Sizes 10 to 16. **79.95**

Mail orders filled. Address Section 6
Please order by Style Number N-25
Postage prepaid everywhere in the U. S.

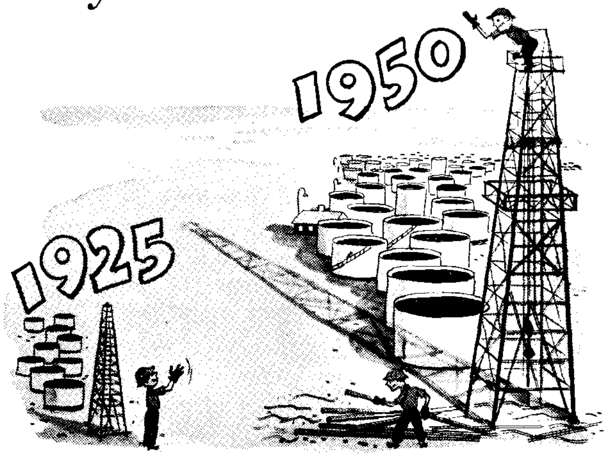
BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., New York 22, N. Y.
AND 15 CONVENIENT BRANCHES

increase in authority, he is on record as saying, but because he had married in 1934 and now had a wife and child to support. As a Gestapo agent, he received a fifty-mark monthly increase in pay. "Under the Nazis," Mr. Justice Jackson said in his opening statement at Nuremberg, "human life had been progressively devalued until it finally became worth less than a handful of tobacco—ersatz tobacco." By 1937, the name "Gestapo" was synonymous with "murder," and for fifty marks more a month Baab chose to join it. In October of that year, he was put to work in the Kirchendezernat (the church-specialist department) with twenty-five agents working under him. "The Gestapo," Mr. Justice Jackson said in his closing address at Nuremberg, "appointed 'church specialists' who were instructed that the ultimate aim was 'destruction of the confessional churches.' The record is full of specific instances of the persecution of clergymen, the confiscation of church property, interference with religious publications, disruption of religious education, and suppression of religious organizations." In 1938, Baab was promoted to a position in the Unterabteilung II A (the department for the persecution of Communists) and by 1940 he was a member of the Sicherheitsdienst, or S.D., the intelligence-and-security core of the S.S. organization.

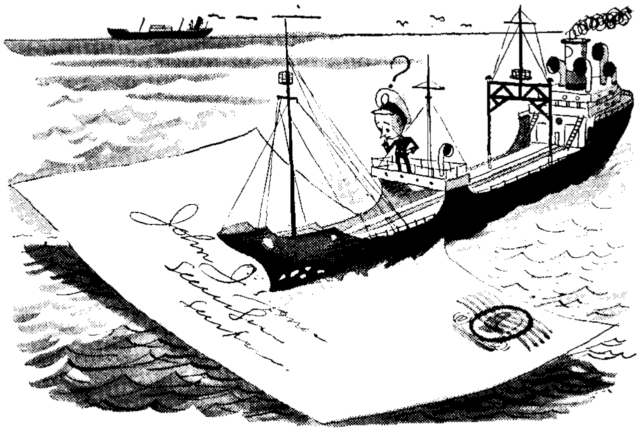
Under examination on the first day of the trial, Baab dropped his unseen bag of nuts long enough to stand up and reply to questions. He stated that in the years the indictment covered he had always worked under the orders of the Frankfurt Gestapo chief, Oswald Poche (who is believed to be in hiding in the East Zone). The procedure for sending an offender to a concentration camp or placing him in "protective custody" was quite simple, Baab further testified, as he stood with his two hands spread on the dock to support his body's weight, and his head thrust toward the Court in an attitude of craven anxiety. An oral or a written denunciation sufficed for arrest, he said, and once an offender had been questioned at Gestapo headquarters, his dossier was drawn up and sent to Poche's office, where the decision was made. The dossiers, initialled by Poche, were then forwarded to the Reichssicherheitshauptamt, or R.S.H.A. (Supreme Headquarters of Security of the Reich), in Berlin, where the warrants for arrest were issued. It was obvious, as Baab addressed the Court, that he retained an unqualified respect for this man Poche, whom he spoke of as being "unapproachable" by anyone as lowly placed as himself, but it was likewise obvious that he had an unqualified respect for the authority of the black-gowned gentlemen who now sat in judgment on him. He gave his answers rapidly but in an uncertain voice, his hands holding him upright, for inasmuch as all conscience and all capacity for distinguishing evil from good had been eradicated by ten years of irresponsible action, there was as little coherence left in his mind as there was cohesion in his ailing flesh. One day, the apathy of his being clearly implied, you were told it was the right and proper thing to exterminate the Jews and other elements of menace to the German state, and the next day you were brought to trial for it. And it is possible that he was honest in his cold, sullen inability to understand how this change of superiors, this abrupt transforming of right into wrong and wrong into right, had taken place.

Baab was questioned about the methods employed to obtain information from those he had arrested, and he said he had never administered any corporal punishment other than "clouts on the ear." At this, the courtroom, nearly to a man, rose to its feet and cried out its protest, and although he did not then, or at any time during the proceedings, turn his head to look at the people in the court, his fingers could be seen to tighten on the dock, and in the soft flesh of his right jowl a pulse began to beat, and his throat quivered for some minutes, like the throat of a frog. Not until June, 1942, he continued when the uproar in the courtroom had quieted, did the Berlin headquarters of the R.S.H.A. authorize "rigorous examination," and then it was permitted to bring pressure to bear on those detained. "Rigorous examination," he stated in answer to Judge Wirtzfeld's request for a definition, consisted of administering twenty-five blows with a stick, but Baab added that he himself had taken no part in any beatings. The rigorous examinations had been conducted in the cellar of Lindenstrasse 27 by two S.S. men who had been "drafted into the service" for this operation. Following these examinations—sometimes as much as three days later, it was subsequently shown, when those who had been beaten were able to walk again—

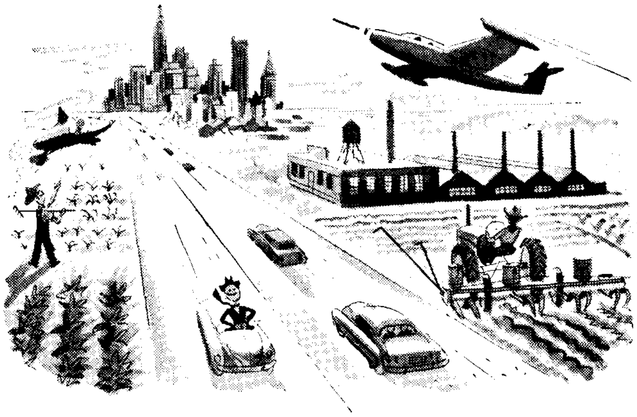
Did you know that . . .



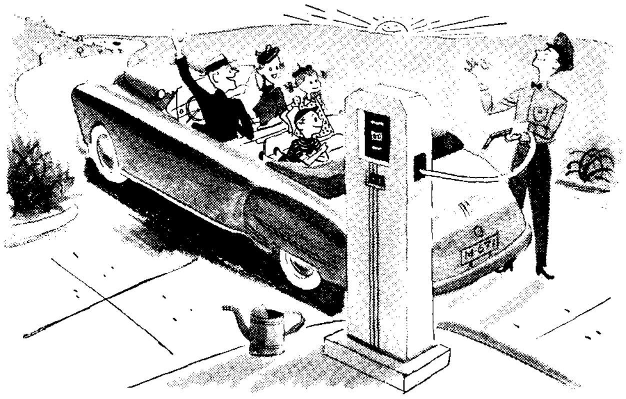
With thousands of competing companies looking for oil, ***known petroleum reserves in the United States are 3 times greater than 25 years ago . . .***



Hundreds of companies are in the business of transporting oil to you. ***It costs less to ship a gallon of gasoline from Texas to New York than to mail a penny postcard . . .***



Research by competing oil companies has developed ***hundreds of better oil products to add to your comfort and convenience and help build the nation's strength.***

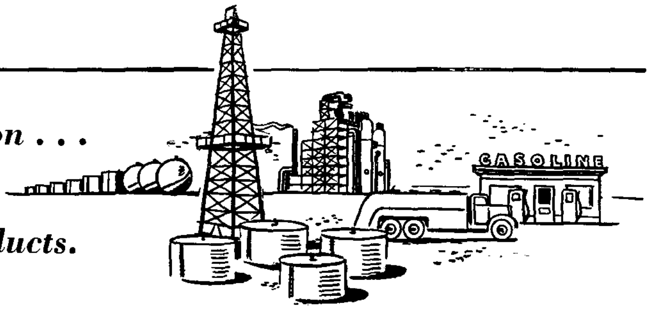


With thousands of companies competing in oil marketing, ***gasoline is one of the few things you can buy today that costs no more than 25 years ago.***

THE AMERICAN OIL INDUSTRY is better prepared today than ever before to meet any national emergency. Our domestic capacity to produce and refine petroleum has increased around 25 per cent since the peak demands of World War II. At no time did our Armed Forces ever lack for oil, and all essential civilian needs were met.

In peace or war, the initiative of oil men working in privately-managed, competing oil companies provides America with the largest possible supplies of petroleum products—products of the highest quality at the lowest prices in the world.

Thousands of oil companies mean competition . . .
competition means progress . . .
oil progress means more and better products.



Published by Shell Oil Company in cooperation with the Oil Industry Information Committee, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.

people were brought up to Baab's office for interviews, and then the report on each case was sent to Poche. In response to further questions by the Court, Baab explained that Poche's initials marked in green crayon on the dossier of a case were the authorization for "protective custody," which, it developed, meant that the prisoner was placed in a concentration camp, but merely because it was "necessary to protect him from public violence." In general, those entitled to "protective custody," Baab amplified, were Jews or other undesirables who had World War I decorations or who had lost sons at the front in World War II, and there were other, similar considerations. Such offenders were sent to Theresienstadt, in Czechoslovakia, which was "considered a great privilege for Jews." On March 17th, a witness gave evidence that prisoners had paid Baab and Poche for this privilege. He himself had been a rich man, and he had "sacrificed millions" to buy his and his family's way into this "old-age ghetto," where one was temporarily spared the gas chambers. But "millions" were not necessary, he explained; the price for this privilege was quite simply all the money one had.

As for those thousands who had been evacuated to Poland, Baab stated that he had never known their fate, because such information was top secret and would not have been given to anyone in his position. He said that he had been ordered by Karl Sprenger (Gauleiter for Hesse, who, like Baab's predecessor, Nellen, committed suicide in 1945) to see that Hesse was "de-Jewed," and that he had, in the process of carrying out this order, organized twelve mass transportations of Frankfurt Jews. Their journeys, he said in a low, hurried voice, were like any ordinary journey, for the travellers paid their fares to Poland. Before leaving, they were asked merely to submit a written statement of their property to the authorities. In further self-vindication, Baab explained that when Poche demanded that Jewish offenders be sent off on twenty-four hours' notice, Baab had pointed out the impracticability of this, and thereafter Jews were usually accorded three days to wind up their affairs and were allowed to take fifty marks and fifty kilos of belongings per person with them.

Baab divulged that in the case of Jews no denunciation or accusation was required. Frankfurt Gestapo agents were dispatched to the Jewish quarter of the city, and its residents were rounded up and taken to the market place. There, a functionary from the Ministry of

THIS IS THE CORDUROY YEAR-ROUNDER,

cut exactly like our famous jersey field jacket, with the comfortable elastic waistline. In fine corduroy, warm, lightweight news for men. Saks Exclusive in beige, gold, coral, brown, grey, navy, red. Small, medium, large, extra large. **16.50.** Mail and phone orders.

International Men's Shop

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK • DETROIT • BEVERLY HILLS

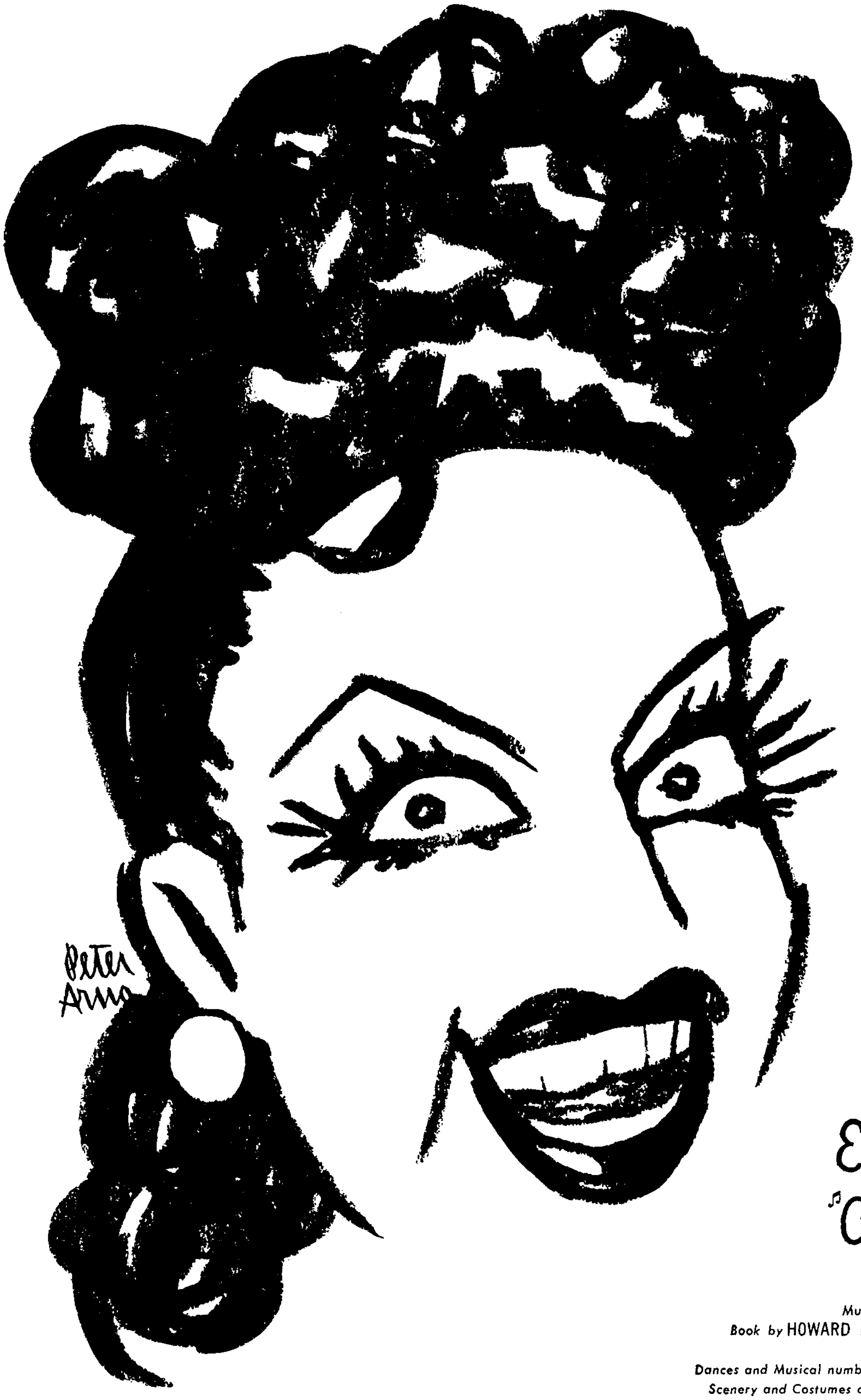
Save on air travel with TWA

Family Half-Fare Plan

You pay one full plane fare — only one-half fare for each other family member. (Husband or wife, children over 2 and under 22.) On Mon., Tues., Wed., in the U. S.

CALL TRANS WORLD AIRLINES

Across the U.S. and overseas... you can depend on TWA



MAIL ORDERS NOW

OPENS THURS. EVG. OCT. 12

Leland Hayward *presents*

Ethel Merman

in

"Call Me Madam"

with **PAUL LUKAS**

Alan Hewitt

Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN

Book by HOWARD LINDSAY *and* RUSSEL CROUSE

Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT

Dances and Musical numbers staged by JEROME ROBBINS

Scenery and Costumes designed by Raoul Pene Du Bois

Miss Merman's dresses by Main Bocher

Musical Director Jay Blackton

Orchestrations by Don Walker

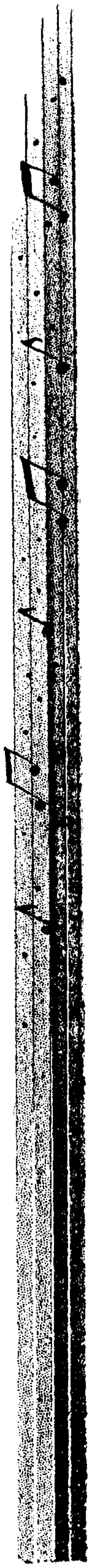
Musical dance arrangements by Genevieve Pitot

Please assist us in filling your request to your satisfaction by providing many alternate dates, and dates as far in advance as possible. In our endeavor to serve the general theatregoing public best we have accepted no theatre parties, and—much as we appreciate the service of ticket brokers and recognize our obligation to patrons who prefer to buy through broker channels—we plan to fill mail orders FIRST if received before September 15th. Requests filled strictly in order of receipt.

PRICES (Tax Incl.): Opening Night Sold Out. Mon. thru Sat. Eves. Orch. $7.20; Mezz. $6; Balc. $4.80, 3.60, 3, 2.40. Wed. Mat. Orch. $4.20; Mezz. $3.60; Balc. $3, 2.40, 1.80. Sat. Mat. Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $3.60; Balc. $3, 2.40, 1.80.

MAIL ORDERS LIMITED TO 6 TICKETS—Stamped, self-addressed envelope MUST be enclosed

IMPERIAL THEATRE, 255 West 45th Street, New York 19



How you can save $800 . . . and your good coat besides!

Being a custom tailor, I get to Europe frequently to look for new ideas. The first time I saw a fellow in Denmark wearing a duffle coat, I was intrigued; when, on subsequent trips, I saw young fellows at the Ritz Bar in Paris, the Dorchester in London and other top fashion spots . . . *all wearing the duffle coat* . . . I got hot on the idea.

So I brought back a few, and then made the rounds of the manufacturers . . . and you know what? Not a single one of them would copy the coat for me! Nope, they said: "Shucks, Jonas, American men don't like new ideas!" What's the matter, I asked; do American men have four pairs of ears, and nine legs? Don't they recognize a practical new idea when it jumps up and bites them on the leg? So I started to make the coat in my own tailor shop; then a few merchants in other cities asked me to make some for them . . . and pretty soon I got orders from all over the country.

NOW HERE'S WHAT THE DUFFER IS:

It isn't an overcoat, or a topcoat, or a raincoat . . . but when the weather is really rough, this coat takes the place of any one of them. I got the famous Baxter Mills in New Hampshire to loom up the special 100% pure wool cloth, a rough-pile fabric that sneers at rain or sleet or cold. The style of the coat is exactly (not approximately, but *precisely*) like the European original . . . right down to the whittled mahogany wood pegs and fishing-hemp button-loops. The length is right; the sweep is designed to keep rain or snow off your trouser legs. A hood keeps your head warm and dry. It has all the little details that make *The Duffer* (that's the name I gave it) just as good-looking and just as practical as the one worn in England and Europe. If you want a Duffer, I'll save you the $800-or-more it would cost you to go to Europe for it. Write to our agents, F. A. MacCluer Co. (address below) and they'll send you the name of the store nearest you. Or send the money and they will have the store deliver a Duffer in the size and color you specify. *It'll cost you $25;* and for that, you not only get a water-repellent serviceable rough-weather coat, but you also save your expensive overcoat. A good deal, isn't it?—Sincerely, *Jonas Arnold*

SIZES: Small, Medium, Large, Extra Large

COLORS: Camel, Navy, Deep Green, Grey. *Hunting Red.

*The gals are going wild over this color for themselves; bet every major campus will see lots of red Duffers this Fall! (Order Small Size.)

When you see the MULE, you know you're getting the one-and-only Duffer, authentic in style and fabric. Look for it on the label.

SOLE U. S. SELLING AGENTS:
F. A. MacCluer Co., 9 E. 38 St. N.Y.C.

Finance assisted while these people were searched and their valuables removed from them. He then made out an official receipt for the rings, brooches, watches, etc., that had been collected, and gave this receipt to the head of each family. Everything, Baab said, was done in the most orderly way. At this, Kosterlitz got to his feet and asked a question. Each time the prosecutor spoke, a sense of impatient and vigorous life seemed to waken in the courtroom, and now a high wind of emotion rose among the spectators as he asked Baab if it was true that when mothers herded in the market place had asked him in desperation what was to become of their children, he had answered, "Don't worry about those Jewish bastards. You'll soon be on your way up the chimney and your troubles will be over."

"I was an idealist in my profession," Baab replied, his hands still supporting the weight of his body, his head thrust forward, his eyes bulging at the prosecutor from under their heavy lids. "If I used such expressions as 'Jewish bastard' or 'Jewish sow,' it simply meant that this official language had become so much a part of my flesh and blood that I saw nothing unusual in it. I never used anything but spiritual weapons in dealing with offenders."

At the time when such expressions were an accepted part of the official language of Germany, the Jews of Frankfurt—those who had not been rounded up and disposed of—could be sent to a concentration camp if they walked in the public parks or entered a movie theatre or sat down in a streetcar. They had to tread lightly, for to smoke in the street or present an identity card upside down to an official was sufficient reason for a Jew to be taken for examination to the building in Lindenstrasse that had come to be known as the House of Tears. One of those who had not trod lightly enough was a storekeeper who had been seventy-per-cent disabled in the First World War. His offense was that he had either neglected or refused to mark his military-citation documents and his papers of honorable discharge with the word "Israel." He took his place at the witness table now. He was an emotional man in his late fifties, rawboned, eagle-beaked, and stoop-shouldered, who appeared as outraged by the fact that Baab had not fought at the front as he was by the atrocities Baab had committed at home, and who turned in the witness chair to fling his accusations at Baab not only in the name of humanity but in the name of the beloved Fatherland as well.

And there were others. There was a tall, reticent, doe-eyed insurance salesman whose father had been the director of a Frankfurt insurance company. He sat nervously on the edge of the witness chair, his hat and briefcase on the table before him, and swallowed the shyness and modesty in his lean throat as he said that his father had been subjected, on Baab's orders, to "rigorous examination" in the cellar of the House of Tears. His father had subsequently been sent to Auschwitz, he testified, and then he opened his briefcase with shaking fingers and took out with care the last two letters his father had written him from there. They were dated 1942, and their edges were worn, and their folds had been reinforced with strips of transparent paper. The insurance salesman's hands kept on shaking as he read to the Court, in a trembling but clear voice, these final paragraphs. In one letter, his father had written, "I have firm confidence in the justice and mercy of the German authorities."

As the witnesses gave evidence, the restless vitality of Kosterlitz never knew surcease. He made rapid notes, ripped open letters that were borne across the arena to him by a green-and-black-uniformed court guard, a man with black waxed mustaches and a long, shaved head topped by a narrow brush of black hair, who bore a startling resemblance to Kaiser Wilhelm II in his prime but whose manner was as gentle with the shabbily dressed who constantly sought entry as with the men who sat in their judicial robes, whom he approached softly, on his toes. Once Kosterlitz had scribbled his answers in a firm hand across these letters, he would beckon the guard to take them away, or he would make notes on the foolscap pages of the indictment. Occasionally he snapped his fingers for a glass of water, which, his classical-featured, operatic head flung back, he would down in a single draught. It was manifest in every gesture that he was impatient to play his role, but he was not idle as he waited in the wings. There were moments when he appeared to be working in restless fury on corrections of the script, for nothing was forgotten in the drama that unfolded. Even humor was provided, in the form of testimony by an ex-

Gestapo Kriminalrat (a high officer in the Criminal Section) who, during the years 1938 to 1943, had worked under Poche in an office adjacent to Baab's.

The Kriminalrat, whose denazification proceedings are still pending in the British Zone, was the perfect cartoon figure of the Teutonic man. He was poker-spined, his narrow skull was shaved, and there were sabre scars across his cheeks. Even in the witness chair, he did not remove the light-colored belted raincoat that, in common with knee-high boots, is an affectation of the Nazi-minded, and that in his case resembled as closely as possible the raincoat Hitler habitually wore. The Kriminalrat was obviously a man of better education than the prisoner in the dock, and to the questions put him by Judge Wirtzfeld he replied in a quiet, low-pitched voice and only after some deliberation. In answer to one of the questions, he stated cautiously that he had always believed that courses in citizenship and other instructive subjects were being given the inmates of concentration camps. In fact, he had been under the impression that the major purpose of these camps was to instruct those who were lacking in an understanding of their duty to the state, and he intimated that nothing that had developed since had given him any reason to change his mind. When the ensuing laughter had subsided, Kosterlitz fixed the Kriminalrat with his eyes and asked him if he had at any time during the ten years from 1933 to 1943 heard rumors about the extermination of human beings in these camps. The witness suffered not infrequent lapses of memory, and this was one of the occasions on which he repeated the question slowly and carefully, as if striving to get the sense of it, but in reality altering its outer shape and its inner essence so that no sense was left to it at all. "Extermination" was, in the end, the only word of the original question that remained, and as he said it, in slow puzzlement, he might have been speaking of vermin, but of a species of vermin he had not yet been able to make out.

At this, Kosterlitz's voice sounded in warning: "I must remind you that you are required to speak the truth here. Did you or did you not hear any rumors as to what disposition was being made of the inmates of these camps?"

The Kriminalrat was able to recall that "at a very late date" he had heard some sort of rumor.

"At what date?" Kosterlitz asked.

"Oh, late. Sometime toward the end

EST. 1830
BELLOWS
EST. 1830
BELLOWS
PARTNERS CHOICE
WHISKEY-A BLEND
Carefully selected to meet the exacting requirements of a century old trade and private clientele
Distributed by
BELLOWS & COMPANY, Inc.
ESTABLISHED 1830 · NEW YORK, N.Y.
BRANCHES
COLORADO SPRINGS - CHICAGO

Only the Best is Labelled BELLOWS

Established 1830

BELLOWS
PARTNERS CHOICE

BELLOWS & COMPANY New York • Colorado Springs • Chicago
Bellows Partners Choice, Whiskey—A Blend, 86.8 Proof • 60% Grain Neutral Spirits

Why has Macintosh taken America by

A new Macintosh in worsted-gabardine. This new model, in worsted-gabardine, has just arrived from London. It is casual in the best English tradition, but it also contrives to look very smart indeed. Completely water repellent, it costs only $58, which is astonishingly low for an imported weathercoat of this quality.

On March 18 we advertised this Macintosh raincoat in the New Yorker. The results were startling. Sales increased to such an extent that we had to rush new stocks over from London by air.

We have been making raincoats since William IV was King of England, but we hadn't expected them to be quite such a smashing success over here. Not quite so quickly, anyway.

Is it possible that American visitors to England have sensed the connection between the fact that the English show a remarkable disregard for the weather, that Englishmen manage to look well-dressed on the wettest of days, and that so many of them wear the Macintosh?

This raincoat of ours is a perfectly normal go-to-business Macintosh. As a matter of fact, it is the *original* Macintosh. It weighs 32 ounces, is distinctively tailored of water-repellent poplin, and costs about $28.50. You can try it on at any of the stores listed on the right.

NOTE TO RETAILERS

Robert Appleby & Co., Inc. of 22 West 48th Street, N.Y. carry stocks of both Macintosh weathercoats at their New York warehouse, and will fill your orders within twenty-four hours.

MACINTOSH

— the standard by which all other weathercoats are judged.

torm?

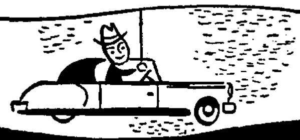
AT LEADING STORES—Including:

Albany	W. E. Walsh & Sons
Ames, Iowa	Jameson's
Baltimore	Wm. H. Lohmeyer
Berkeley, Calif.	George J. Good
Boston	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
“	Jordan Marsh Company
Buffalo	Flint & Kent
Cambridge, Mass.	Sills and Company
Carmel, Calif.	Mahar's
Chicago	Von Lengerke & Antoine
Cleveland	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus	John H. Pumphrey Co.
Dallas	Neiman-Marcus Company
Detroit	Scholnick's
Fort Worth	John L. Ashe, Inc.
Harrisburg	The 212 Man's Shop, Division of Mary Sachs, Inc.
Hartford	G. Fox & Co., Inc.
Hollywood, Calif.	Sidney's Ltd.
Houston	Sakowitz Bros.
Hutchinson, Kansas	Watson's Inc.
Indianapolis	L. Strauss & Co. Inc.
Louisville, Ky.	Roche & Roche, Inc.
Memphis	Julius Lewis, Inc.
Minneapolis	Maurice L. Rothschild, Young-Quinlan Co.
Newark	L. Bamberger & Co.
New Haven	Gentree, Ltd.
New York City	Abercrombie & Fitch Co.
No. Beverly, Mass.	Johnny Appleseed's, Inc.
Oklahoma City	Connolly's
Pacific Grove, Calif.	Holman's Dept. Store
Philadelphia	Jackson & Moyer
“	Sports and Specialties Shop, Inc.
Pittsburgh	Larrimor's
Portland, Oregon	Ray Bolger Co.
“	Mathis
Providence	Ellsbree Valleau Co., Inc.
Rochester, New York	Whillock Bros.
St. Louis	Boyd's
San Francisco	Bullock & Jones
“	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Seattle	Littler
Spokane	Davenport Sport Shop
Toledo	Damschroder Berry, Inc.
Utica	Webb's
Washington, D.C.	Lewis & Thos. Saltz, Inc.
Willimantic, Conn.	The Church-Reed Co.

the magnificent
Magnavox
radio-phonograph-television

THE CONTEMPORARY. The fine AM-FM radio and 3-speed automatic phonograph that you've always wanted . . . in a graceful cabinet that you'll always be proud of. White oak finish, $269.50; or mahogany, $249.50. Add 16-inch TV any time.

The Magnavox Co., Fort Wayne 4, Ind.
Prices subject to change without notice



flash! CONVERTIBLE OWNERS

See the new convertible tops that
WEAR AND WASH
like a hard top
because they're made with vinyl-coated cloth woven of
FIBERGLAS*
YARNS

SMART NEW FIBERGLAS TOPS ARE
COLOR FAST • STRETCHPROOF • SHRINKPROOF

OWENS-CORNING
FIBERGLAS

*Fiberglas is the trade mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) of Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation which makes only the yarns.

Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation
Industrial Textile Sales Division
16 E. 56th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

Please send samples of top material made with Fiberglas Yarns, and the names of dealers in my neighborhood.

Name____________________
Street____________________
City__________Zone______State______

of the war," the Kriminalrat answered, after consideration.

"Would you say you heard that rumor before 1944 or later than that?" Kosterlitz asked.

After a moment's reflection, the Kriminalrat ventured the guess that he had heard it in 1944.

"And from whom did you hear the rumor?" Kosterlitz persisted.

The Kriminalrat sought to avoid answering this question by referring, in measured words, to his concept of his legal rights.

"You are required," said Kosterlitz, his voice light and clear, "to answer any questions concerning this public matter that the state puts to you in this public courtroom, and you are required to answer such questions truthfully."

The Kriminalrat conceded that he believed it was a woman who had made mention of the rumor to him.

"And who was this woman?" asked Kosterlitz.

"A friend," said the Kriminalrat, speaking even these two words with the greatest care.

In reply to Kosterlitz's next questions, he said he did not recall the woman's name, or the name of the street, or the number of the house where she had made the remark to him.

"What rumor did she repeat to you?" Kosterlitz asked.

The Kriminalrat said he had forgotten the details of the conversation.

"Did she speak of the Jews' being sent to extermination centers?" Kosterlitz asked.

The Kriminalrat hesitated, then remarked that he believed she had said something about Jews dying in the camps where they had been sent for reëducation.

"Is it not possible that she, knowing your position, asked you if it were not true that Jews were being exterminated?" Kosterlitz suggested.

The Kriminalrat replied that he could not recall the words she had used but that it was possible she had asked him in that way.

"Did she use the word 'gassed'?" Kosterlitz said, his voice gone soft and winning, as if to charm the truth from him.

But the Kriminalrat was being extremely wary. He said he did not recall that word's being used.

"What, at the time, was your reaction to what this friend repeated to you?" Kosterlitz asked.

"I told her not to mention such things again," said the Kriminalrat, choosing his words with care. "It was my duty to turn in a person who repeated stories of that kind, but, because of the circumstances, I did not do so. I was convinced that she had been misinformed."

The testimony of this cautious man must have been of some comfort to the prisoner in the dock, but even though, as he listened, his mask of apathy seemed to shift a little on his features, no richer, sweeter emotion was revealed beneath. Having protested that the witnesses had all been influenced in their testimony against him, he now sat motionless, unmunching, a faint wash of life restored to his face as he heard this witness state that the Gestapo was never the all-powerful organization people had been led to believe it was. The Gestapo had been grossly misrepresented, the Kriminalrat said in his stolid, deliberate way. Gestapo agents had been merely members of a police force that had attempted to keep order.

Kosterlitz then asked him, lightly and gracefully, why everyone in Germany, if not in all of Western Europe, had stood in such dread of the Gestapo and had lived in fear of being summoned by it for questioning.

This, the witness replied, he could not understand. "The procedure was," he said, "that if it seemed advisable at any time to bring pressure to bear on an offender in order to obtain information essential to the safety of the state, an application for permission to bring pressure had first to be forwarded to the R.S.H.A., in Berlin. To my certain knowledge, on one occasion only was such permission requested by Frankfurt Gestapo headquarters, and it was not granted by the R.S.H.A." This was humor of so stark and uproarious a kind that the spectators actually rocked on their chairs.

It must have been smaller comfort to the prisoner when the Kriminalrat went on to say that Baab had always shown great willingness in executing the orders of his superiors and had enjoyed the reputation of being particularly "strenuous" in his interrogation of offenders. And, word by word, the truth at which the Kriminalrat was hinting became clearer; it was plausible that, faced with the super-conscientious work of a subordinate whose zeal might even bring him to denounce his superiors, neither the Kriminalrat nor Poche had dared seem less violent than Baab in their persecution of the enemies of the state. (It was later shown that the witness who had cut his wrists after being examined by Baab had eventually been acquitted by the district court of Kassel of the charge of listening to the foreign radio. And it was also shown that even after Baab's transfer from the Frankfurt Judenreferat, he had persecuted "mongrels," though in general the policy was to defer decision on their status until after the war.) The Kriminalrat testified that in 1943 he himself had had Baab removed from the Judenreferat and put to work in an anti-sabotage division—a piece of information he doubtless volunteered with his denazification trial in mind, apparently believing that it made him appear the more benign agent of the two. But he failed to add that by February of that year Baab had already accompanied the last convoy of full-blooded Jews to the Frankfurt station and seen them into the boxcars, so there was no further need for him in the Judenreferat.

THERE are those to whom fact is not fact unless it has been transmuted by lyricism. This is just one facet of that genteel intelligence that judges persecution and extermination to be less grave matters when storekeepers and insurance salesmen are concerned than when the victims are persons of intellectual distinction. (A Nazi-classified "mongrel," a lady of breeding, said to me recently, "Of course, if you had ever had anything to do with Polish Jews, you would understand how the Nazis felt. They were an uneducated, grasping people, not at all like the cultivated German Jews.") For all those who make distinctions, the protagonist came to the witness chair in the gentle person of a Frankfurt Jewish author, a man of seventy-two, whose wife had been an Aryan. He sat at ease before the Court, with the light from the high windows touching his olive-skinned face and his soft white hair, not for an instant the long-haired artist out of place in the company of common men but a man whose voice and manner, whose disciplined emotions and conservative dress, gave him the air of being an academician, an honored man of letters, who was now addressing fellow-members of honor in this judicial hall. He told the Court that in 1942 he had been arrested by the Gestapo and confined in a "Jewish home" in Frankfurt. This home was, he explained in his quiet, cultivated voice, a mass quarters, or ghetto, where Jews were held pending disposition of their cases. There he worked with the others at dyeing shoes, sorting potatoes, and performing similar tasks. "I must speak first of the inner gran-

POLAND STREET

THE PERFECT MEDIUM LIGHTWEIGHT HAT
FOR EARLY FALL AND TRAVEL

Tripler's well known favorite
of sportsmen and international travelers

THE *styling of the crown and brim that holds its shape is a feature responsible for the popularity of this distinctive hat. Available now in the three proportions, small, medium and large, to suit individual features and personalities*

Illustrating dusty tan, one of the leading shades with matching or black band for fall. Other fall shades, willow tan, dove grey, medium dark brown and grey-green, all with matching or black band

$12.50

The perfect extra hat for travel and town wear

Tripler hats have long been noted for their distinctive character and quality . . . $7.50 to $20

WHEN ORDERING BY MAIL KINDLY GIVE HEAD SIZE,
PROPORTIONS—SMALL, MEDIUM OR LARGE—AND COLORS PREFERRED,
WITH MATCHING OR BLACK BAND

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.

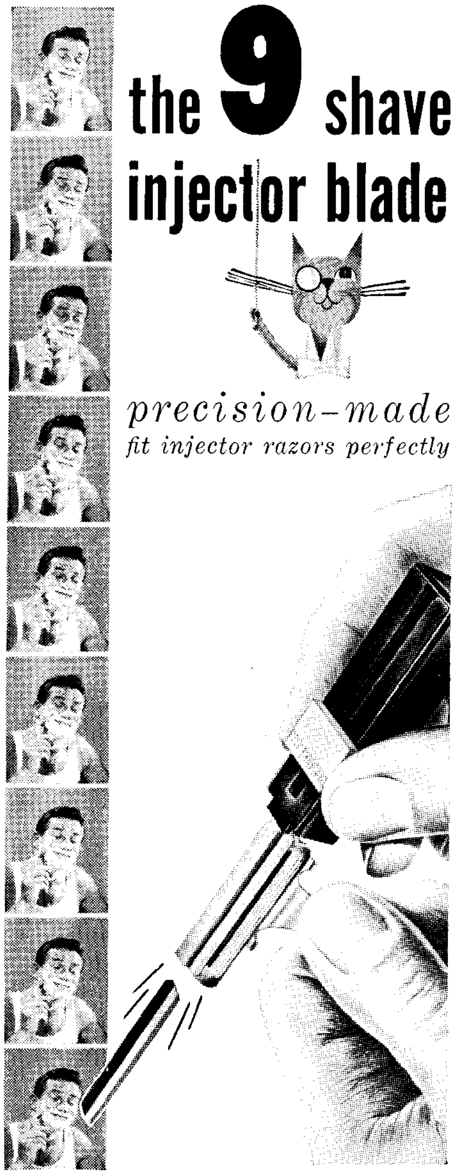
OUTFITTERS TO GENTLEMEN

Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET • NEW YORK 17

Now there's a choice of injector blades . . . so be sure to try

PERSONNA



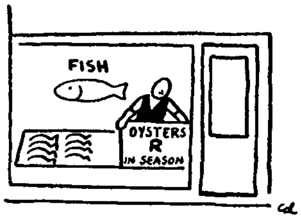
A recent independent survey among 5,000 men revealed that Personnas averaged 9 smooth shaves per blade.

You may get substantially more—or somewhat less. But here's a sporting offer you just can't afford to pass up: use as many blades as you wish from a pack of Personnas. If you are not fully enthused, return the dispenser to us for a full refund! Personna Blade Co., Inc., 43 West 57th Street, New York 19, New York.

PERSONNA
injector blades
world's finest—20 for 89¢

also Personna Double and Single Edge Blades in the handy Zipak Dispenser. Same money-back guarantee.

deur with which the people confined there accepted their fate, which was, almost without exception, death,” he said. “They were the living figures in a frieze of such beauty, and of such noble, heroic character, that replicas of it should be painted upon the walls of every public building of the new Germany. There are no words in any language of the civilized world to describe the suffering the Jews endured at that time.”



One of the first occasions on which this distinguished man of letters had seen Baab was when the Gestapo man paid a routine visit to the “home.” While passing through a workshop, the witness's grave and precise testimony went, Baab had remarked, in his presence, “When I put in an appearance, it means some corpses are due.” “After Baab's visit to the ghetto, a tide of terror and anguish seemed to sweep through the place,” the witness said. “The weakest became panic-stricken and were submerged by it, while the strongest held their heads higher, as do the drowning, in an effort to outride the flood of fear.” On the evening following this visit by Baab, an elderly woman hanged herself, this witness told the Court. In her luxurious home there had been two concert grands, each placed so that the musician at the keyboard could look out upon the lawns and gardens as he played. She and her married daughter had spent three hours every day at these pianos, playing for each other or playing duets. During her confinement in the ghetto, the old lady had talked to the witness of reports made by medical students who had permitted themselves to be hanged by the neck for a certain period in the interest of research, so that they might record the sensations experienced. The reports, she had told him, were that after the first deafening explosions, the ears of the hanging were filled with music of such incredible power and beauty that they were regretful, even resentful, when they were cut down and had to return to life again. “I like to believe that she died to the sound of that music,” the witness said. “It had been arranged that her daughter and son-in-law should walk past her prison window every night at seven o'clock, so that she might know all was well with them. This they had done with unfailing punctuality during the six months she had been there. But on this particular evening she waited in the greatest agitation until twenty minutes past the hour, and when they did not come, she concluded that they, too, had been arrested by Baab, and she took her life at the very moment that they passed.”

After an instant of silence, the witness proceeded: “My bed neighbor during those months was the former director of the Stuttgart Alliance Insurance Company, a gentleman of wealth and prominence who was then nearly seventy years old. On one of Baab's visits of inspection, he accused this eminent man of ‘sabotaging the Führer's work’ by not dyeing enough shoes per day, and he was forthwith removed to Auschwitz, where he died. I cannot tell you of the eternal loneliness that entered my soul the night he was taken from the home. It was not only that the bed beside mine was left temporarily empty of life, and, in particular, of the life of one I had known well, but for the first time I saw, wide and dimensional before me, the actual vista of each man's solitude, so vast, so terrible, so silent that I knew this window that had opened upon it was one I could never again close.”

Speaking without anger or bitterness, the witness said, “Baab knew that every person he sent to Auschwitz faced death. He was a mass murderer. When he summoned men and women to Lindenstrasse 27, the murder had already begun.”

WITNESSES came and went—witnesses who testified that they had been beaten by Baab and the teeth knocked from their mouths, witnesses who had been threatened by Baab with reprisals on their relatives if they did not inform, other survivors of the so-called ghetto who had heard Baab say to the guards, “The Jews will be taken to Auschwitz, where they will be gassed.” There was one witness whose Jewish wife, after being interrogated by Baab, had hanged herself in a cell at Lindenstrasse 27; one who had lost eighteen members of her family in the deportations from Frankfurt; some who had seen Baab knock down an old Jewish lady at the Frankfurt station; another who testified that Baab had sent the Jewish wife of a Frankfurt bank director to her death in Auschwitz because she had gone to an Aryan hairdresser; another, the mother of seven children, whose husband had been arrested by Baab with the words “This

*First—
Under Autumn
Coats*

Dressmaker detail of shirred satin bands slims the waist of this sleek black dress of Julius Werk crepe . . . Sizes 14½ to 22½ —14 to 44

$89.95

Kathleen Lee
118 EAST 60 ST., NEW YORK
Air-Conditioned
88 Main St., New Canaan, Conn.

ROBERTS ROYAL WINDSOR SOAP

By appointment, Toilet Soap Manufacturers to His Majesty King George VI. Previous appointments to Their Late Majesties King George V, King Edward VII and Queen Victoria.

THE ORIGINAL WINDSOR SOAP

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND

. . . now available in America! This superb triple-milled soap has been supplied to twenty-three Royal personages or households throughout the world. Delicately scented, it now comes to you in three wrappers and packed 3 to the gift box. Available in English Lavender, Lilac and (for men) the famous Old Brown. Order by mail.

BOX OF ANY 3 ONLY $2.00 POSTPAID

Mail coupon to . . .

The Crosse & Blackwell Co.
Import Division
6807-K Eastern Ave., Balto. 24, Md.

Send me.....gift boxes in ☐ Lavender ☐ Lilac ☐ Old Brown Roberts Royal Windsor. $....Encld. ☐ Free folder only.

*Name*__________________

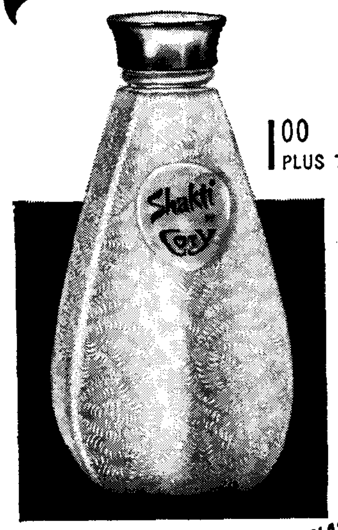
*Address*__________________

*City*____________ *State*______

is separation for life" and who testified that Baab had returned for the children, on the pretext of letting them visit their father, and that she had never seen any of them again. One witness testified that he, and therefore presumably others in Germany, had known as early as 1941 that concentration-camp inmates were being liquidated. Postal orders sent to friends and relatives in the Lodz ghetto, in Poland, had been returned, he said, with the notification stamped on them that the addressees had left without giving a forwarding address, and this was as final as a death certificate. At the conclusion of each witness's testimony, Judge Wirtzfeld read out the name of the witness, his address, and the date he had come in contact with Baab. And each time this was done, Baab stopped chewing his surreptitious tidbits and got to his feet, and, with his hands gripping the wood of the dock, faced the two women and nine men of the Court. Each time, his response to Judge Wirtzfeld's question was the same. With no inflection in his voice and no apparent interest in his own words, Baab said, "The name is familiar, but I do not remember having seen the person before."

These obstinate denials that he had ever seen witnesses whose faces he had struck or witnesses who had been to his office not once but half a dozen times to ask for news of relatives whom he had "detained" caused such outbursts of protest among the spectators that Baab, his bloated throat throbbing, asked, in accordance with Article 20 of the Hesse Constitution, for the protection of the Court, but the recitation, and the subsequent publication in the local press, of the names and addresses of the witnesses had its effect upon the people of the city. Not from one source but from many—from shop employees who served one from behind a counter, from taxi-drivers, from postmen, from the man or woman who happened to sit next to one on a park bench—came the incredible admission that for the first time, now that names and addresses had been given, statistics had ceased to be statistics and had been translated into flesh and blood. The Nuremberg trials were far removed from these men and women, not only in time but in comprehension, for no ordinary people like themselves appeared as witnesses against those who had once been the great. For the first time, with the names and addresses of commonplace citizens crowding the scene, many in Frankfurt came finally to believe that

only
Coty offers the
fragrant
"all over"
deodorant
powder
Shakti



1.00 PLUS TAX

UNBREAKABLE PLASTIC BOTTLE

Keeps you "confidently clean" all over—from head-to-toe.

Easy-to-apply powder ends need for messy creams, liquids.

Its subtle scent blends with and *enhances* any other perfume.

The longer you use Shakti, the more effective it becomes!

COTY

vast numbers of other citizens, with names and addresses as commonplace as theirs, had, in the Nazi years, been deliberately and systematically destroyed. The photographs of the massed naked dead that were shown to the Germans in 1945 had been dismissed by most of them as propaganda photographs, for the general belief in Germany is that anything may be resorted to in the dissemination of propaganda, inasmuch as propaganda is merely one means of putting over a discreditable cause. "The Nazis did it for twelve years, and now the Americans and the Russians are outdoing each other at it," the Germans say cynically, but the sworn testimony of men and women who lived on the same streets they lived on, or just around the corner, shocked and convinced them as no reports had done before. A Herr Georg Wittman, living at Leonhardstrasse 1, in Frankfurt, had told of things he had actually seen done, and a Herr Peter Meister, Thorwaldsenstrasse 20, had given similar testimony, and a Frau Grete Hoffmann, a Jewess married to an Aryan, living, as anyone might live, at Wilhelm Buschstrasse 24, had endured years of slave labor because she had omitted the Jewish name "Sarah" from her ration card. Here was the testimony of simple, honest Germans like themselves, who had nothing to gain by telling lies.

And as the days passed and the persecuted and the dead took on their separate identities, the man in the dock, in the same measure, became less and less man and more and more the detached, inhuman symbol of the criminal organization he had served. Thus, an incident that took place in the courtroom one day was startling to those who had long since ceased speculating on Baab's role as husband, or father, or son, and could hardly conceive of him in any surroundings more personal or intimate than those in which they saw him now. On the morning of that day, one witness testified about the treatment his mother had suffered at the hands of Baab in 1942. She was then over seventy, but, despite her age and her delicate health, Baab, during his interrogation, had struck her so forcefully with his fist that she had been knocked the length of his office. "I saw her only once after that," the witness said. "The following week, she was deported to the East, and she died in the boxcar on the way. But this I did not know at the time. I went to Lindenstrasse 27 to beg Baab for news of her, and I asked him, in the name of pity, if he did not have a mother of his own somewhere."

"Yes!" a voice cried out from among the spectators. "And there she is!"

Immediately, two women dressed in black, one young and fresh-cheeked, the other old and squat and as bloated as the prisoner in the dock, rose quickly from their chairs at one side of the crowded room and, their heads lowered, hastened in panic toward the door. The uniformed court guard with the waxed mustaches and black brush of hair stepped forward on tiptoe to open it for them, and the men and women in the courtroom sat in shocked silence watching Baab's mother and wife, who had inexplicably, and only for this brief instant, taken shape before them, bow their heads and go.

ON the seventh day of the trial, another former Nazi official took the witness chair. Dr. Kurt Lindow, a man in his middle forties, had been director of the Criminal Police of the R.S.H.A. Lindow was clearly a man of intelligence and education. Both before and during the war, he travelled widely in a diplomatic capacity, representing Nazi interests at international conferences. His oval face was tanned, his dark hair was perfectly groomed, and his gray felt hat, his black shoes, his well-creased dark trousers, and his white shirt were impeccable. He had been interned by the Americans, had appeared as a witness in two of the Nuremberg war-crimes trials, and had been tried himself in Darmstadt in 1948. He had been classified an "offender"—a member of the second category of Nazis—and sentenced to three and a half years at hard labor, a sentence that had been considered served, because of his internment since 1945. Lindow's manner was quiet and assured, for his experiences had been, for the most part, not disagreeable ones, and neither he nor anyone else in the courtroom, with the exception of Kosterlitz, anticipated for an instant the *coup de théâtre* that was to alter the tenor of his life for an undetermined time to come.

Lindow had been summoned to appear in the Baab case to testify on the functioning of the R.S.H.A., but, he stated in response to Judge Wirtzfeld's questioning, he found it extremely difficult to give the detailed exposition that was asked for. The implication was that he had operated on a very high level and that he knew scarcely anything of what went on below. He furthermore reminded the Court that

"LUXURIOUS HUMOR!" —*Hawkins, Wor.-Tel.*
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present
The Happy Time
A New Comedy by SAMUEL TAYLOR
Based on the Book of the Same Name
by Robert Fontaine
Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
Air-Cond. PLYMOUTH, W. 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

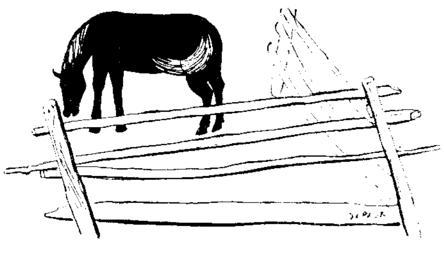
PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN
RAY MIDDLETON
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC, 44 St. W. of B'way • Air-Cond.
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30.

"A vastly enjoyable song-and-dance antic put on with humorous perfection."
—*BROOKS ATKINSON, N. Y. Times*
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes
Smash Musical Comedy Hit!
ZIEGFELD THEA., 54 St. & 6 Ave.
Air-Cond. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MICHAEL TODD'S
PEEP SHOW
Staged by
HASSARD SHORT
Comedy Directed by
BOBBY CLARK
with a
CAST OF 100
including "A NUMBER OF COMELY YOUNG LADIES"
"A smash hit! Big, Beautiful, Breezy and Brash Extravaganza."
—ROBERT COLEMAN, *Mirror*
AIR-CONDITIONED
WINTER GARDEN B'WAY at 50th ST. NEW YORK 19

the questions dealt with things that had taken place a good many years before, and that the duties of the bureau had been multiple and complex. When Lengsfeld asked him if, in the routine reports forwarded from subsidiary Gestapo bureaus to the R.S.H.A., it had been customary for the reporting Gestapo agent (Baab or whoever it might be) to make a specific suggestion about the disposition of the individual concerned, and, if so, whether the R.S.H.A. acted upon these suggestions, Lindow replied that matters of this nature had not come to his attention. He was, however, able and willing to explain the meaning of the term "protective custody." Protective custody, he said, was a measure that had been introduced to "protect from persecution individuals who had been under suspicion or under arrest." If an individual had been tried and cleared by the People's Court, the Gestapo had the right to step in with a "staying order," on the ground that one who had been accused or suspected of an offense might be a "threat to the security of the state" and therefore required official "protection." (And one could only assume this meant protection from his neighbors and friends.) On being asked what he had known of the means employed to dispose of the Jews, Lindow replied that when he saw no more people in the streets wearing the Star of David, he had concluded that the Jews had all been resettled in Eastern ghettos, and had given the matter no further thought.

Lindow, as it happened, was the hundred-and-fifty-second witness to be heard, and his undramatic testimony was given not in the morning but in midafternoon, so attention and emotion were temporarily depleted when he took the chair. It was in keeping with the spirit of exhaustion that Kosterlitz, when asked by Judge Wirtzfeld if he wished to question the witness, waived this right with a presumably fatigued motion of his hand. There was nothing to indicate then that the record of Lindow's trial in Darmstadt was lying open on the table beneath that hand. Judge Wirtzfeld requested Lindow to take a seat for the moment on a bench that stood before the spectators and that



FOR YOUR FINEST VACATION, PLAN ON A

FALL CARIBBEAN CRUISE

A sailing every Friday from ROMANTIC NEW ORLEANS

You'll find the Caribbean in its brightest tropical finery in the Fall. And you'll also find your best choice of accommodations for Alcoa sailings then. Alcoa ships are modern, *air-conditioned*, built for deluxe Caribbean cruising. All staterooms outside with private baths. Tiled outdoor pool; finest cuisine. Send today for full-color cruise folder "Y".

17 GLORIOUS DAYS
visiting these 7 colorful ports
JAMAICA, CURACAO, VENEZUELA (LA GUAIRA, PUERTO CABELLO, GUANTA), TRINIDAD, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

FALL RATE **$495** UP—NO U.S. TAX

See your travel agent or write

ALCOA

ALCOA STEAMSHIP COMPANY, INC.
17 Battery Place, New York 4, N. Y.
One Canal Street, New Orleans 12, La.

Know Real Comfort

You'll know the answer to real comfort once you've tried underwear in smooth, porous Celanese* Tricot—once you enjoy it you'll buy it ever after. This soft knit fabric is guaranteed run-proof—makes shorts that never bind—always keep their shape. Ask for them at your favorite store! Celanese Corporation of America, N. Y. 16.

Made by Arrow, Carters, Coopers Inc., Duofold Inc., Shorewood Mills and Wilson Bros.

Men's underwear of

Celanese* Tricot of Acetate Rayon

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

AMERICA'S GREATEST PLAY!
"Mister Roberts"
"Maturity and gayety are an irresistible combination, and this play has both. 'MISTER ROBERTS' has more show vitality than anything since 'What Price Glory?'. For a rollicking, sobering, tender and passionate side-splitting twinge of the heart—'MISTER ROBERTS'." —WALTER WINCHELL
NEW YORK • ALVIN THEATRE
starring HENRY FONDA
with PAUL STEWART
WILLIAM HARRIGAN • DICK VAN PATTEN
Evgs. $4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. $3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20.

YEAR'S BEST AMERICAN PLAY!
N. Y. DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD and DONALDSON AWARD
ETHEL WATERS
in
the Member of the Wedding
by CARSON McCULLERS
with JULIE HARRIS
Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
Air-Cond. EMPIRE, B'way & 40 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

N.Y. DRAMA CRITICS' AWARD
DONALDSON AWARDS
THE CONSUL
by GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI
PULITZER PRIZE WINNER
"Overwhelming Success!"
—New York Times
Air-Cond. BARRYMORE, W. 47 St.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"PRICELESS" "WONDROUS" "ENCHANTING"
—ATKINSON —BARNES —CHAPMAN
JEAN ARTHUR BORIS KARLOFF
in J. M. BARRIE'S
PETER PAN
Music and Lyrics by LEONARD BERNSTEIN
Production Staged by JOHN BURRELL
Associate Director WENDY TOYE
IMPERIAL, 249 W. 45th St., N. Y. 19. Air-Cond.
Evgs. Tues. thru Sat. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs. & Sat.

ANNE JEFFREYS in
"KISS ME, KATE"
Music & Lyrics by COLE PORTER
Book by SAM & BELLA SPEWACK
SAM S. SHUBERT THEA., W. 44 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
AIR-CONDITIONED

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
"SUNSET BOULEVARD"
WILLIAM HOLDEN · GLORIA SWANSON
ERICH VON STROHEIM
A Paramount Picture
•
SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

was reserved for the overflow of the press and for witnesses who had already testified. Lindow waited courteously while Kosterlitz put one question to Judge Wirtzfeld in an easy, conversational tone. If the defense had no further interest in questioning the witness, could not Lindow be immediately dismissed, he asked. Judge Wirtzfeld turned toward the defense counsel and put this question to him with his eyebrows, and, across the arena, Lengsfeld nodded.

"Very well," said Judge Wirtzfeld, seemingly about to yawn. "The witness is dismissed."

And then three things happened simultaneously. The faces of the spectators turned wearily toward the door, awaiting the entry of the next witness; Lindow rose from his chair and, immaculate gray felt hat in hand, began his bow to the Court before taking leave; and Kosterlitz jumped to his feet and called out, in a voice that roused the courtroom from its sleep, "Herr Wachtmeister, place Dr. Lindow under arrest! I accuse him of defying all international and human law by murdering Soviet P.W.s who were under his care!"

The police officer so addressed made his way to Lindow and requested him to follow him from the room. Lindow completed his bow to the Court with dignity, and, as two men in plain clothes fell into step flanking him, he walked toward the door. Some members of the press hastened from the courtroom and walked beside him and his escort along the hall and up the stairs. And there, as he climbed, his composure left him. The color drained from his face, and with each step he took and each breath he drew, he sobbed like an aged man. When a member of the press speculated on his being extradited to Russia for trial, this hundred-and-fifty-second witness covered his face with his hands, leaned against the soiled plaster wall for strength, and groaned. Lindow is now in the city jail, awaiting trial in the Frankfurt Criminal Court. His case will probably not come up until December.

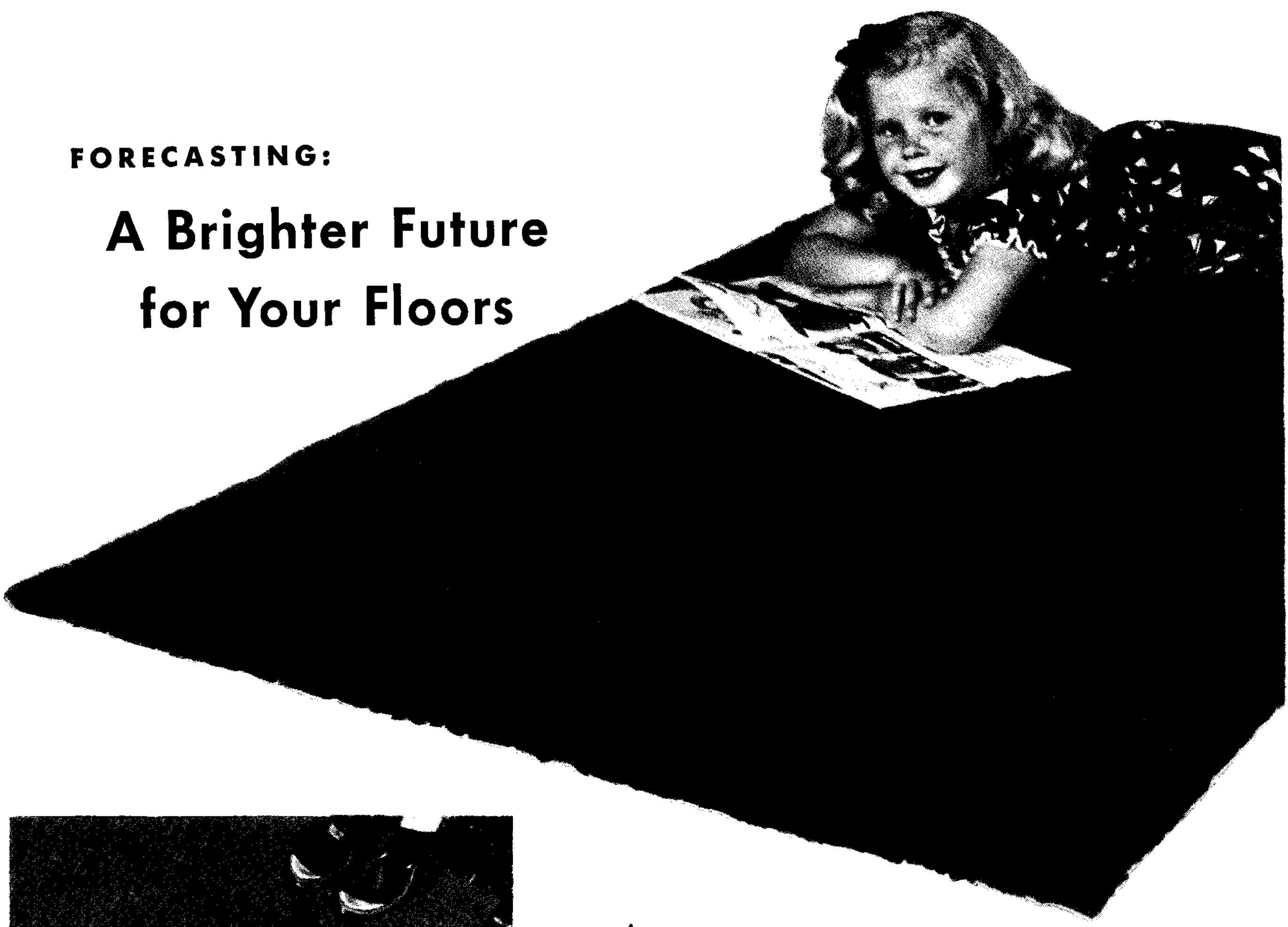
TOWARD the end of the trial, Baab, accompanied by the members of the Court and representatives of the press, made a visit to the House of Tears. Here the fleshy, pouch-eyed, bald man could be seen in all his mediocrity. His apathy was dispelled, and he was visibly shaken, as he passed through the doorway, stricken and trembling before his memories of the dead as he had not been before the living who had testified against him. He gave a cursory glance at the office that had once been his, not crossing the threshold of it, and he confirmed with a nod of his head that this one, adjacent to it, had been the Kriminalrat's office, and this other had been the office of the Gestapo chief, Poche. Then he led the way to the cellar, showing a sullen pride in his familiarity with the place. Letters had been produced in court telling stories of the sufferings that those who had written them had endured here—letters from Amsterdam; from Brussels; from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Portland, Oregon; Cheyenne, Wyoming. And the walls of the cells bore further testimony, for the despairing had scratched words of appeal upon the stone. There were phrases or single words in German, in Polish, in Hebrew, in Russian. "Mama! Papa!" had been scratched in desperation there, in several tongues, and dates beneath them. The most recent message was in French, and it was dated March 2, 1945. "I have been freed," it said, "but I shall return for those who are still here."

There was the cell where a Jewish woman, a Swiss before her marriage to a Frankfurt Catholic, had hanged herself; in another, two men had taken their lives. And, like a surly museum guide who, despite long association with the wonders that he shows, has remained in total ignorance of their inestimable beauty and their inestimable worth, Baab conducted his visitors through dark, winding corridors to a windowless cell, scarcely larger than a clothes closet, that was supplied with air by a small, rusty pipe that pierced the outer wall. Here, he stated without emotion, the authorized "rigorous examinations" had taken place. Stooping in the doorway of this cell, Kosterlitz asked him in what position the prisoners had been beaten, and Baab replied that he had never assisted at an examination and therefore did not know. "I am not guilty of the death of these people," Baab said in the darkness of the crypt. "During my time of service with the Gestapo, my actions were all within legal bounds, and were performed on the orders of my superiors."

From this place, Baab was taken to the Frankfurt jail where, ten years before, when Gestapo headquarters were overflowing, he had conducted many of his interrogations. There the group of men and women paused with him at the head of a long flight of steep iron stairs and looked down the length of it in silence. Evidence had

FORECASTING:

A Brighter Future for Your Floors



A DIFFERENT KIND OF BEAUTY now takes the floor!

It's the rayon throw rug specially created to add distinction to every room... provide a touch of luxury underfoot all through the house.

There's more to these floor lovelies than can be captured on the printed page. Rug manufacturers and cooperating Avisco engineers have built in brand new values. To make them possible, rayon has been adapted to produce a variety of foot caressing textures in loop and cut pile. Some are soft with the subtle sheen... the jewel tones of lustrous velvet. Others are firmer in texture, fibrous and resilient, made possible by our newly developed heavy crimped fibers. The springy qualities of these types has never before been attained with man-made fibers. They are practically lint-free, *completely* moth-proof.

These rugs will highlight the fall home furnishing season. They are available in a range of brilliant washable colors. See them, compare them—and you'll understand why we think they have an important place in your future decorating plans. American Viscose Corporation, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION

AMERICA'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF RAYON

So excitingly different... A South Sea Autumn Vacation in Hawaii

Take equal parts of sunshine and trade winds... season with South Sea romance...add lovely tropical flowers for aroma and color...serve under the bluest of skies...and you have the incomparable vacation recipe of Hawaii! You need no passport to savor it...you maintain your own standards of living while you enjoy it. ● Folkways of ancient Polynesia...surf sports and gaiety at Waikiki...shrines, bazaars, exotic customs of the Orient...the smoldering volcano, Mauna Loa, and embattled Pearl Harbor...the dream-like beauty of tropic isles afloat in sapphire seas...these will be among a thousand etchings on your memory! Air and steamship lines link Hawaii with San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, Vancouver. You can go one way by air, the other by sea, or round trip by either. From Honolulu, on the island of Oahu, short flights take you to the other major islands of the Hawaiian group...Maui, Hawaii, Kauai. Let your Travel Agent help you plan to visit them all at moderate cost.

A 4½ DAY CRUISE BY LUXURY LINER

8½ HOURS BY LUXURY PLANE

aloha week

Oct. 22 to 29—An island king and chiefs garbed in brilliant, priceless feather cloaks and helmets, lead a carnival of ancient sports, hulas, lantern and floral parades, land and water pageantry!

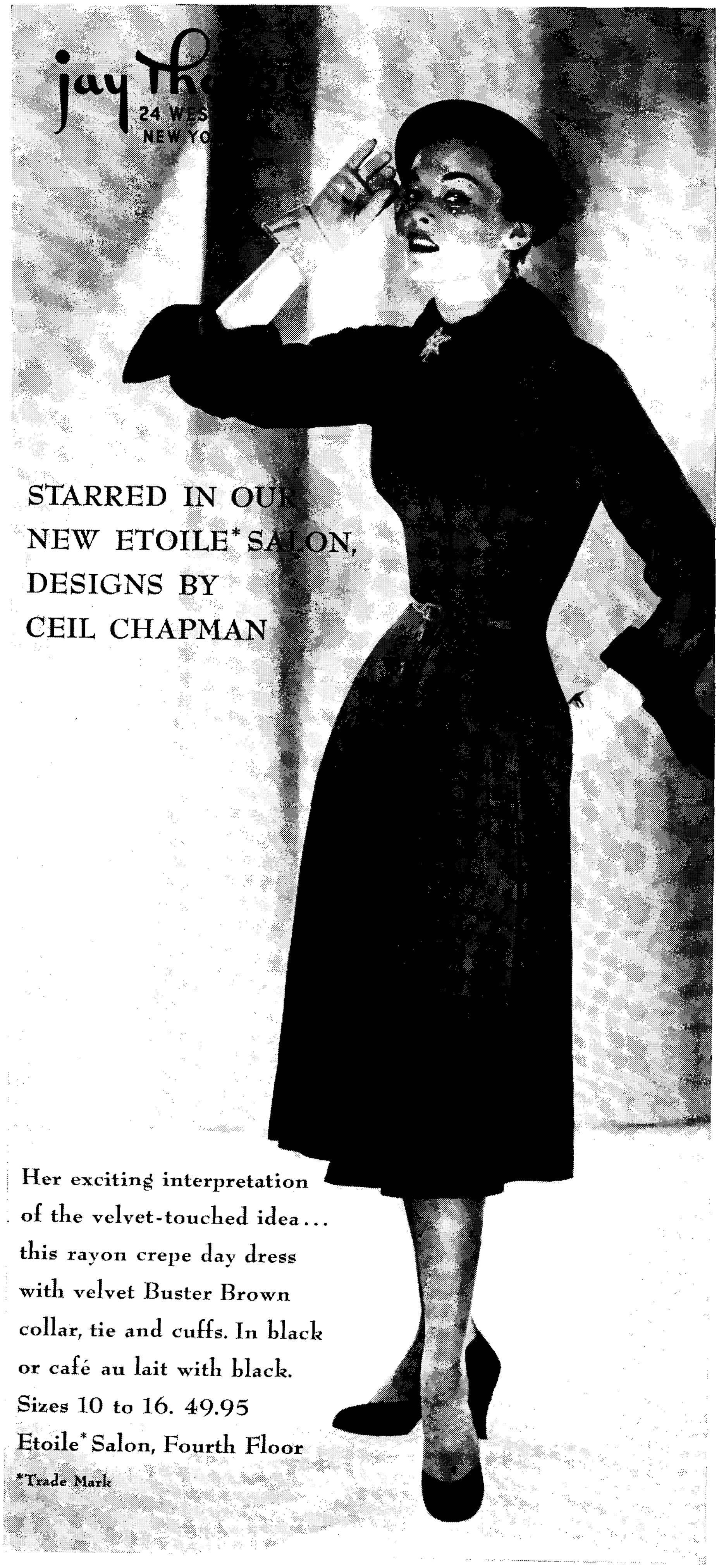
Hawaii invites you with year 'round charm. Come any time...come NOW!

HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU
A non-profit organization maintained for your service by
THE PEOPLE OF HAWAII

been produced in court that Baab once stood here with a Jewish woman he had finished questioning, and, seeing the hysterical state to which despair had reduced her, said, "Others have thrown themselves down here and put an end to it. There's nothing to keep you from doing the same."

TWO days later, the prosecution presented its summarizing argument, and the dusty stairs leading to the courtroom were even more closely packed than before, the crowds that waited outside the guarded doorway even greater, even more eager, though no less patient. The light of a clear day came through a long window behind Kosterlitz as he stood erect before his table, which was so close to the press bench that those who sat there could have counted the stitches of the neat patch in the back of his long gown. But this shabby garment that he wore was expendable, for what endowed him with dignity was his trenchant awareness that six million men and women and children had had to die before he could be given this role to play. As he spoke, he held a small black pencil in his right hand, and when he was not speaking directly to the judicial bench or to the defendant in the dock, his eyes would seek this pencil out and dwell on it, and a portion of his exhortations were made to it.

"How heavy is the guilt?" Theodor Plivier wrote in 1948, in Germany. "Can guilt be weighed? How can it be weighed? Children shot, women shot, old men, helpless prisoners shot—according to orders, 'as the law provides.' What sort of law? Is it a law of nature, of reason, of metaphysics, of human intercourse? Is it a law dedicated to the preserving of the interests of all? Is it the law of the German people, the same people who brought forth a Gutenberg, a Matthias Grünewald, a Martin Lu-


jay Th
24 WES
NEW YO

STARRED IN OUR
NEW ETOILE* SALON,
DESIGNS BY
CEIL CHAPMAN

Her exciting interpretation
of the velvet-touched idea...
this rayon crepe day dress
with velvet Buster Brown
collar, tie and cuffs. In black
or café au lait with black.
Sizes 10 to 16. 49.95
Etoile* Salon, Fourth Floor
*Trade Mark

Jane Engel

Private number
wool jersey
25.00

It's all yours when you snap in the monogram tab (2 initials in any color); minus the tab, plus yards of jewelry, it stars in your after-five life. Black, navy, red, dark green, or burnt orange. Dress by Matti. Sizes 10-20.

Write, phone RH. 4-0300

Madison at 79th, New York 21

ther, a Beethoven, an Immanuel Kant? Is it the law of a creative people living by the fruits of its own creations? Did the German people have no other political face to show the world?" Kosterlitz drew the features of this political face in the first hour of his address. As he talked, the defendant was forgotten, for it was clearly the principles and the acts of an entire society of men of which the prosecutor spoke. On the table before him, stacked one upon another, were three unwieldy tomes of Nazi statutes, with markers set at various pages, and now and again he would seize up one of these volumes and read aloud from the contemptible text. Here were expounded in legal terms the reasons a certain part of the population must wear the Star of David and, if a name was not listed as "permissible," must, according to sex, include the name "Sarah" or "Israel" on all identity documents to avoid being subject to arrest. Here was set forth the September 15, 1935, Citizen Law, and its thirteen supplementary regulations, defining the nature, as well as the civil status, of a Jew, and specifying the congenital moral and physical deficiencies that automatically excluded every Jew from the right to citizenship. And here were the paragraphs of the law, passed in July, 1943, that brought the police courts of Germany under Gestapo jurisdiction, so that every avenue of appeal was closed. After Kosterlitz read one of these passages out, he flung the volume from him, and then spoke of the Gestapo regulations that had not been written into any lawbooks but that had been enforced as inexorably as those set forth in pompous official language for the eye of posterity. In accordance with these minor regulations, Jews had been permitted to go shopping once a week, but even on that one day the items they might buy had been rigidly controlled. They had been permitted one turnip a week, for instance, and any infringement of this regulation meant arrest. Germans whose ration cards bore the stamp of Israel were not allowed to buy white bread, or eggs, or butter, or any other luxury items, nor were they allowed to read newspapers, have a telephone or a radio, or enter any place of entertainment.

"While it is true that the warrants for arrest were signed not by the defendant but by Heydrich and Kaltenbrunner," said Kosterlitz, coming to the vital point of Baab's responsibility in the matter of his victims' deaths, "it has been proven beyond any doubt that Baab could always be counted on to produce the evidence that the R.S.H.A. considered justified arrest." And then he spoke of two Frankfurt Jews whom Baab was reported to have saved. In this instance, "saved" meant merely that he had interrogated two Jews and for some reason allowed them to go free. "This," Kosterlitz cried out, "this alone is indisputable proof that the power of life and death resided in the hands of Heinrich Baab!"

In one of Carl Zuckmayer's plays, a Luftwaffe general is appealed to by his former mistress to intercede on behalf of a Jewish friend who faces extermination in a concentration camp. And, sitting there, well-groomed and handsome, the general gazes bitterly out across the audience and, speaking some of the best lines in the play, voices a profound comment upon the unhappy people of Germany. "Now let us look into the mirror and dote on ourselves!" Zuckmayer makes him say. "What noble human beings we are! That's how we look! Each of us with a Jew or two to salvage his conscience so that we can sleep at night!" Can this be the reason Baab had saved two Jews of all the Jews who had been summoned to his office—the reason he had allowed one to walk in the streets of Frankfurt with no Star of David on his coat, and had allowed another to pack his bags and go? It would be too easy to answer that these two Jews had paid Baab for the favors he granted them, Kosterlitz said, for other Jews had paid Baab all the money they possessed, and still they and their families had died. One of the two who had been spared had remained in Frankfurt, and he had told the Court that he was unable to explain why Baab had conceded him special favor. He denied, under oath, Baab's statement that he had informed the Gestapo agent of a secret meeting hall where the Jews gathered for religious services after the demolishing of the synagogue. "I could not have told him this, for I was incapable of uttering a word in his presence," this witness said. "Although he treated me with consideration, I always entered Lindenstrasse 27 in fear and trembling, my limbs shaking, my throat dry with terror, for the sound of his shouting filled the house."

Since, said Kosterlitz, Baab had had the power of life and death, the Court had no choice but to find him guilty of the murders with which he was charged. "This man," Kosterlitz said, concluding his five-hour address, "should be judged as a component part of the furious anti-Semitic program of those years. In passing judgment on him, you take

MODERN INTERIORS
Send 25 cents to Berne, Ind. for this profusely illustrated booklet on decorating your home successfully.

DUNBAR

for Modern

Pivot-back Lounge Chair, No. 4869A

NEW YORK: 227 East 56 Street
BOSTON: 203 Clarendon Street
KANSAS CITY: 212 Merchandise Mart
CHICAGO: 1638 Merchandise Mart
DUNBAR FURNITURE MANUFACTURING CO. • BERNE, INDIANA

The third generation of a famous family of portrait photographers

FABIAN
Bachrach
PHOTOGRAPHER OF MEN
•
54 East 52nd Street, New York City
PLaza 5-6233
AIR-CONDITIONED

FORTUNE CRAVATS
"Pans Pareil"

Our collection for Fall . . .

Abstracts, neats, spaced patterns and classic figures . . . now on display at leading stores everywhere.
6.50 7.50 10.00 15.00

Write for name of store in your locality.

FORTUNE CRAVATS Inc.
Dept. E, 118 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 16

upon yourselves the high honor of passing judgment on an element and an epoch of Germany."

During Kosterlitz's argument, the defendant sat, heavy and motionless, in the dock, his eyes seemingly drugged, watching the prosecutor with the lassitude with which he might, on a languid spring afternoon, have watched a voluble street-corner vender demonstrating a new glue for mending crockery. It was obviously a proceeding that he connected in no way with himself. Inasmuch as he possessed no broken crockery, he would have preferred to saunter on down the avenue and look at something else. Johanna Kirchner's daughter, who served on the jury and who, being an S.P.D. member of long standing, had likewise been imprisoned in the Nazi days, had her own explanation of Baab's air of detachment. " 'Do whatever you wish with me' was his attitude," she said to me some days after the verdict had been pronounced. "He believed that any sentence passed on him would soon be meaningless. With more and more Nazis being reinstated in positions of authority every day, he knew he had nothing to fear. He simply sat there thinking, Do your worst. I'll be out in a short time anyway."

During the weeks of the trial, a young, green-uniformed court guard at times had sat at one end of the bench on which the defense counsel sat, and at other times had stood at the press entrance, and, because of the composed earnestness and intelligence of his young face, one's eyes repeatedly sought him out. When one glanced from the defendant's countenance to his, it was as if one turned from darkness to light, from the opacity and muteness of death to the clarity and eloquence of life. On the day of the prosecutor's address, the young guard was not on duty, but he sat, in civilian clothes, among the spectators; on his day off, he had chosen to come back and follow what was taking place.

TWO days afterward, Lengsfeld made the defense summation, basing his argument, with pained and scholarly conviction, on the absence of conclusive proof. Standing with his sour, sallow face raised, his great horn-rimmed spectacles saddling his nose, and his lean arms crossed within the folds of his full black sleeves, he cited a verdict of the Nuremberg Tribunal that held that the Gestapo had had, as an organization, no connection with the operation of concentration camps. The prosecution not only had failed to produce

Jane Engel

So-nice-to-come home-to 35.00

Created especially for us . . . Gros De Londres rayon hostess gown of great charm. Glowing satin flowers appliqued on the collar, more satin on the sweeping cuffs. Zipper front. Platinum grey, citron green or shrimp. Sizes 10-18.

Write, phone RH. 4-0300
Madison at 79th, New York 21

BONWIT TELLER

DARK GREY...STRAIGHT
from our Young Seventh Floor, and straight-as-a-die but much prettier. The new oxford flannel, braid-bound, silvery buttons. A Loeb and Hoch design 9 to 15 49.95 New York Chicago Boston White Plains

a single arrest warrant bearing Baab's signature but had failed to prove that the reports sent to the R.S.H.A. were in any way tantamount to verdicts. Neither had it been proved, Lengsfeld continued, that Baab himself had assaulted his prisoners, and at this a sound of protest and laughter rose in the court.

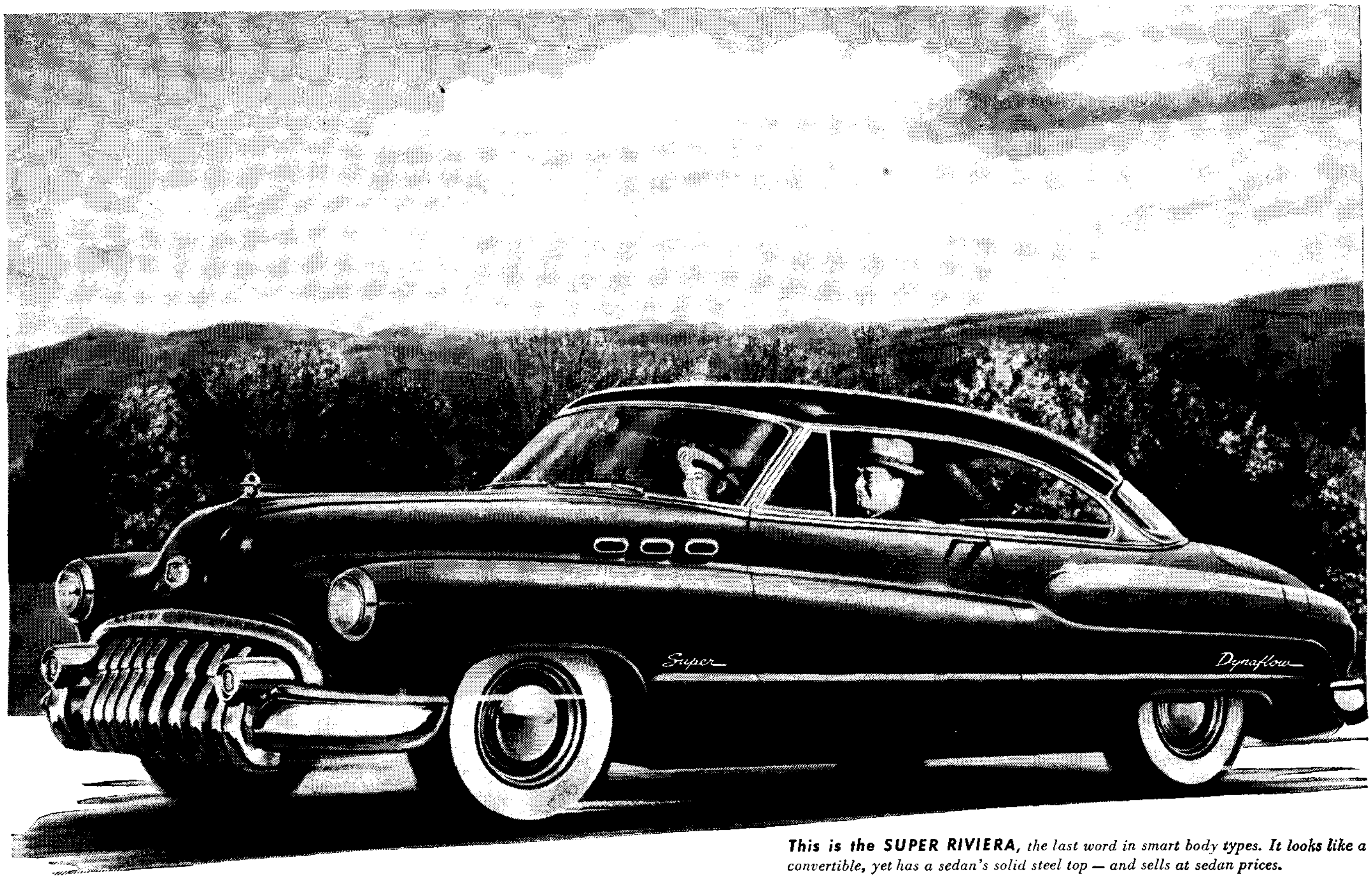
"Quiet, please!" Judge Wirtzfeld called. "Every man has the right to speak freely here!"

All the evidence produced, said Lengsfeld, showed that Baab had done no more than carry out to the letter the regulations issued by the R.S.H.A. Baab could not be held responsible for a system that others had set up. He had been in charge of one small section of a demagogic state that was wholly dedicated to violence; he had been merely one link in an endless chain that had held captive many innocent men and women. Was there a legal precedent for the conviction the prosecution demanded, Lengsfeld asked. "No Kriminalsekretär [minor official in the Criminal Section] in the West Zone has yet been convicted of murder," he said. "This fact cannot be lightly put aside. If Baab knew, as has been charged, of the ultimate fate of his victims, then he might be guilty of contributing to murder, but no evidence has been produced to uphold either this or the murder charge. One witness has stated that Baab would find no defense before a divine court, but it must be borne in mind that he is not being tried at this time before a divine court, nor is he being tried before a political court; he is being tried before a criminal court, and it is neither divine law nor political law but criminal law that must, in all justice, be observed." As the defendant listened, his face seemed to alter and its features appeared for a moment to be moved by a flicker of life, a life to which the name of hope might almost be allowed. "It is still to be proven," said Lengsfeld, the taste of the words seemingly as bitter as gall upon his tongue, "that Baab himself raised his hand against any individual." Again the protest of the spectators was roared.

At the conclusion of his three-hour plea, Lengsfeld asked that the defendant be found morally but not legally guilty of the crimes with which he was charged. "No one," he said, "can, from the standpoint of morality, acquit him of his guilt. Deplorable as it may be that both the evidence and the proof that might establish a clearer picture of events are lacking, Baab cannot be found guilty as a murderer." He ended with an exhortation to the Court "to apply the law in its purest and strictest sense and not to be swayed by the pressure of public demand."

FIVE days later, the day the verdict was to be returned, the young court guard with the steadfast face and the guard who patterned himself on Kaiser Wilhelm II stood in their green uniforms at the press entrance, to keep the unauthorized out. It was a quarter past nine when Baab took his seat in the dock. Almost immediately after he had done so, a middle-aged woman carrying a black umbrella and wearing a black felt hat rose quietly from among the spectators and walked across the arena. With her umbrella lifted, she flung herself at the defendant. "You murderer! You murderer!" she cried, and her voice seemed to be pressed tight and small within her throat by grief. As she sought to strike Baab's head, he retired quickly to the back of the dock, and the young guard sprang in between. He put one arm around the woman and led her back to her seat, and when the umbrella slipped from her grasp, he picked it up and stood it carefully beside her chair, and then left her crying into her hands. Just before Judge Wirtzfeld stood to read the verdict and the sentence, the two guards did a singular thing. They opened the press door wide enough to let six scrubwomen, hatless and wearing their soiled aprons, slip in, one by one, and stand among the others who had waited since seven for the doors to open and who had packed into the courtroom to hear the few words that were about to be said.

Although "guilty" was not the first word of the rendering of the verdict, it was the first word those present heard, and a sigh passed through the courtroom. "Guilty," said Judge Wirtzfeld, and as Baab stood with his hands supporting him on the dock, he seemed for a moment to lose control of the muscles of his eyes. It was as if an invisible, impersonal hand had without warning severed the rope of living fibre that held his eyeballs in place, and as he



This is the SUPER RIVIERA, *the last word in smart body types. It looks like a convertible, yet has a sedan's solid steel top — and sells at sedan prices.*

Out where the zest begins

It's always great going wherever you roam in your Buick — and that doesn't mean the well-traveled highways only.

Just hie yourself out where traffic is scarce and nature is unspoiled, and see how far you are from roughing it.

Stylewise, you're the smartest part of the landscape, and know it. There's just nothing to equal that bold front end, and those graceful, tapering fender lines.

For the sharp, steep pulls, you've got a big, straight-eight engine that takes the bit in its teeth at each touch on the throttle.

For the tight curves, well-balanced weight keeps you hugging the road — for loose, gravelly going, there's the firm-footedness of low-pressure tires and the steady down-pressure of soft coil springs on rear wheels as well as front.

Maybe you've elected Dynaflow Drive.* Then you have nothing to do but press the gas treadle to master sudden grade or answer the invitation of the straightaway with never a thought of shifting.

And all the while, there's that special, crowning glory of all Buicks — that matchless Buick ride. Compounded of coil springing, soft tires, Safety-Ride rims and torque-tube drive, it so blankets your travels in comfort you're truly free to savor the best of every thrilling moment.

Fun? You know a very special measure of it when you pilot a Buick.

Fun in city traffic, fun along the swift throughways, fun whenever and wherever you travel.

Come get an advance taste of it from your Buick dealer, who is as pleased to show off this Buick beauty as he is to quote prices that begin down with the sixes.

**Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on SUPER and SPECIAL models.*

When better automobiles are built
BUICK will build them

GM YOUR KEY TO GREATER VALUE

WHATEVER YOUR PRICE RANGE

"Better buy Buick"

SEE YOUR NEAREST BUICK DEALER

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network, every Monday evening.

South Pacific Romance

Balinese Magic . . . a thousand beautiful mysteries of love inspired this clip. The exotic Balinesian's head, a large diamond—body and bulang of gold studded with diamond stars. Her skirt hemmed in sapphires . . . her sabuk is of pearls or rubies. From $1350.*

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS
World famous French designers and manufacturers of precious jewelry
744 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK · HOUSTON · PALM BEACH · NEWPORT
PARIS · LONDON · MONTE CARLO · CANNES · DEAUVILLE

*Fed. Tax Included

Sunday Night! SEPTEMBER 10
U.S. STEEL HOUR
BEGINS ITS 6th SEASON OF
Theatre Guild on the Air
WITH THE BROADWAY HIT
Edward, My Son
STARRING

ROSALIND RUSSELL
CHARLES LAUGHTON
NBC NETWORK 8:30 P.M. (EDT)

AIR-CONDITIONED
PIERRE GRILL
Just fine food . . . no music or entertainment. Authentic Indian Curry dishes served daily.
BREAKFAST · LUNCHEON
DINNER
Weekdays and Sundays
Hotel Pierre
Plaza Circle at 61st St

The Café Lounge and Bar
AIR-CONDITIONED ● ALWAYS COMFORTABLE
Luncheon
Cocktail hour · Dinner · Supper
Dancing daily from 5:30 PM
Dancing Sundays from 5 PM
SAVOY-PLAZA
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH ST.

heard the sentence read, they drifted, unmoored and without destination, in his heavy skull. Heinrich Baab was found guilty on fifty-five counts of murder, on twenty-one counts of attempted murder, on thirty counts of assault and battery combined with six counts of employing coercion, on five separate counts of employing coercion, and on twenty-two counts of deprivation of liberty. He was sentenced to hard labor for life and the loss of all civic rights, and the costs of the trial were to be borne by him, save for four charges—one of murder and three of attempted murder—of which he had been acquitted. And as Judge Wirtzfeld proceeded to deliver what the Germans call a justification address, the face of the young court guard could for an instant be seen turned toward the press bench, as clear as light with pride, before it was lost among the faces of the crowd.

—KAY BOYLE

●

DENTON—Thanks to one's frankness, Denton County old maids are going to be honored Tuesday evening.

Miss Dorothy Babb, instructor at North Texas State College here, announced recently she thought there should be an "Old Maid's Day" and that it should be observed by giving gifts to old maids.

She estimated she had spent $1500 in 25 years on presents called for by Mother's Day, Father's Day, bridal showers, weddings, etc. She said this stream of gifts shouldn't be a one-way affair.

The words were hardly out of her mouth—and on front pages of newspapers—before gifts began arriving.

Elaborate garters from an exclusive Dallas store.

A watermelon from a former student.

A free pressing and cleaning certificate from another.

But the best is yet to come. The Denton Record-Chronicle is publishing coupons which old maids can fill out to attend a country club tea to given Tuesday.

The "Vanishing Indian" now is a myth, and New Mexico's Indian population is increasing slowly but steadily.—*Galveston (Texas) News.*

Those rain dances have it all over a bridal shower.

●

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Thola Nett Tabor in the Syracuse Post-Standard*]

When one considers the script is the work of Miss Le Gallienne in translation, the pithy English words have deep significance. Her portrayal of the egotistic Hedda who reached for the heights to have her feeble efforts boomerang at the hands of the men in her life, so well known as one of her stage successes, was a privilege for her audience which amounted to long ovation at final curtain.

1850 "FOR 100 YEARS PROTECTING THE AMERICAN HOME"
1950

AMOS SEWELL

"That's where Daddy is . . ."

". . . right there. They call it California — C-a-l-i-f-o-r-n-i-a — and it's just become a state. Think of it, that makes thirty-three states in all. How this great country of ours is growing! And if Daddy finds there's enough trade there for his ships, we may all be moving to California one of these days . . ."

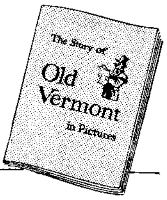
In the century that has elapsed since 1850, our Federal Union has continued to expand and prosper. Today, the stars of forty-eight states twinkle on our flag's azure field. And, with Hawaii and Alaska knocking at the door, it seems probable we shall be adding two more in the near future.

Born in the same year as California, the National Life Insurance Company has grown with the nation. From the very start, it was dedicated to the ideal of service on a nation-wide scale . . . the first such concern in the land to include the word "national" in its title.

Today, the National Life has justified that bold promise. 200,000 policyholders across the country now own this sound mutual company. With it they have invested well over one billion dollars in future security for themselves, their families and their homes. They are served by fifty-five general agents and hundreds of local representatives in almost every state in the Union.

If you value the old-fashioned virtues of thrift and stability in a world of change, you'll do well to discuss your family's security with a friendly National Life underwriter.

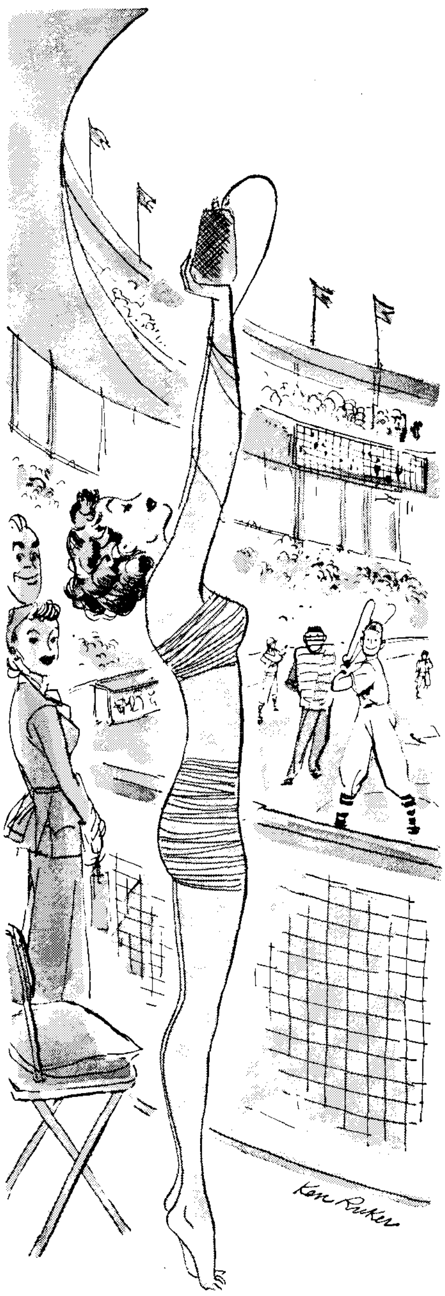
Accept this Free Picture Book with Our Compliments *— "THE STORY OF OLD VERMONT" — new edition of National Life's popular picture book. Features famous figures and events from New England's historic past — interesting, educational, inspiring. For your free copy, address a postcard to: National Life Insurance Company, Dept.* ***52,*** *Montpelier, Vermont.*



"SOLID AS THE GRANITE HILLS OF VERMONT"

NATIONAL LIFE
Insurance Company · MONTPELIER · VERMONT

FOUNDED IN 1850 · A MUTUAL COMPANY · OWNED BY ITS POLICYHOLDERS



That 7th Inning Stretch...

..Our Lastex symbol is right at home here. For the relaxing, refreshing ease the fans seek by stretching is the self-same ease Lastex yarn gives in every inning. Just imagine what corsets, swimsuits, socks and undies would be without the ever-flexing stretch of the Miracle Yarn.

Lastex
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

...the miracle yarn that makes things fit

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
1230 Avenue of the Americas • New York 20, N. Y.

INVITATION TO A GHOST

WHEN my wife and I first looked at the land in northern Westchester on which we have since built and where we plan to live all year, we were told that probably it is haunted. "A farmer who lived here hanged himself," a friend said to us. "Chances are he's still around the place." He then showed us an old foundation, and said that the man had lived in the house that had stood on it until it burned down, a few years ago. The way our friend had heard the story, the man had killed himself after the house burned, possibly because he had had no insurance.

The haunt was not supposed to deter us from buying the land; indeed, the friend who told us we might have a ghost was the owner of the land, and was offering it to us at a price we have since discovered was absurdly modest. A countryman himself, our friend does not like to think of people living in the city. He thinks it is bad for them. He was throwing the ghost, or the chance of a ghost, in as a kind of bonus. He did not vouch for it. He wasn't even sure there had been a farmer who had killed himself; it was merely something he had heard when he bought the land himself—chiefly, so far as we have ever found out, because it was land and was for sale. He is very fond of land.

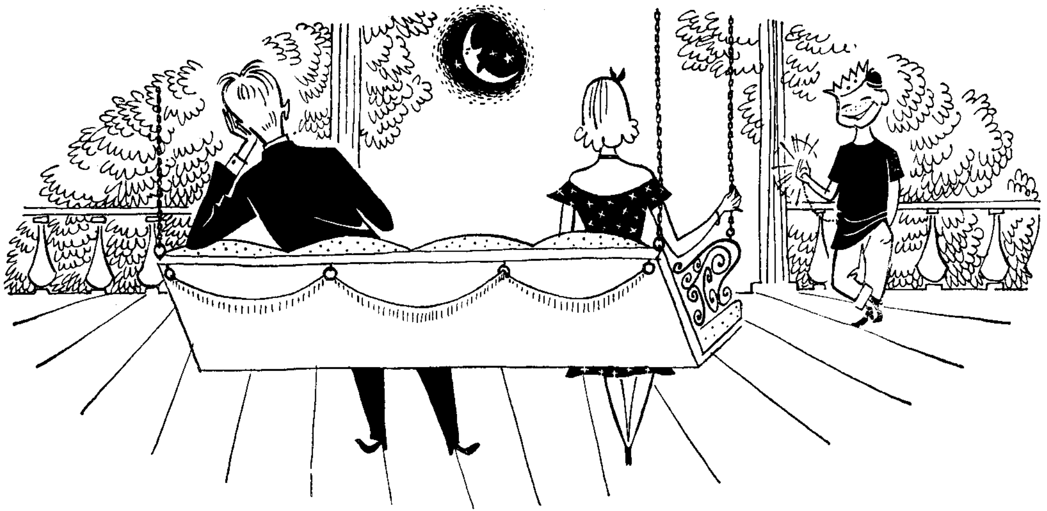
That there was a house, a big house, on the property and that it burned down is evident enough. A big house leaves a big hole, and this house left a big hole. It is walled with foundation stones, and part of the heavy central chimney is still standing. The stones were damaged by the heat and so were three big, old trees along the road. One of them, actually, was killed; the other two made an effort to come back and for a while seemed to be doing it. As a matter of fact, they seemed to be doing it right up to the time, a year or so before we built, when the town came along and cut all three trees down. We had thought they were ours, but apparently we were wrong; the town felled them and carted off the firewood. The stumps, however, are evidently ours. At least, the town did nothing about them, and one day we shall have to.

Near the old foundation is the well, dug very deep and lined with stone. It is bottle-shaped, like any proper well, and covered with a well stone that is admirable. It is a flat stone, cut to a circle, with a circular hole in the center. You don't see many like it, Mr. Fergus, who works for us when he can find the time, tells us. It's valuable. We are not entirely sure what its value to us may be, but it is a product of remarkable patience and skill, and when we get around to doing something about the old foundation, we shall, no doubt, preserve the well stone. We have pretty much filled up the well, which seemed to us a hazard to children and other small animals.

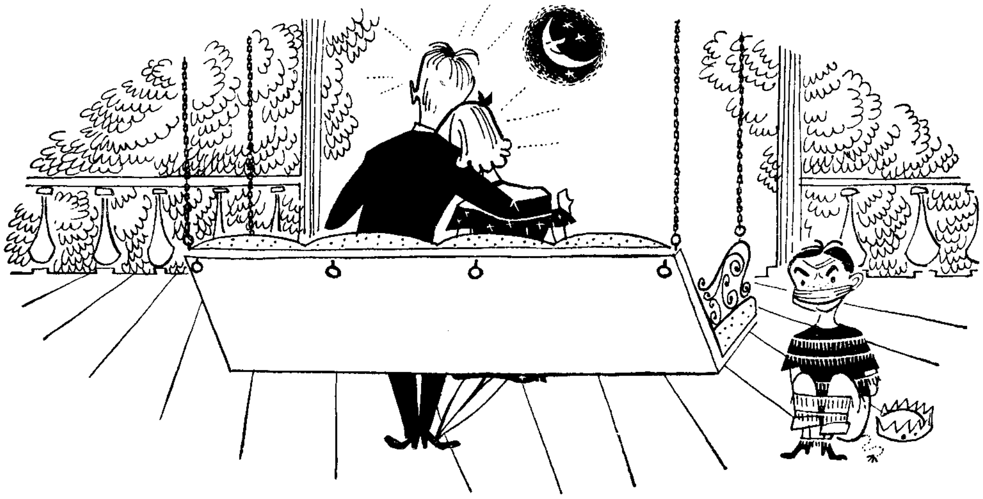
There are, of course, other traces of the people who used to live on the land that is ours now. Before we put our own drive in, there were evidences of a semicircular drive that had once served the big house—one of those drives that leave a road, pass in front of a house, and then, in a gentle curve, go back to the road again. There had been ornamental pilasters where the two ends of the drive met the road, and lilac bushes had been planted at both junctions. The lilac bushes are now enormous and bloom prodigiously. And along the road frontage there had been a special wall of flat stones; parts of the wall remained when we first saw the land, but none when we came to build on it. Flat stones are a great temptation.

The whole setup seemed, indeed, rather extensive and formal for the kind of farmer we had thought of when our friend suggested a resident ghost. The foundation must be sixty by forty feet, and a well such as this was is not hastily dug; there had been, further, provisions for piping water into the house, and the people who lived in the house had at one time evidently done considerable planting of flowers, on somewhat more than the working farmer's basis. We found a great mass of pink rambler roses, for example, and from the way they had been planted we could guess that once they had had a trellis to climb on. Mr. Fergus found flowering quince and laburnum and forsythia, the last growing gloomily in dense shade. We found iris, too, also in the shade—in the shade between one of the ancient lilac bushes and a big maple, shade that must have been old when the iris was planted. There is something city about planting iris in the shade, since it hardly ever blooms there. It will live almost anywhere, but nothing much comes of it in the shade.

These things interested us more and



There are times...when



Typewriters, too, SHOULD BE SEEN... NOT HEARD!

Times, for example, when limited office space makes it necessary for typists to work at close quarters . . . or times when typewriter clack and clatter make it difficult to handle telephone calls — that's when Remington Noiseless Typewriters can *take over* to eliminate typing noise at *its very source!*

And what a difference they make! The freedom from typing clatter has an immediate marked effect on employee morale . . . allows greater concentration on work . . . results in a marked increase in typing accuracy and efficiency. Mail the coupon today for free literature.

THE NEW REMINGTON NOISELESS

Remington Rand INC.

Remington Rand, Room 2011, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
Please send me a FREE copy of "Typing Perfection With Quiet"

Name______________________________

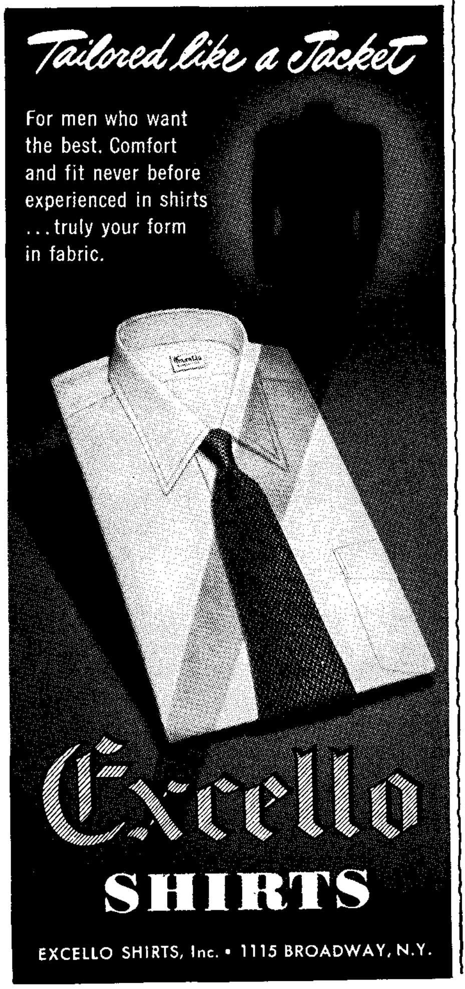
Address______________________________

City________________Zone______State__________

Bisquit
COGNAC
★★★
Good all ways
Bisquit Dubouché
COGNAC
★★★

84 PROOF

Sole U. S. Agents
MUNSON G. SHAW CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.



For men who want the best. Comfort and fit never before experienced in shirts . . . truly your form in fabric.

EXCELLO SHIRTS, Inc. • 1115 BROADWAY, N.Y.

more in the farmer who had killed himself when his house burned down and who now might be haunting the foundation. We began to ask people about him, as we met them, but for a considerable time learned nothing to the point. We did learn that our land had once been used by a riding academy, and that there had been a "stock farm" on it, and that Route 123, on which it fronts, is properly Smith Ridge Road, although it is known also as the Vista Road, the New Canaan Road, and even, if one happens to be going north, the South Salem Road. But nobody among those we first met knew much about our farmer. One or two of them had heard that something tragic had happened, but all were vague. We didn't get really to know our ghost; we couldn't visualize him. And he didn't make himself visible.

THEN, during a party at a neighbor's house, I heard something of the story, from a pleasant woman who had grown up nearby, the daughter of local landowners who at the same time had connections with New York. She knew whom I meant, but she wouldn't, she said, call him a farmer. "Not ——," she said, giving a name I didn't hear clearly. (As I've said, it was a party; other people were talking at the same time, and distractingly.) He was, she said, rather an odd man. To begin with, he was Southern. Very Southern. "Probably," she said, "if you search around, you'll find some of the wisteria that used to be all over the porch. I doubt if the fire killed it all."

It had been, she told me, an elegant place, and he had been an elegant man. He had been not only very Southern but Old Southern. He himself had not been old, though. He had lived in the big house elegantly, behind the wisteria, with his wife and a daughter, and the other people who lived around hadn't seen much of them.

"But I remember," the woman said, "walking along the road in the evenings—oh, long after dinnertime; around seven-thirty, probably—and they would be eating dinner on the porch, by candlelight. And he and she would have dressed for dinner." She paused. "As I remember it, the road wasn't paved yet. Just a dirt road." She, and other people who walked along the road, used to stop momentarily to look at the people on the porch. "I'm afraid," she said, "we actually stared a little."

It certainly wasn't the farmer I had at first imagined. I suspected that the

MAKE YOUR HOTEL RESERVATIONS BEFORE you leave for BRITAIN!

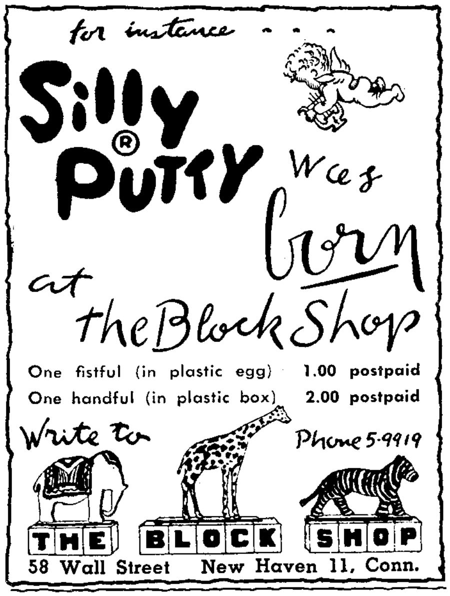
★ **Gleneagles Hotel** in the foothills of the Scottish Highlands is a must for golf in its native setting. *Britain's premier resort hotel features* squash, tennis, an indoor swimming pool, cinema and dancing. Open Easter to October.

★ **Welcombe Hotel,** Stratford-upon-Avon, joins comfort with courteous service in an atmosphere of "Older England." Open year 'round.

Further information and reservations from
YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or from
British Railways
NEW YORK 20, N. Y., 9 Rockefeller Pl.
CHICAGO 3, ILL., 39 So. La Salle St.
LOS ANGELES 14, CAL., 510 W. 6th St.
TORONTO, ONTARIO, 69 Yonge St.

★ **47 Hotels of high standard are** operated by

THE HOTELS EXECUTIVE
BRITISH TRANSPORT



One fistful (in plastic egg) 1.00 postpaid
One handful (in plastic box) 2.00 postpaid

58 Wall Street New Haven 11, Conn.

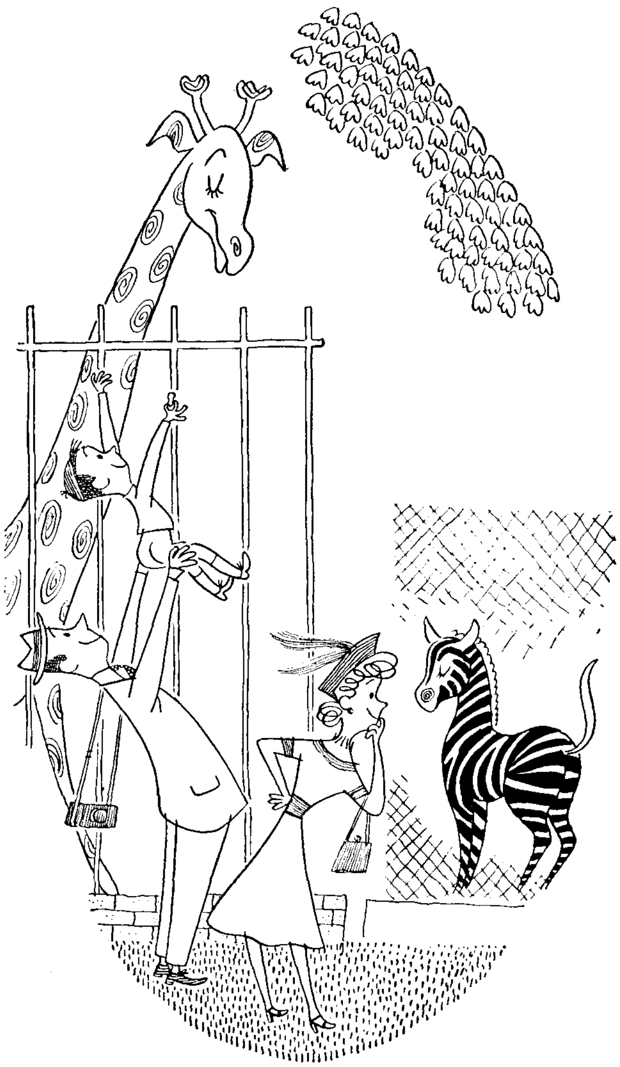
Designed for the discriminating...

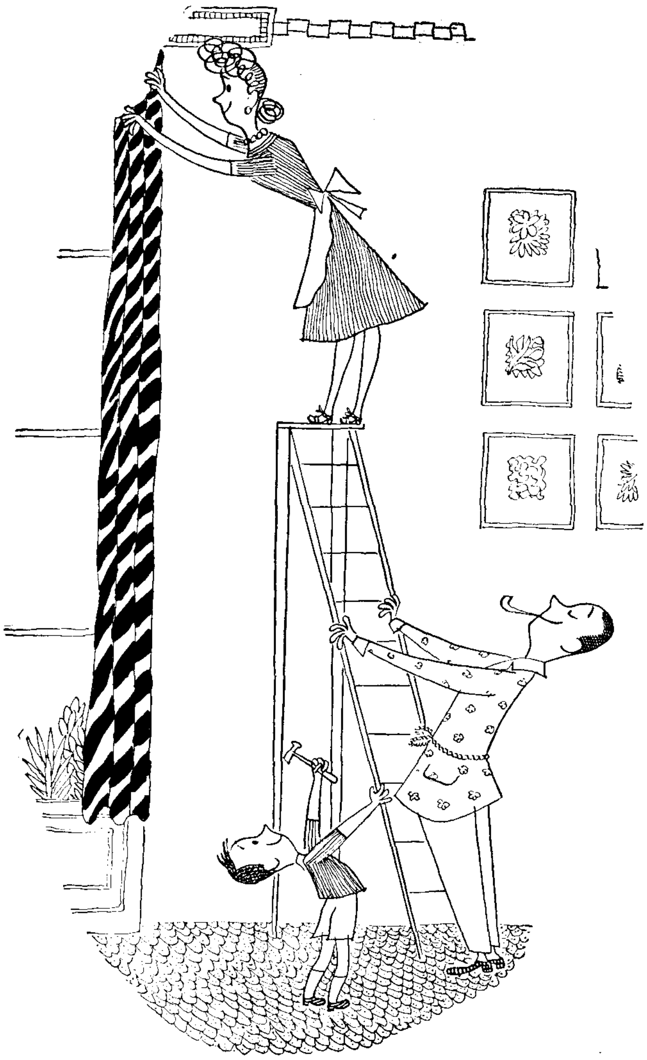
at last . . . refreshingly different Christmas cards by noted contemporary artists . . . produced exclusively for Brentano's. Write for free illustrated catalog.

Brentano's

CARD BAR
586 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

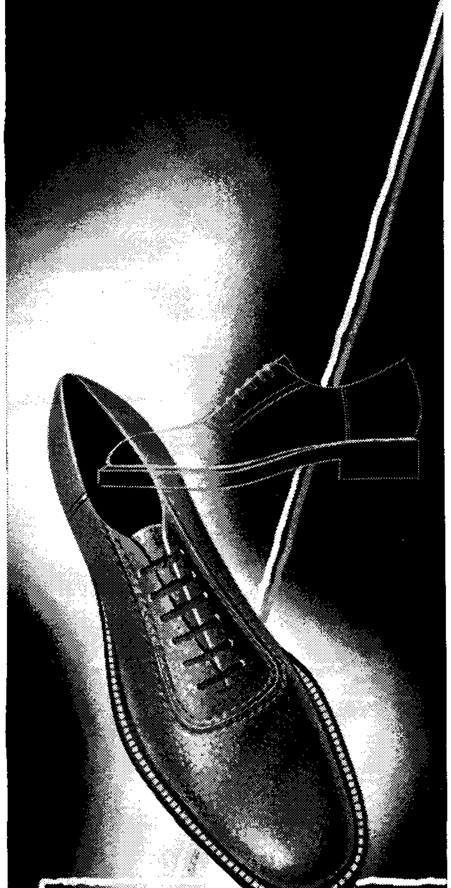
Some people can't think of anything but home!





. . . 2,800,000 of them at last count! They buy American Home because they're *vitally* interested in a magazine edited expressly for ardent home-lovers. They value above all American Home's wealth of *useful*, stimulating ideas for making home life more enjoyable and comfortable. That's why, if you have a home product to sell, you'll reach your *most responsive* magazine audience (bar none!) with American Home.

The AMERICAN HOME Magazine



Pride
is all you feel
when
you're
wearing
BRITISH WALKERS

BRITISH WALKERS
MADE IN THE U. S. A.

Imported Scotch grain plain toe oxford. Write for the name of your nearest British Walker store...let them show you what British Walker's exclusive Synchro-Flex construction means to your comfort.

J. P. SMITH SHOE CO.
Chicago 22, Illinois

rest of it was equally far from the mark; there wasn't any ghost. "Then he didn't kill himself," I said.

She said oh, yes, he had killed himself, all right. That was true enough. But it wasn't connected with the fire. As a matter of fact, the house had burned several years *after* his death, when some people who had rented it were living in it.

The elegant man, she said, had played around a good deal, being charming and easily charmed. This, if regrettable, was merely in character until one of his affairs got out of hand. She didn't really know what had happened; probably nobody did except those most closely concerned. But the lady involved, who was married, had killed herself, and the wife of the elegant gentleman had withdrawn precipitately from the wisteria-entwined porch. Then the gentleman had killed himself, too. He had used a pistol.

I said "Oh," and then the party closed in on us and our conversation ended.

I told my wife about it as we were driving home, and, going up to the house, we stopped and looked at the old foundation. It was moonlight, but there wasn't any ghost. The next day, we dug around in the weeds and found the wisteria. It's coming back, apparently.

WE still, somehow, expect the ghost. As we think of him now, the elegant gentleman is precisely the sort of person who would go out of his way to be a ghost, given half a chance. And he must be tired of haunting the old foundation, which is not well appointed. Perhaps if we fill it up, as we plan to do, he will seek other habitation. He is welcome to a corner of our garage, if he will share it with the outdoor cat, and perhaps, as time goes on, we can do even better.

We have all along considered screening our dining porch, and the other day my wife suggested that we might transplant a root of the wisteria and let it climb one of the porch pillars. We could dine out there on warm evenings, by candlelight if illumination is important. We won't, however, promise to dress. People don't, very much, around here nowadays. —RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From an interview with J. Edgar Hoover in the U.S. News & World Report*]

The Communist Party is today a Trojan horse of disloyalty, coiled like a serpent in the very heart of America.

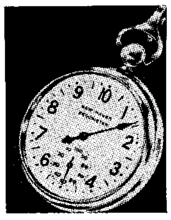
Sportsman
TODDY STICK
the solid after shave lotion

$1.00 plus tax

for use after shaving

...or any time you want to feel extra cool, cared for and alert!

Cool, clean TODDY STICK with the fresh, lasting fragrance and the frosty, antiseptic touch wakens your skin, soothes away razor nicks and gives you that feeling of quick vitality and good grooming. Easy to apply...anytime...anywhere. Just rub it on, then rub it in. Treat yourself to a TODDY STICK today!
At Better Stores



NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR A LONG TIME
NEW HAVEN
PEDOMETER

Grand gift item for Scouts, Engineers, Hikers, Sports Enthusiasts, or for Fun for yourself.

$5.95
Postpaid in U. S. A.

Registers up to 100 miles and adjusts to length of stride. Hand registers directly in miles. Constructed like a watch with nickel finish and zero adjustment. Engineered for dependability with handy clip hooks for pocket or belt.

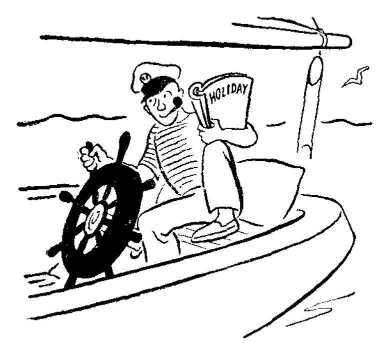
J. M. SCHMID & SON
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

Great food for hungry woods...
D & E ANTIQUE FURNITURE WAX

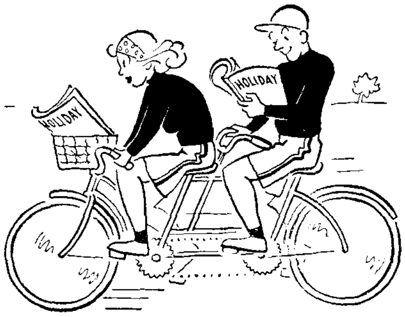
Our exclusive formula. Used by thousands of antique dealers and collectors. Retains precious patina of old pieces and finish of new ones. Water-free base means easier application, healthier furniture. No heavy smear to rub down. No oily film or pastiness. Good for Pine, Cherry, Walnut, Maple, Mahogany, etc. Pleasant odor. 12 oz. bottle only $1 postpaid. Send cash, check, money order to Dept. 14, Dudley & Ernest, Antiques, Lineboro, Md.

SMOKED RAINBOW TROUT
A GOURMET'S PATÉ
ready for that unexpected guest. Unique and Exciting. A "Must" in any Pantry. $1.00 a dozen tins. $5.75 for 6 $1.00 each. At Fine Stores or direct POSTPAID
HIGH VALLEY FARM
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

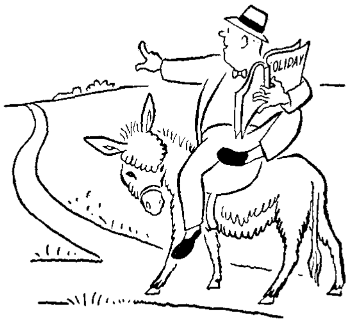
(*Advertisement*)



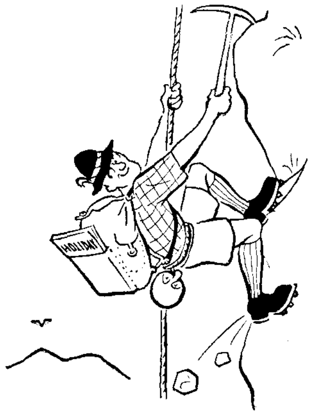
The fact is . . .


HOLIDAY
HOLIDAY

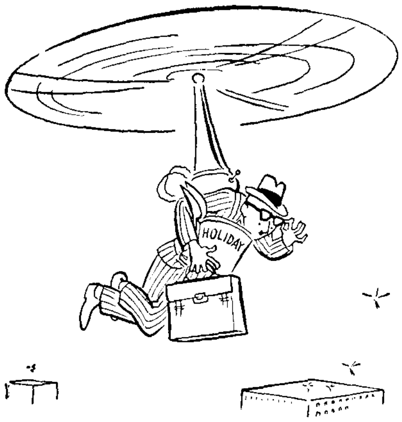
that the people . . .



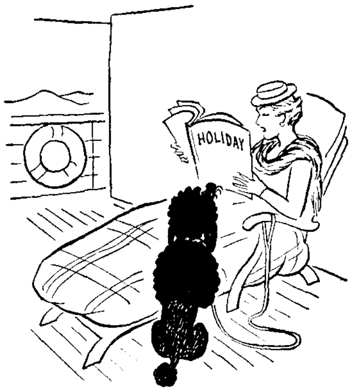
who get around . . .



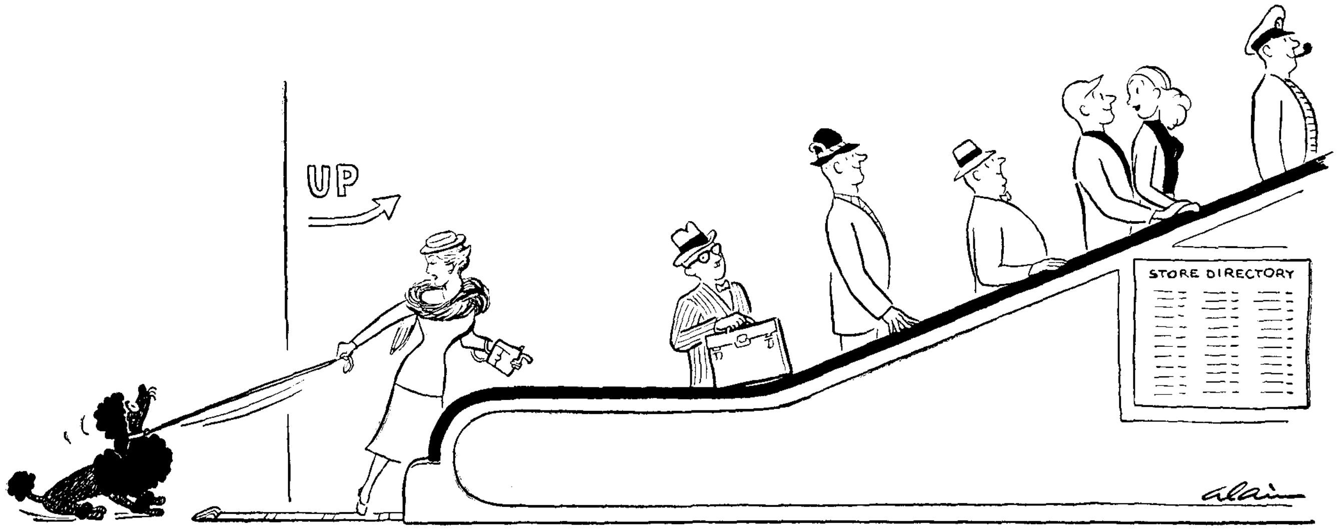
twice as much . . .



as average . . .



are also . . .


UP
STORE DIRECTORY

. . . the very same people who are twice as good customers for YOUR product!

820,000 HOLIDAY families average 2.5 vacations per year (32% outside the United States) . . . drive 50% more than the national average . . . have more than twice the yearly income.

HOLIDAY . . . *the most MASSive CLASS market in the world!*

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, AUGUST 31

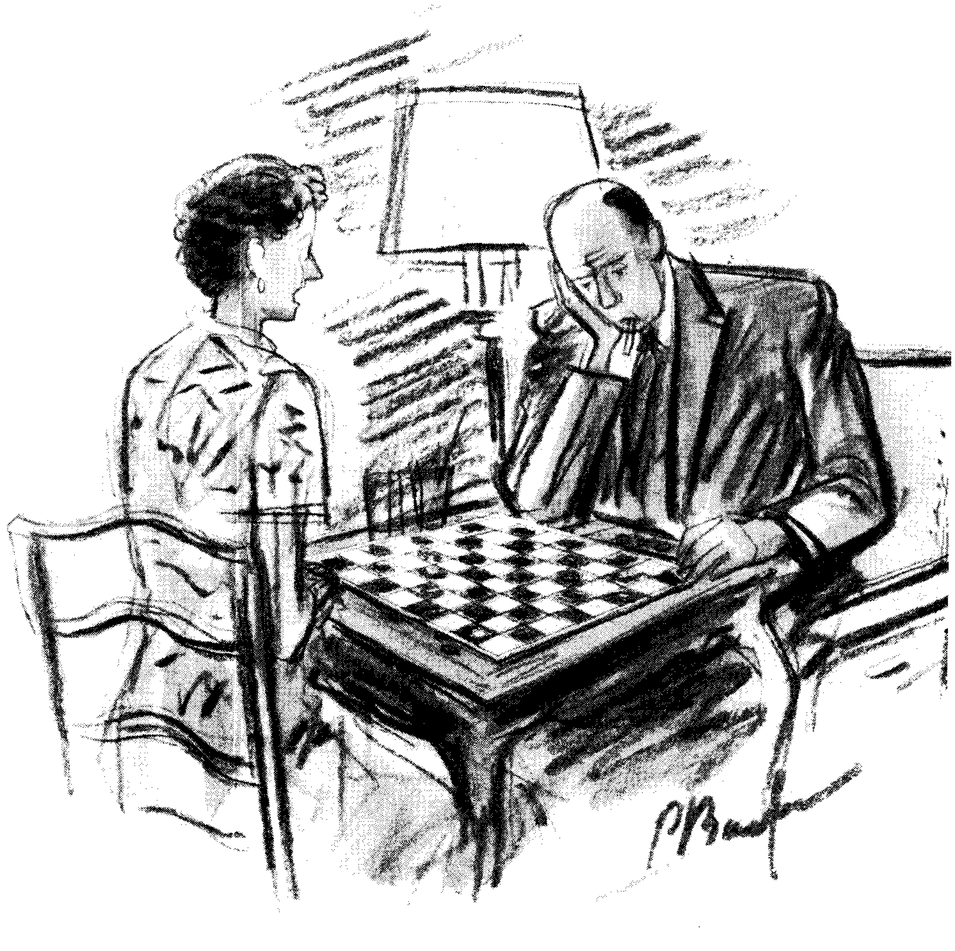
IT is harder than ever here to make a move more complicated than a gesture of the hand without being buried under *la paperasse*, which has come to mean all the dreary documents that pile up in the course of any transaction. In the fashion trade, no amount of conniving or wrangling can eliminate the dozen or more moves one has to make to order a dress and arrange for fittings and delivery, or simply to arrange to see a collection of dressmaker-designed clothes. (What one has to go through to get one's fittings is a story in itself, involving a bewildering number of persons, emotional crises, forms, and charts.) An American buyer who wants to inspect clothes not only has to take along the usual entry cards and identification papers but has to deposit *une caution* (that is, a guarantee), varying from $175 to $300, according to the price range of the dresses put out by the house concerned. This assures the management that the buyer won't end his afternoon by saying that he's just looking today, thanks. Dior, whose prices are the highest in Paris at the moment, requires a visitor who has anything to do with a wholesale-dress manufacturer to deposit a flat thousand dollars.

The Frenchwoman is traditionally creative about her clothes, and almost every housewife, nurse, and salesgirl has done her *couture* apprenticeship and doubles, whenever possible, as a professional seamstress. In France, there are thirty-five thousand dressmakers, male and female, who have the right to call their establishments *maisons de couture*, mainly because they employ other seamstresses and apprentices. The names of perhaps a hundred and twenty of these, all in Paris, are more or less known throughout the country, and news about them appears in the French fashion press, for they have proved by their originality in designing (and by their knowledge of bookkeeping) that they deserve the title of *grand couturier*. For most Americans, though, all but half a dozen of them might as well not exist.

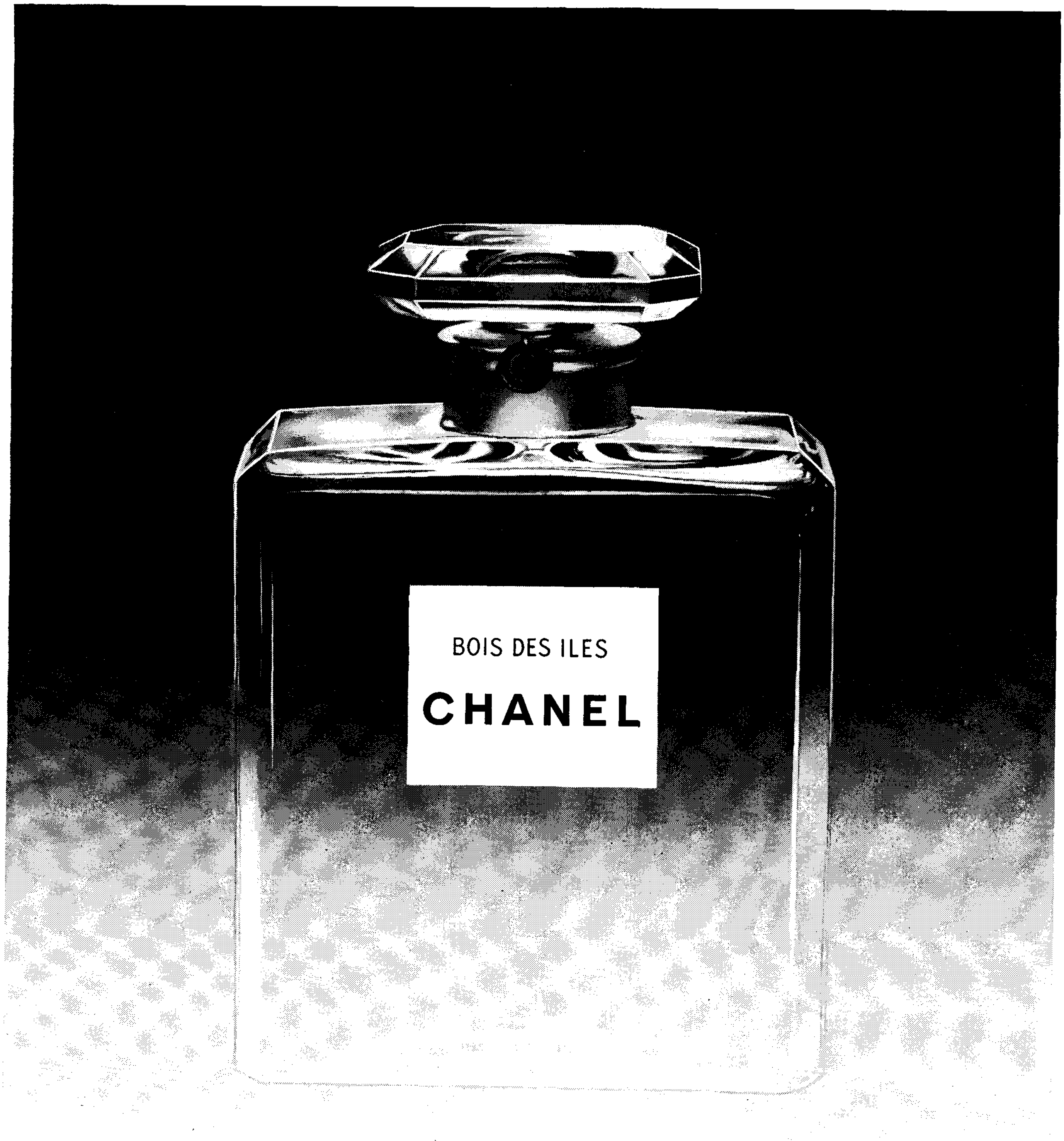
A good many of the (to the French) important houses have never knowingly seen an American buyer inside their doors and never prepare for those semiannual invasions from New York. The amount of export business the others do can be quickly estimated by counting the little gilt chairs, rented at ten francs a day, that are set out in the front salons during the buyers' season. A designer's ability to get the attention of the American buyers often has nothing to do with the ability to design. It's frequently the end product of the willingness to be conspicuous, or of setting up shop near the big, flashy hotels, or of making such a simple but un-French gesture as being cordial. However, the acclaim that has accrued to the Maison Grès this year may indicate a change in the weather and a new interest in the talents of some of the less conspicuous designers.

AFTER the first five days of the big openings this summer, it was clear which few names had got the big hello this time from the United States. By now those names are probably in the pages of those confidential mimeographed reports that all the department stores subscribe to. They are Dior, Balenciaga, Griffe, Dessès, Balmain, and finally, thank goodness, Grès. (Don't assume, though, that no other French names will appear in the American fashion magazines this fall.) Dior and Balmain are bona-fide French and bona-fide *couturiers;* not only are they directors of their firms but they actually design the clothes in their showings. Griffe, the solitary other born Frenchman in the group, is a graduate of Vionnet (highest praise hereabouts) and has enough financial backing to put together a glittering collection without having to lie awake nights. Balenciaga is, of course, Spanish; Dessès comes from Greece; Grès, who has lived most of her life in Paris, was born of Russian parents. One can no longer say "Ah, Paris!" The correct phrase now is "Ah, *les Nations Unies!*"

The presence of Mme. Grès—or Mlle. Alix, as she is usually called—in this list of successes has created a stir in the Paris *couture* world. She is almost the only designer in Paris whose victories do not bring a distraught expres-



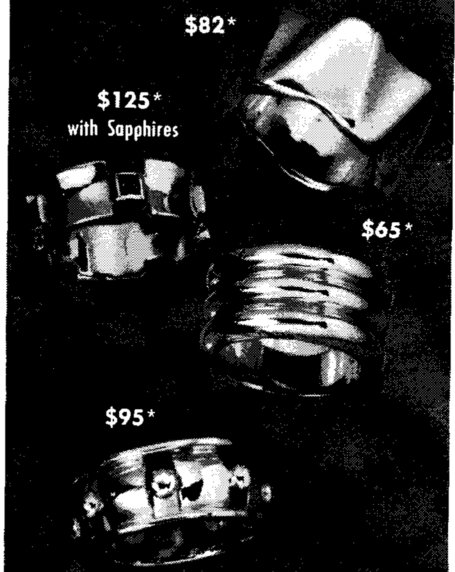
"Now, no fair thinking."


BOIS DES ILES
CHANEL

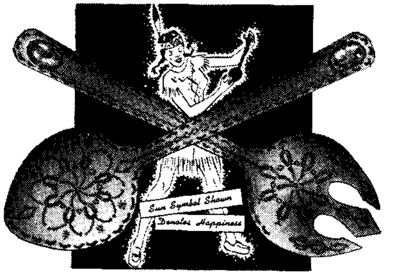
THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

14 kt. GOLD
Wedding Bands



Olga TRITT
18 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.
*Federal Excise Tax Included



Hand Made Navajo Indian STERLING SILVER SERVERS
Beautiful, distinguished looking hand made Navajo Indian sterling silver servers . . . wonderfully rich, important looking . . . they add dignity to any table . . . for any occasion. Individually designed with symbolic Indian legend signs, each piece is further enriched with turquoise matrix stones. Made from sturdy 16 gauge sterling silver. 10" long. Translation of legend furnished with set.
39.95 tax included, postpaid
Miller's
CURIO COMPANY
256 E. CONGRESS ST., TUCSON, ARIZONA
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
where the Sun Spends the winter!

Cortile
An Old World
Spot in New York
Just off 5th Ave.
Banquet Facilities
37 West 43rd St.
36 West 44th St.
(Air-Conditioned)
Cocktail Bar
Breakfast starts 8 A.M.
Luncheon from 50c
Dinner from 75c

sion to the faces of the fraternity. "It couldn't happen to a nicer guy," they say, however you say that in French. Grès, who is in the tradition of the great *couturières* like Vionnet and Louiseboulanger, has never done anything to attract the public eye; she has just designed wonderful, graceful clothes. Some of the others in the industry are beginning to ponder their recent extravagant tub-thumping, now that they see what patience and consistently good work have done for Grès. As it is, the small specialty shops, or *boutiques*, that occupy the ground floors of many of the big *couture* establishments and that require no skilled custom fitters on the staff are becoming their major source of profit. Anyone who's been here recently will agree that these *boutiques* are ideal for those who have less than three months to spend acquiring some Paris clothes.

Yet as long as there are fashions, dressmakers will be needed, and right now Grès is your girl. Grès works with (a) a complete knowledge of materials and (b) a knowledge of the body in motion. Her *violon d'Ingres* (Paris-France French for "hobby") is art, and her ability to handle those deep, defiant reds and rather menacing greens that are among the rich, sober colors scheduled for this winter may derive from some of the more formal da Vincis of men in Renaissance costume. She often uses what used to be called changeable taffeta, pulled tight around the figure in soft, little folds casually arranged to give a curved line, then bunched out suddenly at one side or at the back in a big puff that is called here a *froufroutage* (and will probably end up in the Budget Dress Department back home as just plain "frou").

Like the other Paris designers, she has had other help: Joan of Arc (those easy-to-wear "little" dresses with a fold of the skirt or the peplum pulled through the belt, like a fifteenth-century farm girl's) and the lack of central heating. A good many of the best suits and dresses in the collections are of the new soft, thick, and elastic woollens that are the result of years of effort by the French textile designers to produce a material warm enough to wear out of doors and not too warm for indoors. But the Paris indoors is not related even distantly to our own, and the thin, unwiry jerseys of the type the French weaver Racine is famous for are probably the only wools that will stand transplanting to the States.

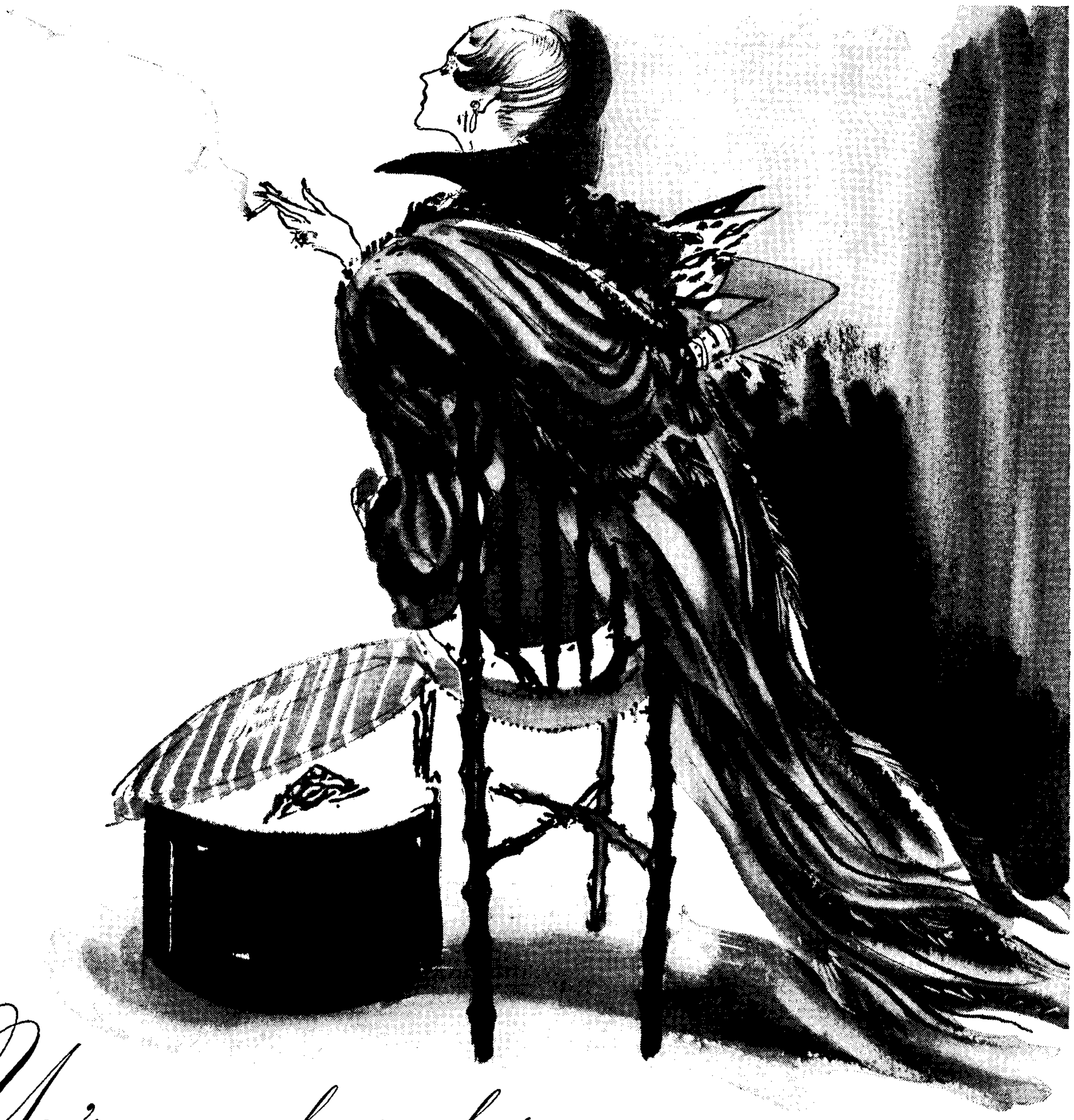
Grès makes her jerseys without benefit of padding or boning and combines them with matching faille in a new cut—folds start at the center front of the belt and slant upward in a V shape, winging out into space just below the shoulders, which are bare. The sleeves below are wide, and the total effect is soft and graceful. As her mannequins move about in dresses done like this, the well-hinged fullness at the back of the skirt sways ever so slowly back and forth. If you want to practice this motion, it's like the easy saunter of a colt crossing a meadow on a still, hot morning. It's not practical on the Lexington Avenue express, but it does make a dress look *très Parisienne*. —B. MATHIEU

ABOUT THE HOUSE

The Machine Age

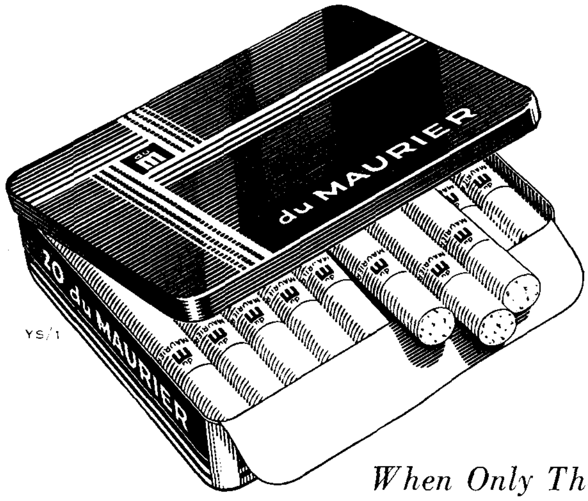
WHATEVER one may think of picture windows, it's practically certain that if the darned things could only be opened, they would have a much wider appeal. Householders who would like to have their private sunset or a bank of azaleas or a river view brought into the house must surely think twice before putting in an architectural feature that necessarily keeps so much fresh air *out* of it. And ladies whose dream room is one of those handsome kitchens of the women's magazines, in which a big picture window is set above a pink range, must have misgivings about taking on the chore of broiling or frying beneath such an airless installation.

Now, however, with the introduction of the Vita Automatic Window, anybody who doesn't want a picture window will have to think up a more valid objection than lack of ventilation, for this window, which comes in three standard sizes and may be ordered in any size you like, can be raised or lowered with no more effort than it takes to push a button. The pane is a double one, consisting of two sheets of quarter-inch plate glass with a half-inch air space hermetically sealed in between them, so that differences of temperature indoors and outdoors won't cause the window to fog. The pane is cradled in a metal frame and suspended from a strong bronze screen, which rolls up on a shaft hidden in the wall space above the window. At the flip of a three-way (up, down, and stop) electric switch, the screen unwinds downward and the glass sinks into a recess below, leaving the room open, except for the screen (which is insectproof, by the way), to any breezes that may be around. At another flip of the switch, the screen lifts the window into place, rolling itself up out of sight and out of reach of



You're sure she smokes

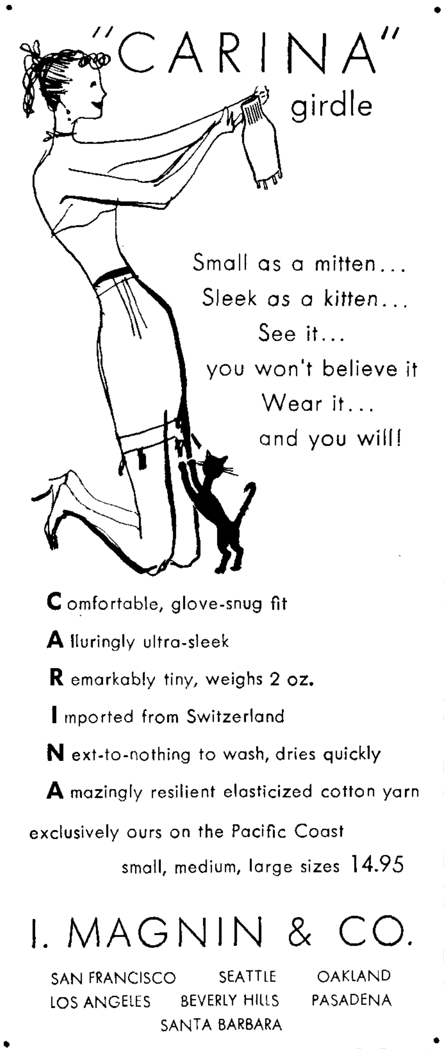
du MAURIERS!



From Zanzibar to Aberdeen... from Place Vendôme to Monterey... Milady flits with the season—'a moth of fashion and a mould of form'—the world's her happy oyster. Without even seeing the scarlet aluminum box you're sure she smokes du Mauriers! She make a conversation piece of du Maurier's tricky filter... the five-ply filter tip that always insures fragrant clear smoke. After all... nothing quite compares with this cigarette... blended especially for the most exacting taste... from American and Oriental tobaccos. Yes, you're sure she smokes du Mauriers!

When Only The Best Will Do...

On sale wherever better cigarettes are sold in the scarlet aluminum box of twenty. Made by Columbia Tobacco Co. Inc., New York, N. Y.


"CARINA" girdle

Small as a mitten...
Sleek as a kitten...
See it...
you won't believe it
Wear it...
and you will!

C omfortable, glove-snug fit
A lluringly ultra-sleek
R emarkably tiny, weighs 2 oz.
I mported from Switzerland
N ext-to-nothing to wash, dries quickly
A mazingly resilient elasticized cotton yarn

exclusively ours on the Pacific Coast
small, medium, large sizes 14.95

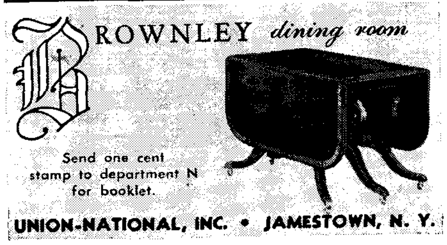
I. MAGNIN & CO.
SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE OAKLAND
LOS ANGELES BEVERLY HILLS PASADENA
SANTA BARBARA

HAND SMOCKED
and it's ONLY
$5.95

It's the dress she'll want to wear every day, with its push-up sleeves, crisp white pique collar and unusual heart smocking—grown-up touches to delight your child. Made especially for us of finest cotton broadcloth with generous hem and French seams. Navy with red and white smocking, or mulberry with pale blue and white smocking. **Sizes 3-6X, $5.95. Sizes 7-10, $7.95.** Order by mail today.

Send for free
CHILDREN'S CATALOG

The Talbots
Dep't N *in Hingham, Massachusetts*


BROWNLEY *dining room*

Send one cent stamp to department N for booklet.

UNION-NATIONAL, INC. • JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

the elements. The motor turns itself off when the window is fully closed (or open), but the switch will stop it at any point and the glass will automatically be locked in place. In a bedroom, for example, the window can be partly lowered, providing ventilation and, at the same time, an almost burglarproof protection. The switch can be placed anywhere; on a wall beside the bed it would fulfill the dream of all those who find that it takes more than human heroism to get out of bed and close the window on a cold morning.

The window is sold complete with an enamel-on-steel frame and sill, the screen and its shaft, and a Westinghouse one-fourth-horsepower motor with switch. An easily manipulated hand crank goes along, too, for lowering and raising the window in the event of a power failure. The standard sizes are five and a half feet by three and a half ($398), seven by five and a half ($516), and eight by six ($582). Prices of made-to-order windows can be had from the Vita Automatic Window Company, 101 Park Avenue (41st), and there the window itself may be seen going through its paces. As you might imagine, installation is quite expensive, sometimes costing more than the window itself. There is no such problem, of course, for people who are building a new house and can include the automatic window in their plans.

THIS seems to be a great week for the wall switch; it turns up again in the Beauty-Fold Traverse, a motorized curtain-puller that must surely be the climax of all wall-switch achievement, since it not only arranges drapery folds with startling perfection but completely does away with the labor of drawing curtains by the onerous old hand method, and gives the housewife more time to devote to higher matters. The motor, a small one, is hidden at the top of the window, behind the outermost pleat of the curtains, and the switch, like that of the Vita window, can be anywhere in the room. A push of the button sends the draperies on their way along the track in folds that remain precisely even, no matter where the curtain is stopped. This is made possible by a mysterious synchronizing mechanism that causes one section of the curtain to travel, say, three feet while another is moving twice that distance. Not the least advantage of the contrivance is the manner in which it carries, rather than pulls, the material, with the result that there is no gaping space where draperies should meet. In the setup I inspected, the switch controlled only one set of curtains, but I am told that one switch can control two or more windows of varying sizes just as satisfactorily. The Beauty-Fold Traverse can be bought, through any decorator, for around $3 a foot, not counting installation. Gimbel sells it for $4 a foot, installed. A light-duty motor, capable of handling curtains of average weight and up to sixteen feet wide, costs $45, and a stouter model, which will take care of heavier draperies as wide as thirty-two feet, costs $66.

A DECADE or so ago, when decorators, beauty-parlor operators, bank presidents, dentists, and housewives were still hailing the old Venetian blind as a model of efficiency and handsome window treatment, I made myself more or less conspicuous, I am afraid, as a non-hailer. Now that ten years of dust-catching, sagging, rattling in the middle of the night, and general uncoöperativeness have caused me to think even less well of these shades, I am pleased to bring to your attention a brand-new sort of vertical blind, which seems to me as satisfactory as such things can be. A number of blinds with up-and-down slats have been brought out in the last few years, most of them superior to the Venetians but all with some defect, either of appearance or of performance, that made it seem hardly worth while taking down the old horizontally slatted dust-catchers. The new shades, called (almost inevitably, I suppose) Thru-Vu, have vertical cloth slats—this season they are referred to in decorating circles as vanes—which, thanks to two pairs of cords controlling them, can be rotated left or right or pulled back to either side of the window frame. Hearing no questions, I assume that everybody now understands exactly how these things work. The vanes are seven-inch-wide strips of corded rayon faille (they come in ten good colors: soft green, brown, beige, gold, and so on), and when shut, they fit so closely together that not the narrowest ray of light has a chance to get through. Drawn back to one side of the frame, they take up practically no room and leave the entire window exposed. So you can see that this, rather than draperies, is the ideal treatment for a window with a view. In the case of an extremely wide window, running sixteen or seventeen feet, two sets of blinds are used, with the division anywhere it's wanted. The vanes are guaranteed to survive endless washing and can be easily removed for that purpose. There are narrow hems at the top and the bottom of each strip, which slip over plastic supports, something like large safety pins, that are fastened to the tracks the vanes slide on; a dependable magnet holds the bottom of each of the end vanes completely rigid.

Up to this point, it's the Thru-Vu with vanes of stock fabrics that we have been talking about, but Arundell Clarke, of 31½ East 65th Street, will rig out the contraption with washable fabrics of his own design that make it even more striking. Lord & Taylor have one of the stock-fabric Thru-Vu blinds on display in their furniture department, and if you want a custom job with Clarke material, they will provide swatches of it for you to choose from, and make the vanes. At the Arundell Clarke studio, you can see the blinds in operation with vanes of beige Honan silk bearing a design of widely separated characters that look like Chinese ideograms, in black and bright coral—one of the most pleasing combinations you are likely to find. Samples of the standard materials are also on hand at Clarke's. To give you an idea of prices, an arrangement for the five-by-six-foot window that Mr. Clarke has set up, done in any of his Honan-silk patterns, costs $130, whereas stock-fabric vanes for the same window cost $65.33, either from Lord & Taylor or, through decorators, from Clarke.

Lord & Taylor also have another new up-and-down blind, this one called the Sun Vertikal. It is a practical and good-looking shade, and although it isn't as handsome as the Thru-Vu, neither is it as expensive. The vanes, made of a Celanese corded fabric in any of twenty-eight colors, can be set at any angle or shut completely by manipulation of a single control rod that hangs at one side of the window. The fabric of the vanes has a translucent quality, and daylight coming through the closed blind is softened to an unusual and very agreeable glow. Metal strips at the top and bottom of the window hold the vanes in place; small plastic prongs fixed to these strips slip through hems in the fabric, stretching the vanes so taut that they require no ironing after a washing in soap and water. What the Sun Vertikals *can't* do—and this is a serious shortcoming—is draw back to the edge of the window frame, as the Thru-Vu blinds do. This, I should think, would make them unsuitable for a window with an important outlook, but wherever it isn't particularly desirable to stress the view, or for a bathroom window, or for a window

A TIP-TOPPER

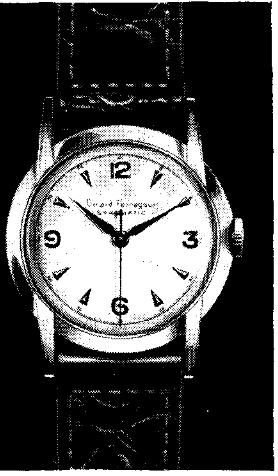
Newly narrowed for the season's silhouette—narrower circumference with flatter back-fullness.

Your topper—casual as you want it—combines the good taste and fine quality which express the real economy and lasting satisfaction of all Stearns Town and Country Fashions. Beautifully textured Forstmann's luxurious fleece in brick, purple, taupe, green and teal. Misses sizes, $69.95.

R. H. STEARNS CO.

RHS

BOSTON
CHESTNUT HILL



The Perfected Self-Winder

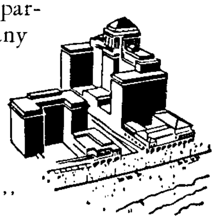
It's the new, thin Girard-Perregaux Gyromatic*. Winds itself with the patented "spin wind" pendulum—so sensitive the slightest movement keeps it wound—so ingeniously simple you need never fear expensive repairs. Water resistant. Shock protected. Sweep second hand. Gold-filled case. 17-jewel movement. At selected jewelers. $71.50 (fed. tax incl.).

GIRARD PERREGAUX

FINE WATCHES SINCE 1791

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK 20 · In Canada: Hamilton, Ontario



MISS AMERICA PAGEANT

We feel like a participant. So many former guests have sent us post cards reading "*Miss* Chalfonte-Haddon Hall."

CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N. J.
Operated by Leeds & Lippincott Co. for 60 years
Write for illustrated folder No. 3

CHURCH'S Famous English Shoes

Perfection in Craftsmanship

. . . . *Inquiries*

CHURCH'S ENGLISH SHOES
428 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK

The extra flavor you discover tonight may change your cooking habits forever!

THIS very night you *could* enjoy—in one of your own favorite recipes—more good, natural flavor than ever before! For this could be the night you discover Ac'cent, the unique master seasoning that *heightens* and *holds* the fine flavor of nearly every food.

Ac'cent adds no flavor of its own. It will *not change* the flavor. But it does—unbelievably—*intensify* the natural flavors already *in* meats, poultry, vegetables, soups, salads, leftovers.

Ac'cent is as simple to use as salt. Test Ac'cent yourself—tonight. You'll never, never again cook without it! Amino Products Div., International Minerals & Chemical Corp., 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Ill.

- Get the inexpensive, handy kitchen shaker today from your grocer. It's like no other product on his shelves!

Ac'cent®

PURE MONOSODIUM GLUTAMATE

—the unique basic seasoning that makes food flavors sing . . . makes good cooking taste better!

above eye level, they should be exactly the thing. The blinds are priced according to size; a three-by-five-foot one, for example, costs $21, and there is a twelve-per-cent charge for measuring and installation.

IF we can pull ourselves away from the window and its problems, there are some lovely new rugs to be seen at Edward Fields, 509 Madison Avenue (53rd). These are hand-loomed, in California, of hemp and cotton in a tight, rough weave with a raised pattern. They can be ordered in any size and in a number of colors, but I am inclined to *think* that the mixture of white and beige in which the samples have been done must be the most effective. The patterns are all worked out in hard, tight knots, about the size of small cherries, on a nubbly ground. In some examples, the knots form a wide border, and in others two-foot squares of knots alternate with squares of plain weave; still others have an allover pattern of knots; and so on. Most of the patterns are $10.95 a square yard (the allover knotted one is $11.95), and dyeing is an additional $2.50 a square yard. —S. H.

•

SEPTEMBER FORECAST

Before the day comes when you bid me go
And this fair force we do not comprehend
Fades, as it must, to its less lovely end,
Let us, my dearest, consider the seeds we sow.
Must weeds of disgust invariably grow
In the autumn acres we neglect to tend?
Cannot the brittle heartsease learn to bend
Or the young meadow lark escape the crow?
With the world ending, there is too much hate.
Come, hold my hand, and let us pledge our word
That we will smile when this has lost its power,
For I may love you still, at any rate,
As one whom I have loved, one I preferred;
Wild oats, when harvested, need not be sour. —WILLIAM H. MATCHETT

•

CAR FOR SALE—Good transportation. 4-door sedan, good tires, good motor, runs fine. Will demonstrate. Call after 2 a.m. 1819 Sylvania Drive.—*Adv. in the Clearwater (Fla.) Sun.*

Want to make a night of it?

BERMUDA SHOP BERMUDA SHOP

Our Famous Tartan Suit

handsomely tailored in fine wool plaid. So smart for traveling and active days in town or country.

Sizes 12-18, **$49.50.** Matching hat, **$17.50.**

On your Bermuda holiday, visit The Bermuda Shop in Hamilton.

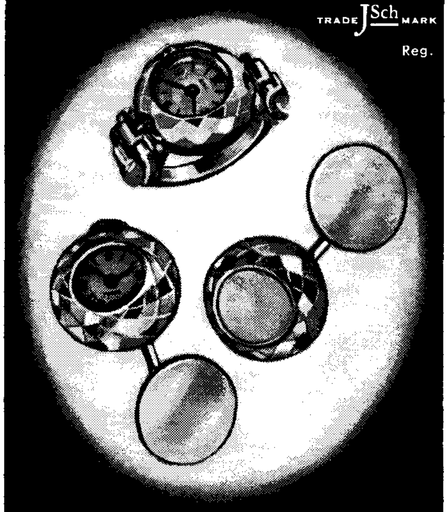
The Bermuda Shop

Madison Avenue at 55th Street
New York 22, N.Y.

Schulz watches

Estb. 1924
304 East 45th St.
New York 17, N. Y.

TRADE JSch MARK Reg.



A dramatic two-some in 14 kt. yellow gold, 17 jewels.

Lady's ring watch . . . . . . $200.
Man's cuff-link watch . . . $150.

Designed and made in our own factory. Write for name of jeweler nearest you.

ODIOUS COMPARISON AND VIVID WRITING DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Big Sleep," by Raymond Chandler*]

. . . some decorative trees trimmed carefully as poodle dogs. —*Page 1.*

. . . leaves and stalks like the newly washed fingers of dead men. —*Page 5.*

They smelled as overpowering as boiling alcohol under a blanket. —*Page 5.*

A few locks of dry white hair clung to his scalp, like wild flowers fighting for life on a bare rock. —*Page 6.*

. . . using his strength as carefully as an out-of-work showgirl uses her last good pair of stockings. —*Page 6.*

. . . the heat, which made me feel like a New England boiled dinner . . . —*Page 10.*

. . . the white carpet that went from wall to wall looked like a fresh fall of snow at Lake Arrowhead. —*Page 14.*

Big cops in slickers that shone like gun barrels . . . —*Page 27.*

. . . remote and inaccessible, like witch houses in a forest. —*Page 36.*

He looked like anybody you would pass on the street. —*Page 40.*

The smile would wash off like water off sand. —*Page 58.*

Carmen stood in front of me, like a bad girl in the principal's office. —*Page 59.*

The giggles got louder and ran around the corners of the room like rats behind the wainscoting. —*Page 60.*

The muzzle of the Luger looked like the mouth of the Second Street Tunnel. —*Page 67.*

. . . one ear like a club steak.—*Page 67.*

I turned around for him like a bored beauty modeling an evening gown. —*Page 67.*

She was as limp as a fresh-killed rabbit. —*Page 76.*

His cigarette was jiggling like a doll on a coiled spring. —*Page 85.*

. . . his pale eyebrows bristling and stiff and round like the little vegetable brushes the Fuller Brush man gives away. —*Page 96.*

Cute as a Filipino on Saturday night. —*Page 142.*

A case of false teeth hung on the mustard-colored wall like a fuse box in a screen porch. —*Page 157.*

It had a heavy purr, like a small dynamo behind a brick wall. —*Page 159.*

. . . a dry click, like a small icicle breaking. —*Page 159.*

I hung there motionless, like a lazy fish in the water. —*Page 159.*

The purring voice was now as false as an usherette's eyelashes and as slippery as a watermelon seed. —*Page 162.*

Her breath was as delicate as the eyes of a fawn. . . . Blood began to move around in me, like a prospective tenant looking over a house. —*Page 178.*

. . . the skirts flapped against my legs like the wings of a large and tired bird. —*Page 184.*

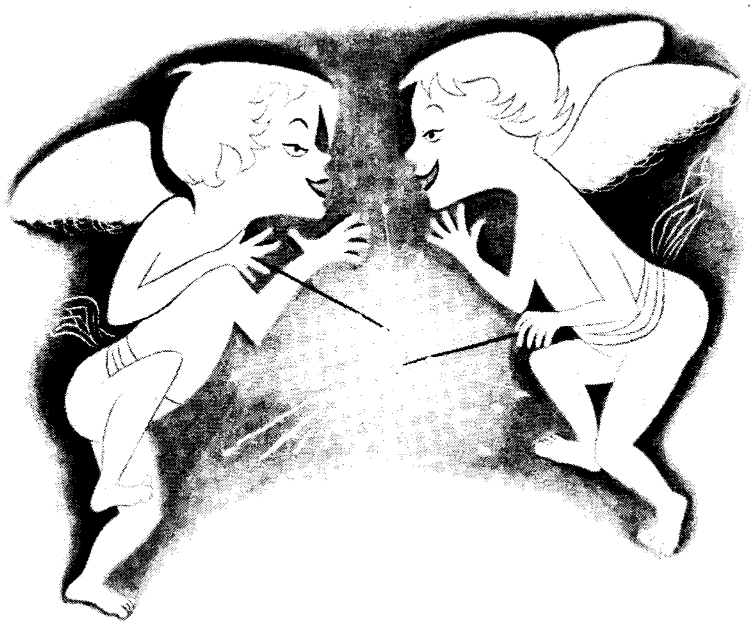
The pipe tasted as bitter as lye. —*Page 191.*

. . . the terraced lawns were as green as the Irish Flag . . . —*Page 193.*

The sunshine was as empty as a headwaiter's smile. —*Page 201.*

. . . a place of charm and seduction, artificial as a wooden leg. —*Page 205.*

(*Advertisement*)



*"All you have to do is carry a sparkler and give her an occasional touch of *Fireworks!"*

*A trial vial of "Fireworks,"
a new extraordinary perfume, awaits you
without cost—at Bergdorf Goodman in New York
and at shops of similar character
around the country.

Words can't really express the pleasure we all derive—myself, my children, my whole family—from our set. May I also compliment the RCA Service Company—they certainly aim to please to the nth degree!
Vincent Sansonia
Brooklyn N.Y.

"The Sansonias are one of more than a million families who own and enjoy RCA Victor Television."

It's **MILLION PROOF** Television—
proven in over a million homes

RCA VICTOR
DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

World Leader in Radio . . . First in Recorded Music . . . First in Television

"If he'd only stop joining things—"

Well! First time anybody ever heard Miss Elderman complain about the Judge. He likes to serve on Committees...but *she* has to send out the notices and reports!

Somebody should tell her about the DM...new desk model postage meter for small mailers . . . does away with adhesive stamps and sticking, makes mailing a lot easier!

- No larger than a desk phone, the DM *prints* postage for any kind of mail—directly on the envelope, with dated postmark, and optional small ad. Has a built-in sealer for envelope flaps. Even handles parcel post!
- Postage is set in the meter at your postoffice, and protected from loss, damage, theft. Visible registers show postage on hand, postage used.
- There's a postage meter for every office, large or small. Call the nearest PB office, or send coupon for booklet.
- PITNEY-BOWES, Inc., in Stamford, Conn.... Largest makers of mailing machines, offices in 93 cities.

PITNEY-BOWES
Postage Meter

World's leading makers of mailing machines . . . offices in 93 cities in the U. S. and Canada.

PITNEY-BOWES, Inc.
1643 Pacific Street,
Stamford, Conn.

Please send free booklet on the **DM.**

*Name*________________________

*Firm*________________________

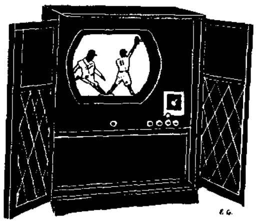
*Address*______________________

TELEVISION

A Letter

DEAR AUNT PAULINE:

I HAVE been meaning to write and tell you what an exciting summer, aside from the humidity, it has been here in New York, thanks to a program on the video called "The Stork Club." This will be hard for you to believe, but three nights a week for the past several weeks I have been permitted, through the magic of my video machine, to see what goes on *right in the Cub Room at the Stork Club!* You remember that time in the summer of 1948 when you and Uncle Ned were in town and we had supper at Stouffer's, and went to see "Howdy, Mr. Ice," and then Uncle Ned said, "Yippee! Let's have a drink at the Stork Club!," and the doorman there told us to go away? Well, Aunt Pauline, times sure have changed, for all I have to do to get into the Stork Club these nights is turn my video to C.B.S. on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays from 7:45 to 8 P.M. (my time) and there I am, practically in the *vichyssoise*, you might say, of all the important personages who congregate nightly in the Cub Room to eat, drink, and talk about the important things in life. Here's the way it works. Mr. Sherman Billingsley, who is the proprietor of the Stork Club and a world-famous mine host, has constructed a replica of his Cub Room (that's the *most* exclusive section of the Stork Club, and people whose names make news fight for tables the way knights used to fight for beautiful girls in the Middle Ages) upstairs in the Stork Club building. I guess they couldn't install the big cameras and other wonderful machines required for a television production in the Cub Room itself, and that's why the replica. But it's as close as a fellow should hope to get to the real thing because of the brilliant people who turn up and because Mr. Billingsley himself is there for each and every program.



All the programs start out the same way. There is some tinkling piano music, and the camera shows us three champagne glasses with an orchid laid out in front of them. An unseen hand fills the glasses—I suppose with champagne, but you never can tell. Then a voice says, "The world's most fabulous host invites you to the world's most famous club. Anyone you ever hoped to meet, anyone you ever wanted to meet, comes to the Stork Club." Isn't that nice? Next thing you know, you see the Cub Room, with lots of tables with tablecloths, and people seated at them, and waiters bustling about pouring wine, carrying dishes, and stirring things over Sterno cans. The people? Aunt Pauline, I've seen Mr. and Mrs. Peter Crofton, James A. Dougherty, Fanny Ward, Schatzie Royal, Stuart Erwin, Suzy Mulligan (Mr. Billingsley said the fellow alongside her was an ink king), John Robert Powers, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Berry, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Longenecker, Madeline Ward, Bob Cooke, Pat Kelly, Tom Brogan, Jack Duff, Shipwreck Kelly, *Mrs.* Shipwreck Kelly, Tommy Taylor, Luise Rainer, Mimi Holmes, Maggi McNellis, Richard Kellogg, J. P. McEvoy and his wife Peggy, Joe E. Lewis, Otto Preminger, Bert Lahr, and a ninety-eight-year-old woman named Mrs. Faulkner, whose first name I didn't catch. I must admit that I had never even heard of most of these people, but that's my fault, for if they aren't important, how did they get past that doorman?

A charming young couple, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, are the master and mistress of ceremonies, and they engage in what they call "table hopping" during each program. They take a hand microphone and go from table to table, interrupting the celebrities' meals to ask them about themselves. The celebrities don't seem to mind being interrupted. Some of the people say the funniest things. Fanny Ward, for instance, said that she was in the box the night they shot Lincoln, and then, there at the table, sang a song called "I'd Give a Million Tomorrows for Just One Yesterday." Mr. Powers, who is in the model-supply business, gave Miss Healy a piece of information I bet some girls would pay thousands of dollars to hear. Mr. Powers said, "The most important thing a woman wears is the expression on her face." That ninety-eight-year-old lady, Mrs. Faulkner, she was a knockout. She was wearing a big hat that reminded me of one of your old-time picnic baskets filled with hard-boiled eggs, ham sandwiches, dill pickles, and so on, and she told a story about when one of her children was a child and somebody came and knocked on the door and so on. Miss McNellis said that the next step in television will be to have the odor of food, even the odor of garlic, come right through into the living room, and she's probably right. Miss Rainer told us that she had a child of four, and Mr. Preminger—he's a big movie director—let us in on the secret that he is making a new picture. Once in a while, Mr. Hayes cuts up and wears glasses that blink on and off.

And that Mr. Billingsley! He sits at one of the tables and makes a lot of phone calls. They bring the phone right to his table. Seems kind of funny, since he never phones anybody except Miss Healy and Mr. Hayes, and they're never more than fifteen or twenty feet away, and sometimes they're right at the same table. Waiters keep bringing him notes, which he opens solemnly and slowly, as though they contained bad news, like in a telegram. Nothing much in them, except the name of some celebrity at the other end of the room, and then Miss Healy or Mr. Hayes hops down there with the hand microphone and talks to them. By the way, I had expected Mr. Billingsley to be dashing, but he looks like Mr. Horton, who runs the Eagle Diner, and he speaks ever so slowly, as though he were asleep.

Aunt Pauline, some of the dishes they serve in the Cub Room would make your eyes water. They show you close-ups of them. One night, the camera focussed on an odd, mussed-up old thing in a shell. "That," said Miss Healy, and she wasn't kidding, "is a crab ravigotte." She made that crab ravigotte sound mighty important. On one program, I actually saw a celebrity digging into a lobster *à l'américaine*, which is a good thing for people to be eating in times like these. But the piece of resistance in the Cub Room is a crêpe Suzette. There, I want to tell you, is an honest-to-gosh three-alarm fire! One night when one of Mr. Billingsley's captains touched a match to a crêpe Suzette, I would have sworn the whole place, celebrities and all, would be burned to a crisp. The flames were so high that even some of the celebrities cringed and hid their faces in their hands.

Well, that's life in the big city. Love to Uncle Ned and the kids.

Your devoted nephew,
PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

BABY'S PRAM, good condition, black, white kid inside, chrome wheels, used one year, $20.00. St. Lambert 2947.—*Adv. in the Montreal Daily Star.*

Kid in pretty good shape?

Henri Fayette
CHRISTMAS CARDS

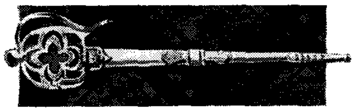
☆
NEW 1950 COLLECTION
now showing.
Personal representatives
in most important social
centers.
HENRI FAYETTE Inc.
2735 Armitage Avenue
Chicago 47
☆

Countess Mara
INCORPORATED
338 PARK AVENUE—NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Celeste

Red and green satin-striped cotton broadcloth with forest green scalloped bib. Irish linen collar. Sizes 3 to 6x, $7.95—7 to 12, $8.95. At better stores or write
Celeste, N. Y. 2, 1350 Broadway, N. Y. C.

SCOTTISH BROADSWORD CLIP



The renowned Scottish Broadsword reproduced as a handsome Tie Clip. Finished with beautiful filigree hilt. Sterling Silver or Gold-Plated on Sterling. 3½ inches long. $8 plus 20% Federal Tax.
Mail Orders Invited

Rogers Peet Company
NEW YORK • BOSTON

Write:
Rogers Peet, 5th Ave. at 41st St., New York 17, N.Y.

Incomparable Food

IMPERIAL HOUSE
50 E. WALTON PLACE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
WHitehall 4-5300

THE RACE TRACK

Back to the Mines

IT may seem like old stuff now to remind racegoers not to be surprised at *anything* that happens at Aqueduct. Yet the fact is that everybody had hardly settled down to the serious business of straight, place, and show on opening day, last week, when Quirinus, a two-year-old from the Belair Stud, brought off a better than 30–1 chance. (He paid $66.20.) The next bit of excitement came in the following race, the Discovery Handicap, in which Sunglow beat Steel Blue, a 60–1 shot, by only a short head, and Next Move, the odds-on favorite, finished fifth. Since Steel Blue led for most of the mile and a furlong, the chances are that he will have a sizable following the next time he runs; it might be well to remember, though, that he carried light weight. It was Sunglow's best effort this season, and he set a track record by running the distance in 1:49, two-fifths of a second faster than the old one, which was held jointly by Whirlaway and Apache. Sunglow belongs to Mrs. Dodge Sloane, whose Brookmeade Stable horses are, by and large, doing first-rate this season; they have won around forty races and three hundred thousand dollars in prize money. The only explanation I can offer for Next Move's performance is that she was sulking. She is easily the handsomest three-year-old filly in training, but she's probably the most vixenish. Next time she runs, she may be more in the mood.

To the casual observer, the Astarita Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, won by Jacodema, was a lively affair, but the eleven runners were not exactly a vintage lot. I have a notion that Vulcania, who won a less important race the day before, is quite as good as anything that ran in the Astarita. After all, Vulcania is a daughter of Vagrancy, a famous mare of not so long ago, and is a half sister of Black Tarquin, who ran well in England for William Woodward. I expect that her next appearance will be in the Matron Stakes at Belmont.

THE return to Long Island inevitably brings up, along with thoughts on the autumn season, this department's collection of small, hopeless crusades. The public-address system at Aqueduct

It's Back! It's Better!
the spectacular new summer
Ice Show
featuring
THE ROOKIES
JEAN ARLEN
In the air-conditioned
TERRACE ROOM
Dancing to
Bernie Cummins
and his Orchestra
HOTEL
New Yorker
34th St. and Eighth Ave., New York
Frank L. Andrews, Pres.

Luchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMET'S RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
HAS THE
GLAMOUR • ROMANCE
TRADITION
OF OLD NEW YORK
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
AIR-CONDITIONED

SERVING
PIKE boiled
served Hot or Cold
DAIRY FOOD AT ITS BEST FOR 30 YEARS
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT
BROADWAY & 81st ST., N.Y.C.
ENDICOTT 2-2030
OPEN EVERY DAY

Sea-Fare

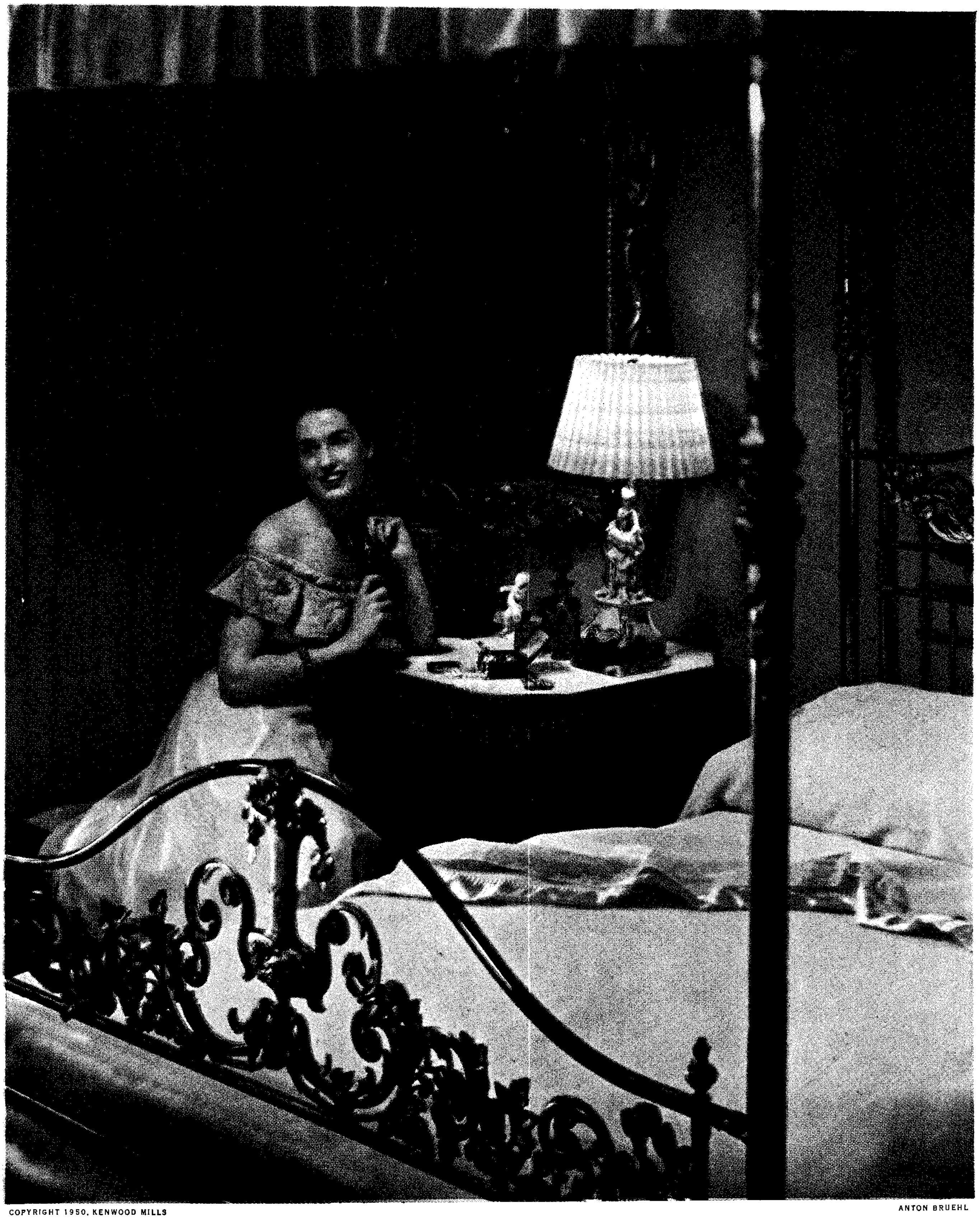
RESTAURANTS
1033 · 1st Ave. : 41 W. 8th St.
Sutton Place : Greenwich Village
THE ARISTOCRAT OF SEA FOOD RESTAURANTS

Strega
Pedro Domecq
SHERRY
La Ina
CINZANO
Johnnie Walker Black Label
Johnnie Walker Red Label
CINZANO
DRY
Pedro Domecq
SHERRY
CELEBRATION CREAM
CHAMPAGNE
FINE ARTS
London Dry Gin
Pedro Domecq
FUNDADOR
BRANDY
PASSPORT
PUERTO RICAN
RUM
NUYENS
Crème de Menthe
EXSHAW
V.S.O.P.
COGNAC
JOHN EXSHAW
NUYENS
Triple Sec
CRÈME DE CACAO
NUYENS

THE CANADA DRY COLLECTION *of finest wines and liquors.*
Canada Dry has combed the world for the finest. And here they are.
Whichever label you choose, you are picking the best.

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR
CANADA DRY
NEW YORK, N.Y.

JOHNNIE WALKER BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY—RED LABEL—BLACK LABEL—BOTH 86.8 PROOF • PASSPORT PUERTO RICAN RUM—86 PROOF • PEDRO DOMECQ FUNDADOR BRANDY—86 PROOF • FINE ARTS DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN—100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—90 PROOF • POWER'S IRISH WHISKEY—7 YEARS OLD, POT STILL, 86 PROOF • EXSHAW COGNAC—84 PROOF • STREGA LIQUEUR—85 PROOF • I. V. C. CALIFORNIA SPARKLING WINE—CHAMPAGNE BULK PROCESS *NUYENS CREME DE MENTHE—60 PROOF • *NUYENS CREME DE CACAO—60 PROOF • *NUYENS TRIPLE SEC—80 PROOF • *PRODUCTS OF U. S. A.



COPYRIGHT 1950, KENWOOD MILLS

ANTON BRUEHL

For her — and for you — Kenwood has created luxurious new blankets of pure wool — in new textures, new colors, and new finishes, so velvety soft, so wonderfully warm, and so breathlessly beautiful.

Kenwood Blankets

KENWOOD WOOL PRODUCTS

Send for full information about Kenwood Blankets and name of dealer nearest you.
Kenwood Mills, Box 340, Rensselaer, N.Y.

is louder than it ever was; it fairly blasts you out of your seat when it lets go. If the management turned the thing down (it could be turned *off*, for all I care), watching the races would be more fun. Then, horseplayers still have to walk half a mile to find out what kind of shoes the animals they're thinking of betting on are wearing. Of course, if the weather is fine, it's no great hardship to stroll from the grandstand to the saddling paddock, where the information is posted—and you can always get several tips along the way, too—but for rainy days, and for the benefit of sedentary customers, there should be a similar board in the betting ring. When the track is muddy, that's the time it is important to know whether a horse is shod with mud calks or the same smooth plates he wears when the track is fast. Jamaica, by the way, has a new and very elaborate shoe board, and I could think of nothing better to do with its old one than set it up in a convenient place at Aqueduct. Eight to five nothing happens.

I can tell you, too, that track conditions for the day are still not going to be announced at the Long Island courses, as they are at a number of other tracks. Marshall Cassidy, the executive secretary of the Jockey Club, who dotes on gadgets of all kinds, did find a contraption that would record the amount of moisture in the soil, but it was too complicated to be practical. Besides, the Jockey Club feels that anybody ought to be able to note the official time posted for the first race of the day and draw his own conclusions about the footing from that. I would like to suggest that those who can't wait take their shoes off, jog around on the track, and find out for themselves.

—AUDAX MINOR

• •

ABOVE CLUSTERED SUBURBAN ROOFS

How bright above the undulant hills the sun
Unfolds the fan of dawn, beheld by none
Except one solitary roused from slumber
Untimely with "Excuse it please, wrong number."
The birds *in choro* and the crowing cock
Hymn the unspoiled delights of five o'clock.
I notice, from my terrace looking down,
How country birds, like men, have flocked to town.
Weary of worming or of pecking wood,
They claim the bounty of the neighborhood;
Abandoning the forest to the foxes,
They fatten at suburban feeding boxes.

Yet why, in half-ironic leitmotiv,
Make parables on claimants for relief?
Beneath these roofs that shine like silver foil
At tilted angles sleep no sons of toil,
But indolence disguised by many a title
Impressive to the ear yet nowise vital,
Late-rising clerks and businessmen. By now
The farmer boy has long since milked the cow,
The hen achieved her egg, the bull conferred
His cheerful vigor on the unborn herd.
For once, with such I claim an equal worth,
As punctual offspring of the parent earth.

Great Mother, green progenitrix and tomb,
Revolving in alternate light and gloom,
I find—and hope you will—a special fitness
That of your waking I became the witness,
One with your orbit's natural design,
Albeit through error on a party line.
If now, with lesser members of my race,
I sip the coffee of the commonplace,
Yet would I boast how I have quaffed with you
The vanished distillation of the dew,
And, with superior smile and stifled yawn,
Be known as one who rises with the dawn.

—ROBERT HILLYER

Just in!

Fortunate is the woman who acquires one of these newly arrived famous British ulsters. They are classic in almost time-less style—cut on natural, easy lines and with superb fabric and workmanship. For daytime wear, traveling or the hard-on-clothes conditions of country life, no coat could be more useful—or more distinguished.

Imported Harris or Orkney Tweed Ulsters $98.00
Lined in all-wool tartan plaid (camel colored wool in some of the Orkney) with rayon lined sleeves for ease in putting on. Sizes 12-20.

Imported Shetland Tweed Ulsters $125.00
Truly beautiful in texture and tailoring. Lined with camel-colored wool, rayon lined sleeves. Sizes 12-20.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
MADISON AVE. AT 45TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
CHICAGO STORE:
VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE
9 NO. WABASH

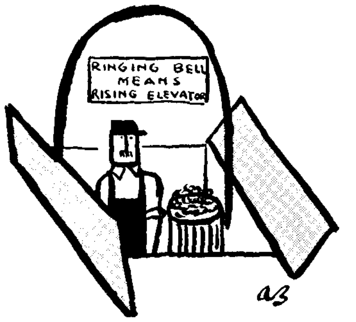
CANADA'S FINEST
Haven't You Been MISSING SOMETHING ?
CANADA'S FINEST
IMPORTED
Harwood's Blended Canadian Whisky
Blended and Bottled by Duncan Harwood & Co. Ltd. Vancouver, British Columbia Canada
Harwood's
Canada's Finest Whisky

GRACE ARROWHEAD

IT was not until Nanny came to live with my mother after the war, and at the age of eighty-five broke her leg, that I really found out anything about her as a person.

For longer than I can remember, she had been a part of the background of the Oxfordshire manor house where my family have lived for three hundred years (and where, after my mother dies, they will live no more). As a young girl of twenty-two, she had helped to bring my mother into the world; half a century later she had attended my father on his way out of it. Between these two events, she had been nanny to my sister and me and any number of cousins, and when, as sometimes happened, there was no member of our large and rambling family in need of her attentions, she gave devoted service elsewhere. But it was always understood that we had first call on her, and whenever there was a departure from the normal family routine—when there was a daughter or a niece to be married, a baby to be born, or an invalid to be nursed—whenever there was a domestic crisis and we were left suddenly servantless, then Nanny was sent for and established herself in her old quarters in what had once been the nursery, later became the schoolroom, and at length by common consent was called the sewing room.

Looking back over the years at my attitude toward Nanny when I was a boy, I realize how very little I knew about her. Children have a way of accepting unquestioningly those in whose care they grow up, nor do they picture them as existing in any other environment. All I can clearly remember of Nanny's physical appearance during my childhood is that she had large brown spaniel-like eyes, an expression of almost Christlike mildness, and a pronounced stoop. For a long time, I did not know her real name or where she lived when she was not with us. Other nannies who were inflicted on us from time to time were called according to their surnames, like Nanny Burkett or Nanny Smith, but Nanny unqualified could signify only one person. I might never have known her name during my entire childhood if, one Christmas when Nanny was not with us, my mother had not given me a present to wrap up and mail to her. Nanny's name, Grace Arrowhead, struck me when I first heard it as being somehow unlikely and rather indelicate. However, it could not have much worried me, for I soon forgot it and had to ask my mother again the following Christmas. Nanny's permanent address was care of a sister in Muswell Hill, but as these two words conveyed as little meaning to me then as they do now, I soon forgot them, too.


RINGING BELL MEANS RISING ELEVATOR

MY childhood memories of Nanny are entirely happy ones. She was, I think, one of the kindest and most generous people I have ever met. Her whole life seemed to be dedicated to my interest and well-being. I have been told that as a small boy I was very troublesome. If so, I did not trouble Nanny, or if I did, she never showed it. She was in this respect quite unlike our other nannies, whom, even at this remove, I cannot recall without a sense of loathing. Because of my troublesomeness (I sometimes bit them while they were bathing me), they never lasted long. Their most hateful fault was a smug superiority. They never tired of moralizing, of bossing, of putting one in the wrong. They said things like "Look sharp!" and "Mark my words!" and when I made a frightful face they one and all said, "If you go on doing that, one day the wind will change and you'll find your face will stay like that." Nanny said none of these things, nor—and this is more than I can say of anyone else I knew intimately as a child—do I remember a single time when she lost her temper.

Her characteristic phrases were all gentle and affectionate. She always called me "dear" or "dear boy." (Other nannies called me "Master John.") If she wanted me to eat something particularly dreary and unappetizing, she would say, "It's nice and nourishing, dear" or "It's good for the blood." I do not think she said this as a ruse but as a genuine statement of faith. Her nearest approach to a show of authority was the phrase "Make haste," but this was used only on occasions that would have driven any other nanny demented.

I think I am most grateful to her for the times she took care of me when I was ill, confined to bed with chicken pox or measles or another of those tiresome children's diseases. "The boy must lie quiet, Madam, and take plenty of fluids," she would tell my mother, and then she would carry out her own recommendation faithfully, appearing at the bedside with great muslin-covered jugs of fresh lemonade. Sometimes, to while away the long hours, she helped me with a jigsaw puzzle or a Meccano house, and once, during the mumps, we built a large Spanish ship. While engaged in these tasks, she would hum tunelessly.

IN 1939, when I was twenty, I went away to the war. I had not seen Nanny for a year or two before that, and I did not see her again until nine or ten years later, when I came home from London, where I was then living, for a few days before one of my periodic visits abroad and found Nanny back in her old quarters in the sewing room. Although there was no apparent reason for her presence, it did not strike me as the least odd that she should be there; it seemed, in fact, the most natural thing in the world. My mother explained that Nanny's sister in Muswell Hill had died and Nanny was without a home. It would have made no difference to me what the reason was. Nanny was so much a part of my experience that as I had accepted her as a child, so I accepted her now. After her long absence, during which I had reached an age of awareness, I might have been expected to approach her with fresh eyes. But I didn't; and she seemed no different in manner or appearance from what she had been at any other period of my life.

The day before I was due to go abroad was cold and wintry. There had been an early fall of snow, and patches of it still lay here and there. In the afternoon, I went for a long walk, and the sky grew dark as I was returning to the house. My mother was out on one of those numerous errands for the welfare of the community that have filled so much of her life, and I was looking forward to tea and crumpets with Nanny in the sewing room. As I neared the house, a figure came running down the steps to meet me. It was Mrs. Davies, the housekeeper.

"Oh, Mr. John, sir, there's been a terrible accident," she said. "It's poor Miss Arrowhead, she's fallen downstairs and damaged herself something proper. I've laid her in the drawing room, sir, and the district nurse is with her now."

I went into the house and met the district nurse coming out of the drawing

De Pinna

gabardine gold mine

Smart classic with new soft ways: tiny star collar, midway sleeves and figure-shaping pockets. Every line's a good one . . . full of city-country potentials, ideal for accessories (tie a scarf at your waist and see!) Red, gold, green worsted. 10 to 18. **35.00**

Mail and Phone Orders Invited—MU 8-2000

YOUNG MODERNS—FOURTH FLOOR

5th Ave. at 52nd St., N.Y.

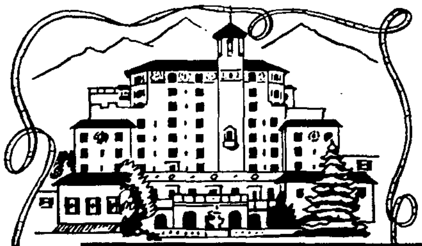
room. She was a plump, competent-looking woman.

"I'm afraid she's fractured her leg," she said. "It doesn't seem to be a bad break, but with these old people you never can tell. She's suffering from very bad shock, too. I've given her an injection to ease the pain, but the sooner we can get her into hospital, the better."

I showed the district nurse to the telephone, and while she was ringing up the cottage hospital, I went into the drawing room. Nanny was lying on one of the big chintz-covered sofas, her head resting on a pile of red and green silk cushions. I sat down on a chair beside her. She was obviously in great pain. Every now and then, she said "Oh dear!" or "Oh, oh, oh!" and moved her right arm to and fro in an instinctive gesture to relieve the pain. Mrs. Davies held her other hand and murmured words of sympathy. There did not seem much else to do.

I was profoundly shocked. It is a distressing thing to see anyone in pain, especially when it is somebody old and inarticulate and loved. But in addition to this there was a kind of terrible grotesqueness about Nanny's suffering. For thirty years, I had accepted her not as a being with hopes and desires and emotions of her own but as a source of love and goodness and gentleness; not as one capable of suffering herself but as one who relieved the suffering of others. Now this façade, which unconsciously I had built up over the years, was destroyed in an instant, and behind it was revealed an old, tired, sick woman. Never in all the time I had known her had I been conscious of any social distinction between us. We had never been rich, or Nanny, I think, very poor; but it seemed to me then, looking at her frail body lying on the bright chintz of the sofa and the gaily colored cushions that emphasized the drabness of her dress, that there was an enormous gulf between us. Nanny's suffering was a monstrous thing, and, as though I alone were responsible for it, I felt terribly ashamed.

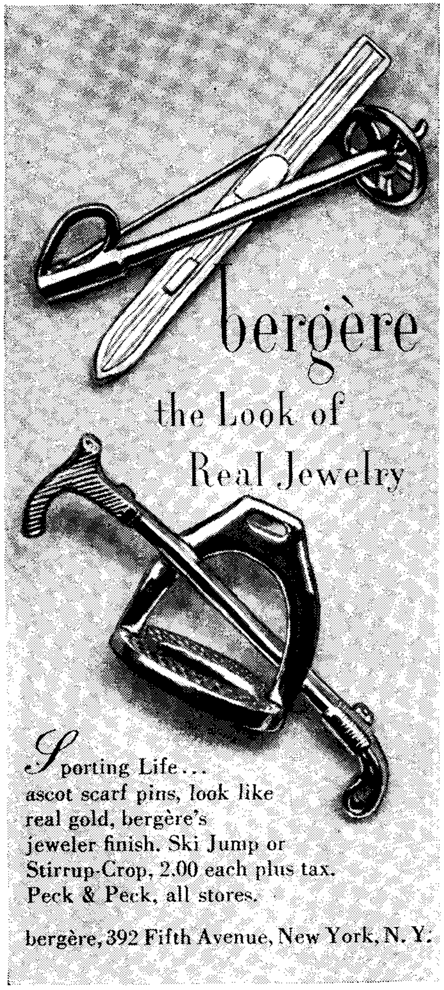
By the time the ambulance arrived, the injection had begun to take effect and Nanny lay on the sofa with her eyes closed. Two men came in carrying a stretcher. The district nurse talked to them for a minute, and then they lifted Nanny onto the stretcher and began strapping her leg up, so that she could not move it. They worked with a cool, unemotional precision. It was easy to tell oneself that their detachment was the result of long experience, but the difference between their attitude toward



VACATION PREFERRED

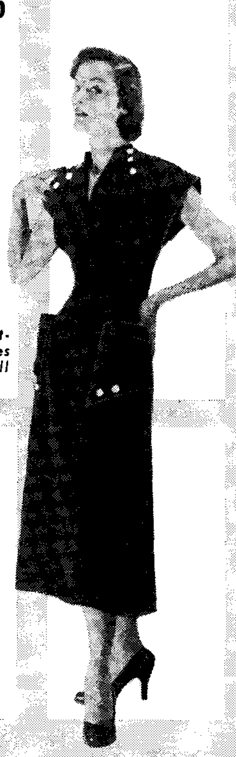
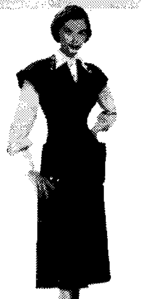
With every popular sports and entertainment diversion available in the finest accepted manner . . . It's no wonder Broadmoor hotel has become famous with world travelers as America's "Preferred" year around resort . . . Write for color brochure

BROADMOOR HOTEL . . .
Colorado Springs
Colorado



Sporting Life . . .
ascot scarf pins, look like real gold, bergère's jeweler finish. Ski Jump or Stirrup-Crop, 2.00 each plus tax.
Peck & Peck, all stores.

bergère, 392 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

only $22.95

and a jump ahead in quality and value! Another exclusive job out of TALL GALS HAVEN—pinwale corduroy jumper of superior quality —cut to fit beautifully—to wear in style plus or minus a blouse, in or out of the classroom. Black, green, wine, rust, dark brown.

ORDER BY MAIL, fittings perfect in sizes 12 to 20 T-G (Tall Gal Proportioned)

Write for Free Fashion Flashes

TALL GALS
PEG NEWTON
Tall Gals' Haven
3 E. 48th St., New York 17, N. Y. • PL 8-1564

Gourmet's Delight
Bon Vivant
LOBSTER a la NEWBURG
with Imported Sherry Wine

A flavor thrill for the most discriminating palate! Succulent chunks of choice lobster meat . . . enhanced in a velvety-smooth rich, creamy sauce of the finest imported sherry . . . an exotic compliment for your guests, and for your own eating pleasure!

Obtainable at Quality Food Stores

Moore & Co. Soups, Inc., Mfr.
137 Beekman Street, New York, N. Y.

FOR YOUR BOY
As an Antidote to Mad Suburbia
A boarding school operated by Quakers for those who put moral and spiritual values first. Co-educational—400 students—600 acres. Write to
WESTTOWN SCHOOL
Box 20, Westtown, Pa. (25 miles from Philadelphia.)

Nanny and mine troubled me. While they were working, Mrs. Davies, who had gone up to Nanny's bedroom on the district nurse's instructions, reappeared with a little bundle of her things—a nightdress, bedroom slippers, a hairbrush, and a washing bag. I had never seen these articles before and I found the sight of them curiously distressing. It was almost as if I had stumbled accidentally on some great friend's love letters.

When the ambulance men had strapped Nanny up, they carried her outside and lifted her into the ambulance. At that moment, I realized that the district nurse was not going to go with her, that her job had finished where the ambulance men's had begun. I could not bear the thought of these cool, efficient men taking Nanny away like a corpse to the undertaker's, and I asked if I might go, too.

"Wouldn't it be better if I did, sir?" Mrs. Davies asked.

It probably would have been, but I was still obsessed with the idea that I had a personal responsibility in the matter. However ineffectual my presence, I felt that by going with Nanny in this dark hour I would be making some small return for everything she had done for me.

IT is about eight miles from the house to the cottage hospital, a journey that normally takes twenty minutes, but the roads were still icy after the snow and we could only drive very slowly. One of the ambulance men was at the wheel; the other sat in the back beside me, on a wooden bench opposite Nanny. There was a full moon shining, so brightly that its rays penetrated the tiny smoked windowpane above Nanny and suffused the knees of the ambulance man and myself with a violet glow. Nanny lay back in the shadows.

We had been driving for a little over half an hour, and were, I suppose, about half a mile from the hospital, when there was a slight stirring opposite me. In the semidarkness, it was difficult to see anything, but I could tell that Nanny had raised herself up on her elbows. She did not speak or make any sound, but the whole atmosphere of the ambulance suddenly became charged with urgency. The silence lasted for some seconds, and then Nanny said, "What's this?" In the unnaturalness of this phrase there was something extraordinarily foreboding. The ambulance man leaned forward and said, "It's all right, lady, you just lie back and rest. We're taking you along to the hospital and everything's going to be all right." Nanny did not move or say anything for several moments, and then she said quietly, "You can't do anything to me."

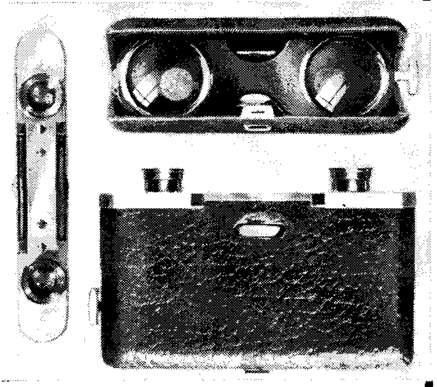
There was another silence then, worse than before. The ambulance man felt it, too; I could tell by the way his body tensed, ready to act at any moment. "I know what you're after," said Nanny. "You want my money. Well, you won't get it. I've hidden it, see." This was followed by a terrible cry, halfway between a laugh and a scream. It died down quickly, and then Nanny said, with the shock of an exploding bomb, "You buggers!"

The ambulance man leaned forward again. He took hold of Nanny's arm in an effort to coax her to lie back on the stretcher. It was a well-meant but mistaken gesture. The touch of another's hand on her arm gave her mania an external reality. With the quick, instinctive movement of one trapped, she sat upright, so that the top of her head was caught by the rays of the moon and her gray wisps of hair glowed violet, and began thrashing her arms up and down. "Don't you touch me, you bastard!" she screamed. "You keep your filthy hands off." Then the whole ambulance was drenched in a flow of invective and abuse. Oath followed oath, obscenity followed obscenity, fouler than anything I had ever heard. Like the steady discharge from a burst sewer pipe the stream gushed: memories from a childhood that froze the imagination; things observed and experienced, remembered and forgotten, in nearly a century of living. It continued unceasing while she was being taken out of the ambulance and carried through the doors of the hospital. In the entrance hall, she caught sight of a group of nurses. "You're after my money, you whores," she screamed, "like those other buggers! I've hidden it and you'll never find it. Never, never, never!" And again there was the awful half-hysterical, half-anguished cry.

I stood in the doorway, appalled, and watched her being carried away down a long corridor and listened to the oaths and obscenities and shouts until they were at last swallowed up in the dark interior of the hospital. A woman standing near me took the little bundle of nightdress and hairbrush and washing things that I had brought in with me and said casually, "We'll let you know how she is in the morning."

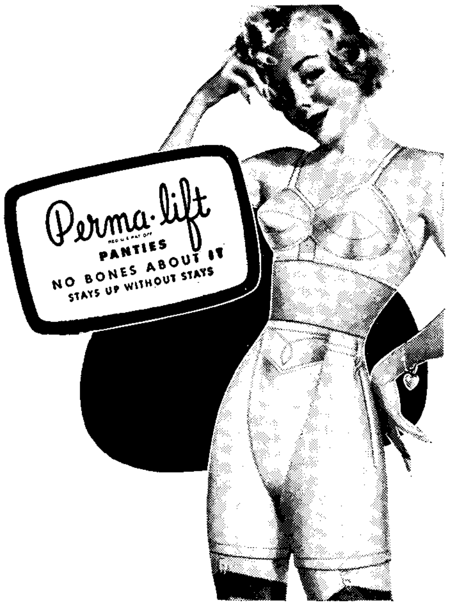
I LEFT England the next day and was abroad for several months. From time to time, I had news of

MARK CROSS
Fifth Avenue at 55th N.Y. 22



TURTLE BINOCS
they never come out of their shell!
15.*
For sports fans, travelers, theatre-goers. Pocket-size binoculars built into their own case. They snap open, close like a jack-knife. Aperture of objective 26 mm. 3.5x mag. Navy, brown, red, green, tan or black sharkskin covered metal case; 4 x 2¼ and only ½" thin.
Mail Orders Filled • Postage Prepaid
SEND FOR THE MARK CROSS GIFT CATALOG
*add 20% excise tax

Sally Victor
18 EAST 53RD STREET, N.Y.C.



Only **PERMA·LIFT** Panties
have the Magic Inset
"No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays"

Designed to make every girl a beauty queen, your "Perma·lift"* Pantie is comfortable beyond belief. The Magic Inset, in the front panel, does the trick. No bones or stays, yet your "Perma·lift" Pantie can't roll over, wrinkle or bind. The patented all-elastic legband construction is something special too—your pantie won't ride up, stays in place. At your corsetiere's, $5 to $10.95.

Also enjoy a "Perma·lift" Bra—America's best loved bra with "The Lift that never lets you down."

*"Perma·lift", a trade-mark of A. Stein & Company (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) Chicago, New York, Los Angeles

BY APPOINTMENT · GIN DISTILLERS TO
H. M. KING GEORGE VI · BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES, LTD.
BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN
LONDON
PARK & TILFORD
Imported from England
The essential ingredient of a perfect Martini

Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • 86 Proof
PARK & TILFORD Distillers Corp., New York

Nanny in letters from my mother. The doctors were astonished at her rapid progress; they had feared that such a shock at her age would be fatal. In March, my mother told me Nanny had been discharged from the hospital and was back at home. In none of her letters did my mother mention any peculiarity of behavior.

I arrived back in England in the spring and went down to Oxfordshire one boisterous April afternoon when the daffodils in the park were bending under the gusts of a cold north wind. Mrs. Davies met me at the front door and said that my mother had gone to the Women's Institute at Chipping Norton, but Nanny was waiting to give me tea in the sewing room.

At the sewing-room door, I paused. This was a critical moment. If Nanny knew what I knew, if she remembered, or some busybody at the hospital had told her what had happened that night, then our thirty-year relationship would be ended and she would become a stranger to me forever; but if, as I prayed, she was ignorant of it, then I would be able to accept her as I always had, and she would remain as unchangeable a part of my life as the trees in the park or the mellow stonework of the house.

I turned the door handle and went in. Nanny was sitting by the window, her back toward me, busy with needle and thread. It was an attitude I had seen her in a thousand times. It could have been yesterday, or tomorrow, or a decade ago. The sewing room was the same, familiar, secure, changeless: the white enamelled shelves with their rows of nursery books and groups of toy animals; the tall three-sided fireguard with its gleaming brass top; the Singer sewing machine squatting on the table where it had stood ever since I could remember; the rocking horse, unused for a generation and with the paint peeling from its flanks, standing duncelike in the corner; tea waiting on the table.

"Hallo, Nanny," I said.

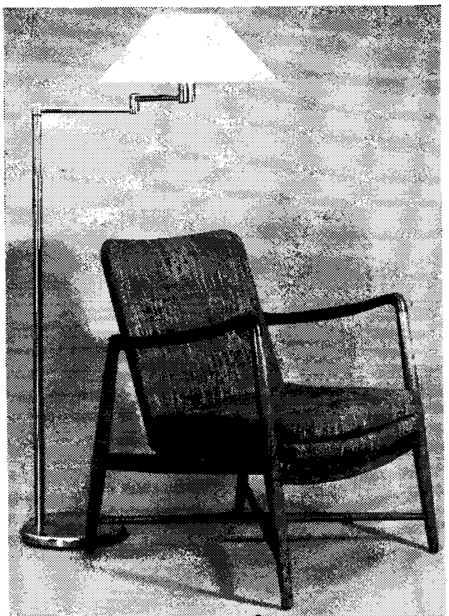
She turned in her chair, took a moment to recognize me, and said, "Is it you, dear boy? Nice to have you home again." She got up and came toward me.

"How are you, Nanny? Is your leg really better?"

"Oh, I'm all right, dear. Never better. But how are you? Been abroad, I hear. You're looking well. All that sunshine would do you good."

I looked into her eyes with a boldness I did not feel, looked for the

The perfect topping
for slim skirts . . . Martha West's exclusive SUEDE Eisenhower jacket dramatically tailored with drop shoulder and turn back cuff. By **Sills,** foremost innovator in suede fashions. Cognac, kelly red.
Sizes 10-18, **$35.00**
Mail orders filled. Postage prepaid everywhere in the U.S.
Martha West
444 Madison Avenue, New York City
179 East Post Road, White Plains, New York
49 Elm Street, New Canaan, Conn.



Contemporary decor . . .
in the Georg Jensen manner
Finn Juhl designed this famous chair exclusively for Jensen's. The Museum of Modern Art chose it for the "Good Design" exhibit. In muslin, 220.
Handsome swing-arm lamp, which adjusts from 50" to 60" in height, takes a 3-way bulb. Brushed aluminum, 54. Brushed brass, 57.
Complete decorating service available.
MAIL AND PHONE ORDERS FILLED
ELDORADO 5-6630
GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Ave. at 53rd St., New York 22

black shadow of recognition, for the evil thing I prayed I might not see. But there was nothing, only the same kindliness and gentleness and love that I had known and cherished through the years.

"Come and sit down, dear boy," said Nanny. "I've got some crumpets for your tea. You always did like crumpets, didn't you?"

—LUDOVIC KENNEDY

•

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION

NEW HAVEN, CONN.,
AUGUST 30, 1950

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

IN a recent issue, you devoted a few paragraphs of your Talk of the Town to my magical product, Silly Putty. All you said about it was fine, except for one thing—it can't be used to level off chairs, tables, or any other articles of furniture with uneven legs. To date, I've received twenty-two telephone calls and letters from irate readers of your magazine, who tell me that they tried using a gob of the stuff for that purpose and, because Silly Putty is really a liquid at heart, discovered that when they stuck it under a table leg, it soiled the rug. I guess it's too late to warn your readers *not* to put Silly Putty under their furniture, but it might be helpful to let them know that any good tetrachloride cleaning agent will take every bit of Silly Putty off rugs, with no harm done.

May I add, to make up for the bad news about Silly Putty on rugs, some good news about Silly Putty on typewriter keys? In case you or your readers are ever troubled by dirty typewriter keys, just try rubbing them with Silly Putty. It works wonders.

Excuse me. There goes the phone.

Yours,
PETER HODGSON

•

The "hell of a licking" which United Nations forces have just administered to the Reds on the crucial Naktong river front provides the best war news we have had in many tragic weeks. We seem to be holding at last on the line which experts have said must be held if we were to retain our beachhead.

The spectre of another Dan Kergue is temporarily laid.—*Boston Herald.*

How are prospects for another Norman Dee?

Our fine new Store at
74 East Madison Street,
Chicago, is now open.

ESTABLISHED 1818

FOR TODAY'S UNDERGRADUATES...
our "346" clothes offer Brooks Brothers'
Quality and Good Taste
...at generally lower prices

Today's Undergraduates, like their fathers and grandfathers before them, come to Brooks Brothers for their distinctive clothing and furnishings. The selection of materials, detailing, and designing of our "346" clothes receive the careful attention and reflect the Good Taste so typically Brooks Brothers.

Undergraduates like the individuality of our "346" clothes...appreciate, too, their generally lower prices.

"346" CLOTHES
Suits, $65 to $85 • *Tweed Topcoats, $65*
Sport Jackets, $50 to $60 • *Flannel Trousers, $20*
White Button-down Collar Oxford Cloth Shirts, $4.25
Other Oxford Cloth Shirts, $4.50 and $5
Silk Neckwear, $2.50
Undershorts, $1.75 • *Pajamas, $5.00 to $6.50*

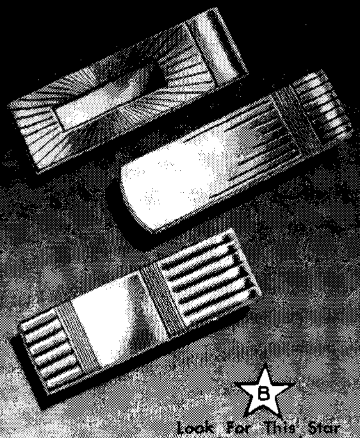
ESTABLISHED 1818
Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
CHICAGO • BOSTON • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

THE NEW BALLOU

"CLIPPER"*

Modern short tie clip — holds securely, instantly removable. Beautiful designs in 14K Gold, 1/20 12K Gold-Filled or in Sterling.



Look For This Star At Fine Jewelers

MADE BY

BALLOU

B. A. Ballou & Co., Inc.
Providence, R. I.

*Patent Pending

"Obvious! He was murdered for not using enough Angostura* in the Old Fashioneds!"

ANGOSTURA®
AROMATIC BITTERS
MAKES BETTER DRINKS

There are many kinds of Old Fashioneds, but every one's better when you're generous with the Angostura. And what zest and flavor Angostura adds to soups and salads!

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Mostly Miss Todd

Ann Todd, whose resources as an actress are practically unlimited, expends enough of her talent upon the English picture "Madeleine" to make it something more than ordinary, even though the plot that binds its scenes together has become frayed with hard usage through the years. As the central figure of this film, which has Glasgow as its locale, Miss Todd is a Victorian miss, ostensibly as virtuous as Elsie Dinsmore but actually as reckless emotionally as Lady Chatterley. While presumably under the thumb of her tyrannical father, this young lady manages, with deplorable frequency, to sneak away to the arms of an impoverished Frenchman (Ivan Desny), who is delighted not only with her ardor but with her sound cash position. When the heroine learns that the passion of her lover is not without mercenary undertones, she decides to have done with him and demands her letters back. The Frenchman, unfortunately for him, refuses her request. Presently, after joining her in a cup of cocoa, he finds himself loaded to the ears with arsenic and takes to his bed to rise no more. Whether the girl of his dreams did him in or not is argued at length in a courtroom finale that contains some forensic palavering singularly free of the guff movie lawyers usually fall back on when confronted by any case worth more than a small-claims treatment.

The direction of "Madeleine" is competent, but it is doubtful whether the thing would deserve even a first glance without Miss Todd, whose transitions from stiff-necked propriety to enraptured abandon are always plausible. In the crowd of mock Victorians surrounding her, we have, along with Mr. Desny, Leslie Banks, Norman Wooland, and Barbara Everest. They, and all the rest of the cast, know their work and do it well.

"The Black Rose" is a massive coagulation of overblown dialogue, preposterous acting, drooling Technicolor, and dubious history. It is about a Saxon youth named Walter, the bastard son of a nobleman, who sets out from England in the thirteenth century to escape the hated society of the Norman conquerors and winds up in China, in the company of a pal from the homeland and a blonde. This blonde, originally part of a shipment of cuties being sent from Antioch to the headquarters of Kublai Khan, has been sprung from the ladies' section of the caravan en route, and it develops that she's the issue of a mating between a Crusader and a desert belle. She communicates with Walter the Love Child in broken baby talk, and although he's an Oxford man, he seems to find this engaging. He also likes to chatter with an infidel general named Bayan, who is credited by his retinue with having a hundred eyes. Whatever his state optically, this general, as played by Orson Welles, resembles nothing more formidable than a Kewpie doll. In the role of Walter, Tyrone Power starts out with an air of morose vacuity and stays right with it to the end. The blonde is Cecile Aubry, a French actress. "The Black Rose" was directed, to use the word loosely, by Henry Hathaway.

"Summer Stock" is a pleasant, inconsequential film in which Judy Garland and Gene Kelly get quite a few opportunities to dance and sing in diverting style. The book is mighty familiar, dealing with the efforts of a theatrical company to mold a musical comedy into shape while rehearsing in a barn and doing chores around a farm. The picture is woefully short on humor, but it goes along easily despite this handicap. Eddie Bracken, Marjorie Main, and Phil Silvers are also on hand. The last goes in for some of the most ferocious mugging I ever saw.

About a dozen years ago, Hollywood made a first-rate movie of Harry Leon Wilson's "Ruggles of Red Gap." Now, in "Fancy Pants," the boys have tried to make too much of a good thing by distorting the Wilson novel to accommodate the antics of Bob Hope. I regret to report that Mr. Hope was never less funny than he is in this exhibit, and never, even on the radio, did he have such dreary material.

—John McCarten

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Darlington (Wis.) Republican-Journal*]

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wackman of Racine are spending a few days this week visiting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Jenks, after which they will enjoy camping at Hale, Mich.

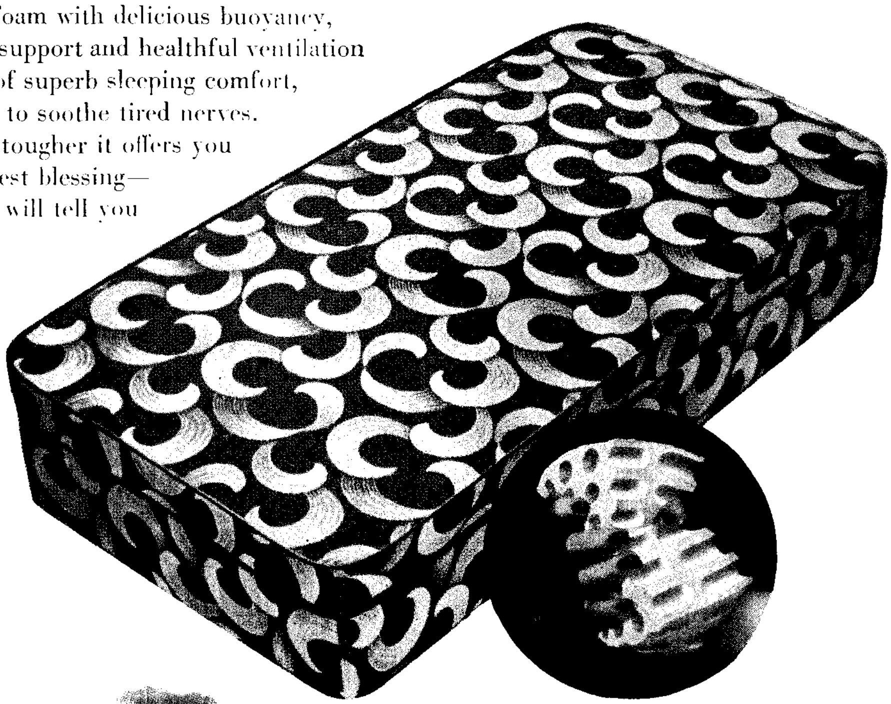
AMONG LIFE'S DELIGHTFUL EXPERIENCES

How enchanting—the proud showing of her first evening dress. Here is a joy to be lived but once.

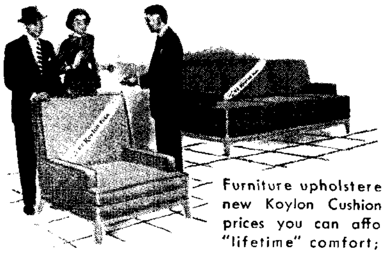
Equally unforgettable—and a delightful experience every night—is the glorious refreshment of blessed, relaxing sleep on a Koylon Foam Mattress.

Now Koylon is made a Revolutionary New Way!

It's the new Koylon Foam with delicious buoyancy,
with a greater area of airy support and healthful ventilation
. . . now more than ever a cloud of superb sleeping comfort,
to float and relax you, to soothe tired nerves.
Because new Koylon is stronger and tougher it offers you
many years of life's greatest blessing—
scientific, restorative sleep. Fine stores will tell you
the fabulous story.



- New Koylon is made in one complete piece, nothing to come apart or break down.
- Double cores mean more healthful ventilation. Koylon keeps dustfree, odorless, sanitary.
- Exclusive damask cover is woven and treated so it won't shrink, creep or bunch. Stitched top and bottom to hold true to mattress edges.
- Koylon foundation is reinforced hardwood with tempered steel springs, hand-tied 8 ways.



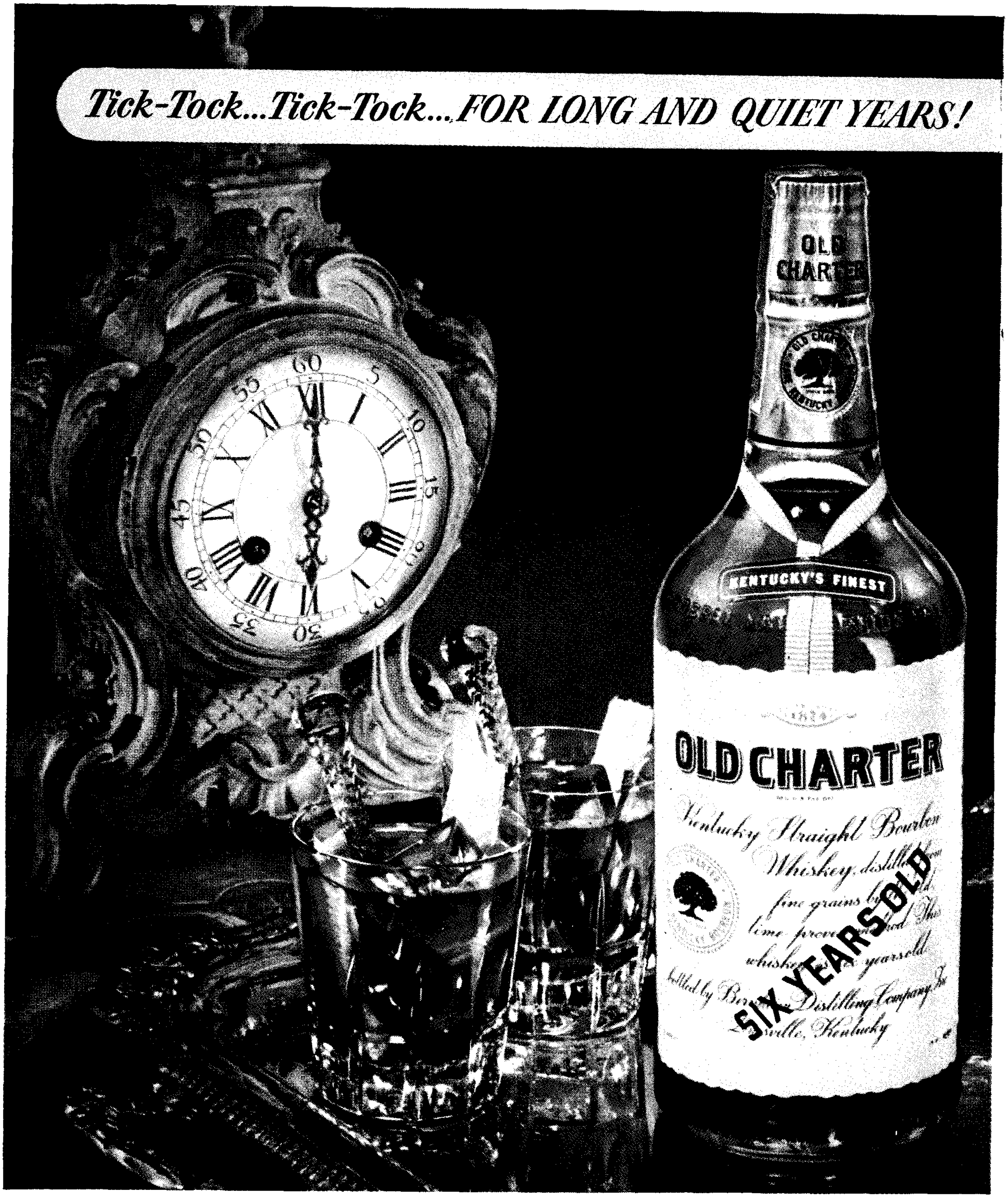
Furniture upholstered with new Koylon Cushioning at prices you can afford. It's "lifetime" comfort; never needs fluffing.

Pillows of new super-whipped Koylon are the plumpest, fluffiest possible. Self-airing, cool, dustfree, completely washable.

U.S. Koylon® FOAM

U. S. Koylon Foam Mattress.
U. S. Foundation, exclusively for Koylon.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY ❖ *Serving Through Science*
ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK


Tick-Tock...Tick-Tock...FOR LONG AND QUIET YEARS!
OLD CHARTER
KENTUCKY'S FINEST
OLD CHARTER
SIX YEARS OLD

SOME DAY a drink will be put in your hand, and you'll take a sip . . . and pause in your talk while you take another, thoughtfully. Then you'll ask a question and the answer will be "That? . . . *That's Old Charter!*" And you will have made a friend for life . . . For when we started with whiskey, this noble by nature, then waited many years while Time made it mellow and ripe . . . we were bound to wind up with a whiskey that would get asked about . . . and remembered!

OLD CHARTER

KENTUCKY'S FINEST
STRAIGHT BOURBON

6 YEARS OLD

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 6 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF • BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

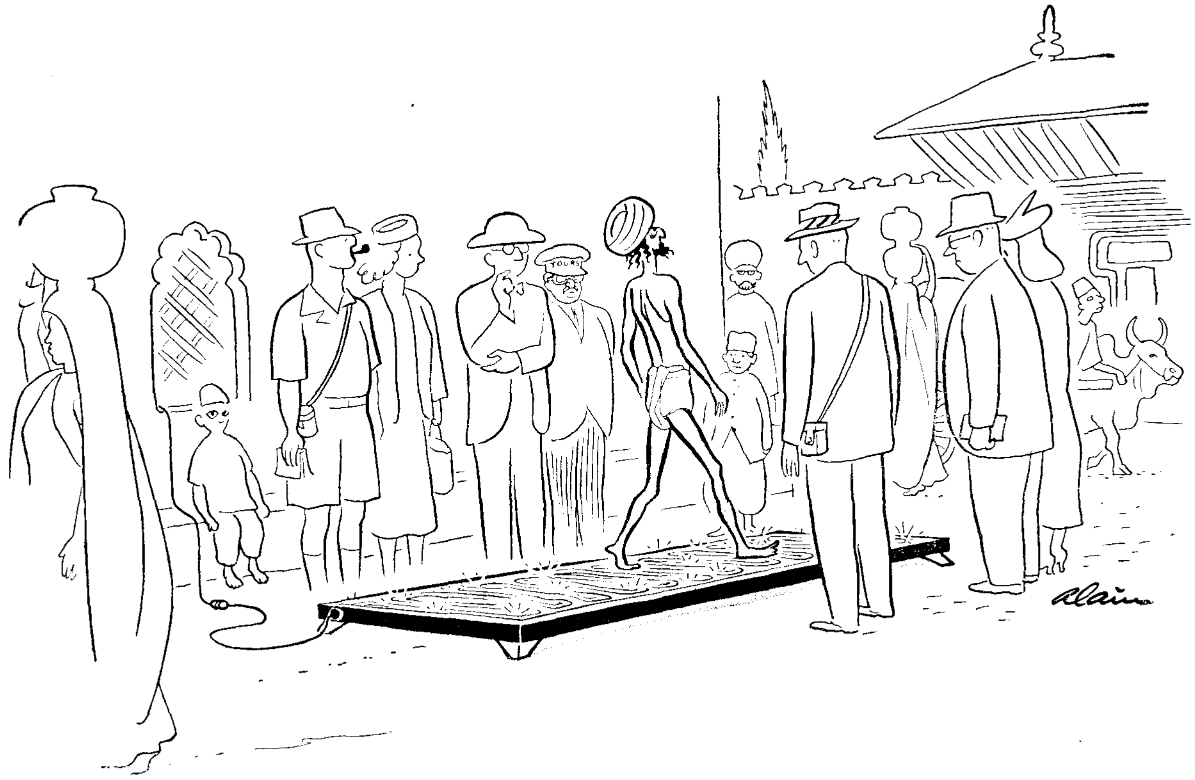
BOOKS

The Indignant Flesh

IT is said that the new Hemingway novel, "Across the River and Into the Trees" (Scribner), was written because Hemingway thought at one period in 1949 that he would die of an eye infection caused by a hunting accident near Venice, and that he turned aside from the more ambitious novel he has been working over for some years to do this little book in the short time he felt was left. The book was obviously written under great tension, is about an American in Venice waiting to die (an Army officer exactly Hemingway's age, which in 1949 was a furiously inconsolable fifty-one), and can only distress anyone who admires Hemingway. Considering the state of crisis in which it is supposed to have been written, it is hard to say what one feels most in reading this book—pity, embarrassment that so fine and honest a writer can make such a travesty of himself, or amazement that a man can render so marvellously the beauty of the natural world and yet be so vulgar.

The book reads as if it had been written as a premature summary of Hemingway's own life and work. It has the familiar Hemingway love affair, an abstractly ideal and doomed romance quite irrelevant to the real force and descriptive eloquence in the story; the familiar motifs of the satisfactions of hunting, eating, drinking, and comradeship in war; the usual refrain of slightly beery stoicism; the usual carefully loving descriptions of light, of water, of birds in flight, of the stoniness in the North Italian landscape. All of Hemingway is here—to the point of unconsciously quoting famous lines from the other works ("The finest people that you know"), the horrors remembered from shooting down Austrians on the Italian front in the First World War, the protracted, showy, and naïvely condescending negotiations with lovable bartenders and headwaiters in the better European restaurants, and the irritable reiteration that Valpolicella is better poured from flasks than from bottles; it gets too dreggy in bottles. The tough and battered hero, Colonel Richard Cantwell, of the American occupation forces in Trieste, is literally a composite of all the Hemingway heroes—is from the West, has fought with the Italian Army in the First World War, has been shot in the head and hit on the head, has a broken nose, has observed the Spanish Civil War, and is a terrific boxer, hunter, eater, and drinker. The girl, a Venetian countess of nineteen, is, simply, "the most beautiful girl" in the world, the most loving, the most natural, and apparently of the best Venetian family. (Several of the doges were her ancestors.) Here is the way Hemingway introduces her: "Then she came into the room, shining in her youth and tall striding beauty, and the carelessness the wind had made of her hair. She had pale, almost olive colored skin, a profile that could break your, or any one else's, heart, and her dark hair, of an alive texture, hung down over her shoulders." When they kiss, they kiss "hard and true;" when they make love, they use a stage talk that is mock Italian, either very tough or very maudlin, and remarkably false.

Hemingway's prose has been getting very gamy, and in this book the compulsion to use dirty words and show off is reminiscent more of the bullying American tank commanders he despises than of his old satiric gaiety. But never has the Hemingway hero's body been described with such meticulous and anxious self-love as now—"half a hundred years old" and a "beat-up old bastard." At one point, the Colonel—his name is rarely mentioned in the book, as if he had been designed to remind us of a body in uniform rather than of a human being—is compared to the "gladiator" with the broken nose "in the oldest statues;" at another, he has the "truculence" of a "wild boar." He expects any hour to die of heart disease, but, looking at himself in the mirror, he is glad that "the gut is flat" and that "the chest is all right except where it contains the defective muscle." As a physical type, it must be said, the Hemingway hero has never been more distinct than he is here, just before dying. You see him very clearly, suffused in the light of Hemingway's love "only for those who have fought or been mutilated"—he has the "crooked" infantryman's walk, one leg "hurts him always," his eyes are like "old used steel," his battle-scarred face is lined with "the different welts and ridges that had come before they had plastic



"surgery," one hand is twisted, and he has heart disease; he keeps himself going with mannitol-hexanitrate tablets.

The Colonel is all the Hemingway prizefighters, hunters, drinkers, and soldiers in one. Yet this book is different, for it is held together by blind anger rather than the lyric emotion that gives Hemingway's best work its unforgettable poignance. The thing most deeply felt in the book is the Colonel's rage at having to die—a rage that is deflected into one of the most confused and vituperatively revealing self-portrayals by an American I have ever seen. The Colonel understandably finds it very grim that he may die at fifty-one, especially now that he has the most beautiful girl in the world. But what apparently disturbs him most is not the fact that he must soon lose her (his love for her is often as vague to him as it is to us) but that his body has suddenly let him down. His pride is hurt. Moreover, he has been put back to his old rank of colonel—he was a brigadier general during the war, but made some trifling, if fatal, mistake in the Ardennes campaign—and he cannot forgive the Army top brass for this. Almost everything American now annoys him "except me." He snubs his Army chauffeur for entertaining opinions about Italian painters; he is scornful of the Army's "comic-book readers," of almost all its generals except Collins, Quesada, and (grudgingly) Bradley ("a schoolmaster"), of American women, especially if they are correspondents (his ex-wife was a correspondent), of "unsuccessful haberdashers" in the White House and their soprano daughters. "Now we are governed in some way by the dregs. We are governed by what you find in the bottom of dead beer glasses that whores have dunked their cigarettes in. The place has not even been swept out yet and they have an amateur pianist beating on the box."

The Colonel spends his last two days duck-shooting, walking about Venice, eating hugely, drinking Valpolicella, making love to the Countess in a gondola, and denouncing the American scene as he lies with her in his hotel bed overlooking the Grand Canal. The Colonel seems to incarnate all of Hemingway's pride as an American who knows European comforts intimately, plus a savage contempt for Europe's ability to make war. He uses the word "jerk" quite freely; at one point it is applied to his chauffeur, at another to D'Annunzio, at still another to Pacciardi, the present Italian Minister of Defense—what a joke that Italians should even think of defending themselves when they lack the atomic bomb! The Colonel is anti-Franco; Franco's physical appearance disgusts him, but apparently he is not entirely against totalitarianism, for he thinks of himself as a professional soldier and international sportsman quite above politics, and has no prejudice against his "potential enemy," the Russians, or his late enemy, the Germans. His idea of heaven would be to ski and talk shop endlessly with the Nazi Generals Rommel and Udet.

The Colonel likes nothing and nobody in this world but the Countess; the city of Venice, whose people are "tough" and admire only "tough" writers (there are dark remarks all through the book against Dante that I can attribute only to the fact that he came from Florence); certain sadly charming Italian hotelkeepers and noblemen and hunting dogs; and, of course, good wine, good food, good beds. The Colonel, like most Hemingway heroes, never spares you any of Hemingway's likes and dislikes in women, food, hotels, cities, and *le vin du pays*. The physiological and gastronomical detail in the book is generally so extraneous that it is impossible to believe Hemingway means anything by it; he is just sounding off. As you listen to the Colonel go on and on, it slowly and reluctantly comes home to you that his real quality is not, as you would expect from Hemingway's early work, one man's lonely fight against despair and bureaucratization and death but the oracular and naïve self-importance of an American big shot who has been in all the countries and seen all the twentieth-century wars and has charmed a whole generation into believing that toughness is the same as valor.

In fact, what the Colonel represents is the flesh—the flesh in its most automatic impulses, with the sensory machine dying down, the heart threatening to burst at any moment, and the brain throbbing weakly on old obscenities. It is not a satiric portrait; the Colonel is too full of Hemingway's pettiest, most irrelevant opinions. There is, however, a great sense of guilt behind it; one of the most curious sides of the Colonel is his constant effort, "remembering to be kind," to hold himself in check, to be less brutal. As he says, he has usually lost women because of his brutality. So he tries very hard to be good, or at least to speak more nicely. But the effort never comes off. He has always lived by sensations; death is the last sensation, and so he waits for it—the flesh seeking to the end the satisfaction of

4 ACES IN
Entertainment

THE NEW NOVEL BY
A. J. CRONIN
The Spanish Gardener
The tense and tender story of a father's too possessive love for his son.
$3.00

It's New York!
It's Westchester!
It's Long Island!
It's terrific!
Night Without Sleep
BY ELICK MOLL
$2.75

"Absorbing fiction . . . excellent history."
—William McFee*
A Game for Empires
BY PEARL FRYE
Re-creates with "exciting vitality" the career of England's greatest naval genius, Lord Nelson. "A very remarkable achievement."
—N.Y. Times Book Review.*
$3.50

Who locked the square dancers in the deep freeze room?
KEEP COOL, MR. JONES
BY TIMOTHY FULLER
"Well above average in plot and characterization." Harvard-bred amateur sleuth Jupiter Jones "continues to be pleasant and perceptive."
—The New Yorker. $2.50
*An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

At all bookstores
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • BOSTON

each appetite, and indignant that it must die. It is wonderful to know that Hemingway has recovered, and that this book is not his last word. —Alfred Kazin

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Prodigal Heart, by Susan Ertz (Harper). A thoughtful book that is mainly concerned with the obligations, reasonable and unreasonable, that people feel toward one another. The most important person in the story, Medwin Blair, is a young London war widow working as secretary to two rich and demanding women. Besides the difficulties of her job, Medwin has trouble at home, and she complicates her life still further by embarking on a secret and more or less doomed love affair with the nephew of one of her employers. Miss Ertz goes into all this very matter-of-factly, assuming that as long as people are human, they will continue to behave unwisely and there is no use trying to place the blame. Her writing, particularly in the first part of the book, is often clumsy, but most of the time she writes a good solid story, managing to make her characters seem not only real but likable, and even a bit romantic as well.

The Night Air, by Harrison Dowd (Dial). The story of a man's struggle to resolve his life one way or another. The man, Andy Moore, is a minor Broadway actor who suddenly begins to pull everything—his marriage, his career, and all that makes up his world—down around his ears. Mr. Dowd's writing is less than distinguished, and his characterizations for the most part are thin, but in the case of the actor he has succeeded in giving a heartbreaking picture of a human being in need.

The Preacher and the Slave, by Wallace Stegner (Houghton Mifflin). A novel about Joe Hill, the I.W.W. organizer whose canonization in militant labor circles was partly occasioned by his literary output—notably, the song "Pie in the Sky"—and partly by the circumstance that he was executed, on rather debatable evidence, for murder. Since Hill combined the qualities of a fanatic, a missionary, an artist, and a chronic sorehead, Mr. Stegner has sketched in, as counterbalance, a more level-headed second-string hero, the director of a mission in San Pedro, who provides the appropriate commentary on some of the I.W.W.'s more nihil-

Beauty on Duty

Flexscreen REG. U.S. & CANADA PAT. OFF.

safety fireplace curtains

Movable Frame

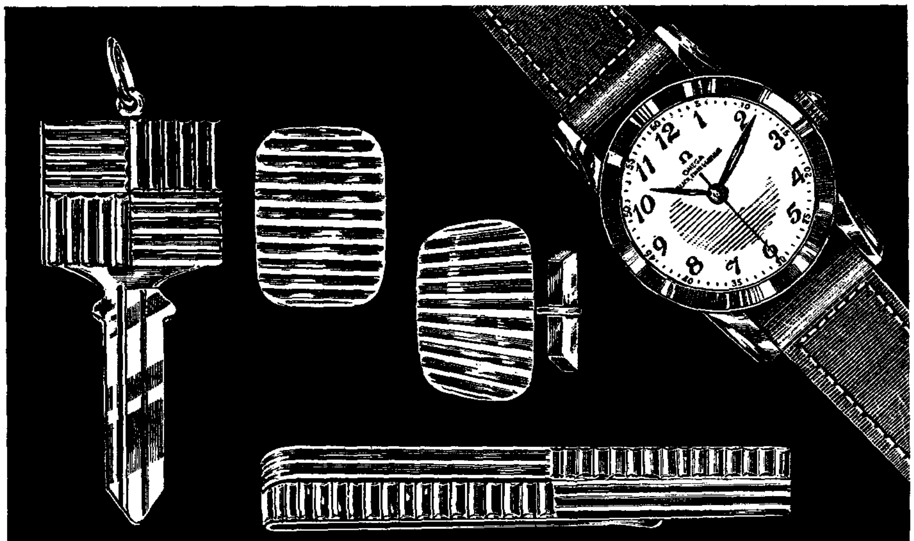
Perfect Protection

No Installation

Exclusive Unipull

New beauty for your hearth . . . perfect protection for floors and furnishings . . . complete convenience for you — it's Flexscreen, the original woven-metal fireplace curtain (backed by 20 years' experience), now in a movable frame. One hand slides both curtains open or closed, with Unipull. Full length curtains, or with panel for projecting andirons (as shown). Also available in distinctive attached types. Look for the Flexscreen label. See the complete Flexscreen line of matching fireplace furnishings. At better stores everywhere. Write us for catalog, at 950 Kent St.

BENNETT-IRELAND INC. Chartered in 1906 Norwich, N. Y.



FOR IMPORTANT YOUNG MEN

Sterling silver: key, $8 . . . tie clip, $7 . . . cuff links, *$12.25*

. . . matching belt buckle *(not illustrated), $11.50*

. . . Stainless steel, water resistant watch, *$71.50.*

Shown Actual Size • Federal Tax Included

Mail Orders Promptly Filled By Jean Tree

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM

FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

EAST ORANGE MANHASSET WHITE PLAINS

SHE BELONGS TO THE FIRST FAMILY OF VIRGINIA

First in Fun, First in Beauty, and rapidly becoming First in the Hearts of their Countrymen. Read about them in

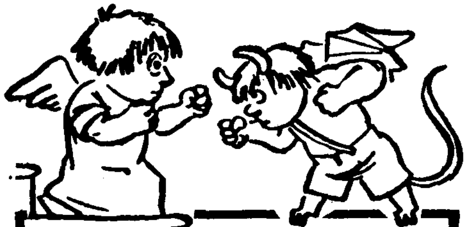
Virginia Reel

The Tender, Hilarious Story of a Family

By VIRGINIA GILBERT

3rd Printing. $3.00 • At all bookstores

LIPPINCOTT



"Much the most engaging of post-war Italian books . . . about a village priest, Don Camillo, and his long feud with the Communist mayor. . . . The bland charm is enormous."
—ORVILLE PRESCOTT, *N.Y. Times*

THE Little World OF Don Camillo

By GIOVANNI GUARESCHI

Book-of-the-Month Club Selection

At all bookstores, $2.75

PELLEGRINI & CUDAHY • New York 14

istic activities. Because of the nature of some of his own exploits, Hill was necessarily a shadowy figure even among his contemporaries, with the result that Mr. Stegner has had to devote an unduly large proportion of his novel to his hero's better-documented trial and execution. A sympathetic sizing up of an extremely difficult character, as well as of an interesting phase in American history.

SOUTH, by William Sansom (Harcourt, Brace). Nine slow, musky, and beautifully colored pictures of Corsica, Italy, and Southern France. In each scene, the personality of the place is strong, while human personality is notably absent. Human beings occur, of course, but only as tokens, to be used in black relief against the brilliant life of the city or town, or as moving figures in the large, indifferent landscape.

IN A HARBOUR GREEN, by Benedict Kiely (Dutton). Mr. Kiely writes freely and positively about love as it grows and dies in a small Irish town. His heroine, May Campbell, is a beautiful, well-to-do twenty-year-old, too full of life and curiosity to hold back from any opportunity for adventure, but still a snob and an innocent, and apparently—in one sense, at least—heartless. Her brief flight from convention ends suddenly, and ends the story, which contains a good deal of rage and laughter, and a certain amount of rather foggy bitterness.

OWEN GLEN, by Ben Ames Williams (Houghton Mifflin). A large, ambling book about a small Ohio town called Hardiston, and about what went on there during the eighteen-nineties. The Owen Glen of the title is a coal miner's son, an honest, well-meaning fellow who is brought carefully along by his author to the age of exactly nineteen. Mr. Williams believes in detail, and this makes his book seem very long.

FASTER! FASTER!, by Patrick Bair (Viking). Yet another observation on the plight of the individualist in an increasingly regimented world, done up in the tidy allegorical wrapping that is so fashionable right now. Mr. Bair's characters are passengers on a train, the cars of which represent their various degrees of importance, and his hero is a young man named Chapel, who has been forcibly moved from the desirable front cars to the slummish ones in the rear. Mr. Bair's account of the inevitable catastrophe that overtakes the train, and of the disillusioning effect of its aftermath on Chapel, is very smoothly presented but would be considerably more effective if his gloomy thesis—that any new occupants of the front cars are likely to comport themselves much as their predecessors did—weren't evident almost from the start.

GENERAL

IDEAS AND MEN, by Crane Brinton (Prentice-Hall). This survey of the culture of Western man considers the questions he has asked about the universe around him and the answers he has worked out since his earliest days. The author, a Harvard professor, has a remarkable skill for making popular reading of a very high calibre out of such sobersided subjects as history and philosophical, ethical, and aesthetic ideas. Without in the least writing down to his audience but with an awareness of the limitations of general education (and, to be sure, of the limitations of intellectual surveys such as this), he lifts the reader up and carries him along in an easy-flowing, witty discourse. Starting with the Hellenic fountainhead of our culture, he takes up, in turn, the part the Jews played in the molding of Western thought; the Roman contribution; the effects of the doctrine of Christianity; the strides taken, forward and backward, by medieval theologians and philosophers (this section is magnificent); and so on, down through the Humanists and rationalists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to the dilemma of the thinking men of our own uneasy time. Incidentally, Dr. Brinton believes there are more thinking men now than is commonly supposed. Of course, there is a lot of opinion mixed in with the history, and the book has a few flaws, but on the whole it ranks as a major work.

JOURNEY TO THE "MISSOURI," by Toshikazu Kase (Yale). The author of this book was a high-level career man in the Japanese Foreign Office, its American expert from 1925 until the surrender, and an active member, before and after Pearl Harbor, of the lamentably uninfluential element in Japan that was opposed to war. On the morning of September 2, 1945, he stood beside Foreign Minister Shigemitsu on the quarter-deck of the U.S.S. Missouri. In this narrative, he tells how he was chosen to join the "sorrowing men come to seek a tomb for a fallen empire." (Mr. Kase, an Amherst and Harvard man, writes in English, and very interesting English, too.) Then, after a poignant description of the scene on the Missouri that ended when General MacArthur curtly remarked to him and his unhappy friends, "These proceedings are closed," Mr. Kase retraces the steps toward war taken by the Japanese military adventurers and shows how it was all as inevitable as it was foolhardy. (Its foolhardiness, it appears, was one of the author's chief objections to the war policy.) The book is, of course, of considerable interest historically; it is written with profound emotion and reveals a way of thinking that, while in no sense democratic, is presumably representative of the most progressive Japanese liberalism.

STRATEGY IN POKER, BUSINESS AND WAR, by John McDonald (Norton). Mr. McDonald has expanded two articles he wrote for *Fortune* in recent years—the first on poker and the second on John von Neumann's rarefied theory of games—by adding two chapters on the economic and military applications of the theory. As analyzed by Mr. McDonald, the von Neumann formula consists of three principles: deliberately inconstant strategy, optimum rather than maximum greed, and coalitions. Since poker players have always been aware of these principles by a kind of disreputable intuition, it can be assumed that this book is aimed primarily at businessmen (poker is "the laboratory of capitalism," Mr. McDonald says at one fervent point), who may find its defense of combinations and syndicates to their taste, and at political and military leaders, who should get a jolt from the account of Stalin as a whiz-bang strategist. The illustrations, by Robert Osborn, are marvels of maniacal insight. A bibliography on the theory of games, compiled by Oskar Morgenstern, von Neumann's collaborator, is included.

GET A HORSE!, by M. M. Musselman (Lippincott). How the automobile age came to America, told in a high-spirited and perhaps overly facetious style, but with careful attention to fact. The author thrashes out the early history of the internal-combustion engine (a complicated tale at best, and made worse by the conflicting claims as to who was first on the road with a genuine horseless

"This would be my hour..." writes James Hilton about Vladimir Horowitz

"If by some dispensation a man born deaf were to be given hearing for a single hour, he might well spend the whole time with Horowitz. Indeed, when I listened to Horowitz for the first time it was almost like that—as if I had never really heard the piano before, as if the instrument itself had never known what it could do until Horowitz came along."—*James Hilton*

Have you heard Vladimir Horowitz play . . .
BEETHOVEN: MOONLIGHT SONATA
MOUSSORGSKY: PICTURES AT AN EXHIBITION
PIANO MUSIC OF CHOPIN AND LISZT

We have put together in a little book, titled "Words and Music," photographs of the world's greatest artists, together with word sketches by 36 famous authors. If you would like a copy, write RCA Victor, Record Department 203, Camden, N. J.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

HEMINGWAY
ACROSS THE RIVER AND INTO THE TREES
The First New Hemingway Novel in Ten Years

RARELY HAS A BOOK been so eagerly awaited as Ernest Hemingway's newest novel—his first major work since FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS. Still more rarely has a book so magnificently fulfilled its promise of greatness.

ACROSS THE RIVER AND INTO THE TREES is the story of a dozen tender, bitter hours in the lives of two lovers: a war-scarred American colonel and the beautiful, young Italian countess who adores him. The scene is Venice, alive with the memories of two wars. Once again, the incomparable Hemingway magic brings an unforgettable reading experience. $3.00 at bookstores everywhere. 100,000 copies in print.

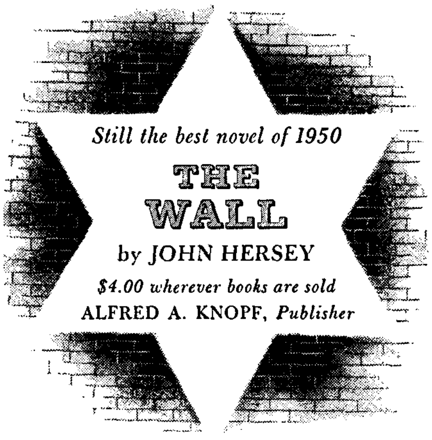
He Doesn't Like VESSEL of CLAY
($2.00)

Father Leo Trese's account of a day in his own life as a parish priest—not the sort of day he thinks would be edifying to read about, but the scrambled sort he actually lives through. The devil, as you see, particularly dislikes this book, but even he couldn't stop reading it.

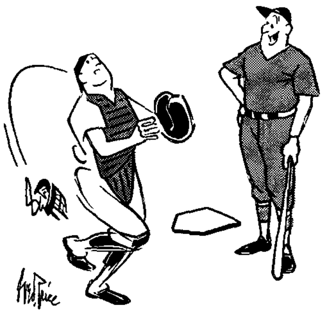
For more about this and other books, see **Sheed & Ward's OWN TRUMPET**—free and postpaid on request to Anthea MacGill.

Order books from your bookstore or from us.

SHEED & WARD New York 3



Still the best novel of 1950
THE WALL
by JOHN HERSEY
$4.00 wherever books are sold
ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*



"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers than any other airline in the world."

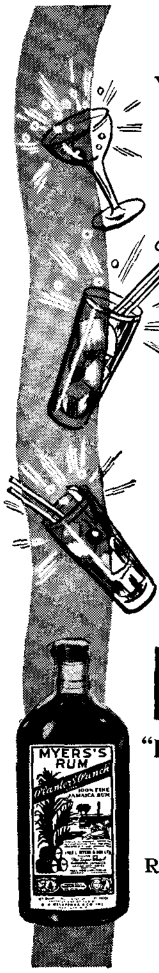
(Advertisement)

carriage), and takes up, one by one, the personalities of the pioneer automobile men—the Duryea boys, Haynes, Buick, Pope, Franklin, Ford, the Stanley twins, and the rest. Mr. Musselman describes the mechanics and aesthetics of the early cars with love and regret, and goes into the vast social implications of the automobile, and the changes—some of them hardly for the better—it has made in our morals, behavior, and economy. A comprehensive collection of photographs of old cars is included.

THE OTHER DAY, by Dorothy Whipple (Macmillan). A cheerful, becomingly hurried book about a writer's childhood. Mrs. Whipple tells with great affection about the time, just before and just after 1900, when she was a little girl in a Lancashire town, with a doting grandmother to spoil her and two skeptical brothers to see that she did not develop too great an opinion of herself.

OUR REJECTED CHILDREN, by Albert Deutsch (Little, Brown). A straightforward and very depressing study of juvenile delinquency by one of the country's outstanding health-and-welfare journalists. Mr. Deutsch has gone most thoroughly into the question, and has surveyed, all over the country, the correctional institutions for children in trouble; most of these institutions, he maintains, are inadequate, and a great many downright bad. He has also talked to large numbers of adults whose business it is to prevent or cure crime among children. At the end of the book, he presents a program for reforming the reformers, along with the children, and makes a plea for a clearer understanding of a problem that is one of the gravest facing our society.

SELECTED WRITINGS OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, edited by Henry Steele Commager (Random House). Although the recent "growing revival of interest in the works of William Dean Howells," to quote from the publisher's apologia for this book, has been only faintly discernible in most quarters, the reissue in one volume of four of his chief works is a salutary event and might well stimulate such a revival. The selections are good, if not completely representative (which is not surprising when you consider that the *collected* works of Howells would run to over a hundred volumes). They comprise "The Rise of Silas Lapham," a great American novel any way



For that extra wealth of flavour in rum
Cocktails Collins and Planters' Punch
the rum must be
MYERS'S
"Planters' Punch" Brand
JAMAICA RUM
97 Proof
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
Sole U. S. Distributor
57 Laight Street
New York, N. Y.

MIRACLE IN WOOD
Men's Extra Wide Coat Hangers Imported from Sweden

Deluxe clear lacquered Swedish modern finish. Full 20" wide. Selected wood. Nickel plated hook. Features extra length trouser rod.
"WORLD'S FINEST HANGER"
3 for $5 ☐ 6 for $9 ☐ postpaid.
No C.O.D.'s please
NATIONAL HANGER CO., INC.
253 W. 26th St., N. Y. 1, N. Y.

There is only one
Copain
YOUR VERY BEST FRIEND
Reopens
SEPTEMBER 12th
Luncheon 12:30-3
Dinner till 11 p.m.
From $2.25
PL. 8-0554
1st Ave. N.W. COR. 50th St.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Reopening of La Chaumiere

Paul Massé of Manhattan's **La Chaumiere,** 163 E. 56th St., EL 5-9210 *(Closed Sun.)* invites patrons of **Massé Croton Falls,** N. Y. on Rt. 100 to his Manhattan **La Chaumiere.** A la carte only.

you look at it; "A Modern Instance," which is a subtler but narrower story; "A Boy's Town," Howells' reminiscences of his frontier childhood; and "My Mark Twain," surely the most perceptive, entertaining, and moving of all the writing about the man Howells called "the Lincoln of our literature." This last selection was a good idea for another reason, since in it the author unconsciously revealed himself as a humorous, human, and sympathetic man who was not as forbidding as the grand panjandrum of American letters was supposed to be. Mr. Commager provides a fine critical introduction to this book.

William Carlos Williams, by Vivienne Koch (New Directions). Dr. Williams, in spite of a long and varied literary career, which dates back to 1909, when his first (privately printed) book of poems appeared, has previously not been given a full-length detailed critical estimate. Miss Koch has done a valuable job of collating and describing the scattered published work, which she compares with four sets of unpublished manuscripts, as well as with the poet's working sheets, in the Lockwood Memorial Library, in Buffalo. In addition, her analysis of Williams' aims and personality is well ordered and enlightening. She makes him a poet and prose writer of real stature, without whose imaginative yet unflinching eye, open to all levels of life (principally as lived along the Passaic River), American literature would be much the poorer. Charles Sheeler's photograph of Williams, taken in 1926, and a full bibliography of both Williams and his critics are included.

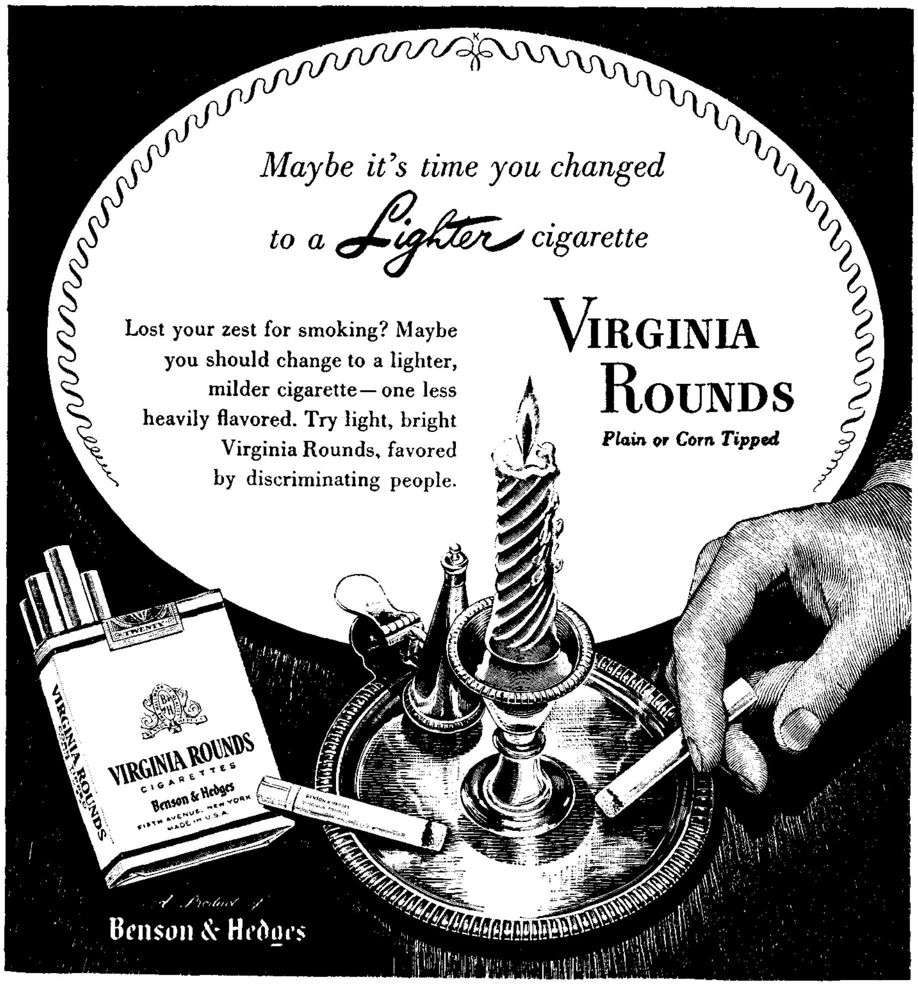
The Life of William Blake, by Mona Wilson (Oxford). Miss Wilson's definitive life of Blake, issued in a limited edition by the Nonesuch Press in 1927, has now been issued in a general edition, with a new preface and additional notes. The notion that Blake was a perfectly sane and sophisticated man, as well as a great artist, is no longer as shocking and heretical as it was in 1927, but it is good to have it stated again. An important appendix in this edition finally tracks to its source the Hydra-headed story of Blake's incarceration in Bedlam and effectively demolishes it. Miss Wilson's tone is sometimes, unfortunately, that of her tribute to Blake on the title page—". . . he kept the Divine Vi-

Young-Timers take their leisure seriously... get the most out of lazing in a Wool Plaid Housecoat decorated with braid frogs. Zip-up front, turn-down collar, cuffed three-quarter sleeves.

$29.95

Gay over-tones on navy, wine berry or forest green grounds... sizes 10 to 16.

Young-Timers
Fourth Floor
Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY



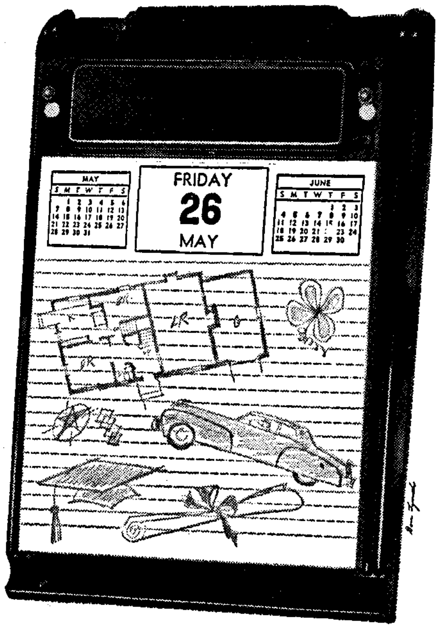
Maybe it's time you changed to a *Lighter* cigarette

Lost your zest for smoking? Maybe you should change to a lighter, milder cigarette—one less heavily flavored. Try light, bright Virginia Rounds, favored by discriminating people.

VIRGINIA ROUNDS
Plain or Corn Tipped

A Product of
Benson & Hedges

Ever doodle like this?



When you're daydreaming perhaps you, like most people, find yourself doodling pictures of the things you want most.

Maybe there's a house you have in mind you'd like to build.

Or you're wondering which college you'd like your child to attend a few years from now. Or maybe you'd like to own a *brand-new* automobile someday.

One sure way to take your daydreams out of the doodling stage—and make 'em come true—is to set aside part of your salary regularly in U. S. Savings Bonds.

Week after week, month after month, your savings will grow and grow and grow. Furthermore, in ten short years, you get back $4 for every $3 you set aside.

So sign up on the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you have a checking account.

Start making your daydreams come true *right now!*

Automatic saving is sure saving—
U.S. Savings Bonds

sion in time of trouble"—but her work is sound and scholarly and her summaries of the Prophetic Books are excellent. The work comes buttressed with sixty-seven pages of appendixes and notes and twenty-nine pages of index.

VERSE

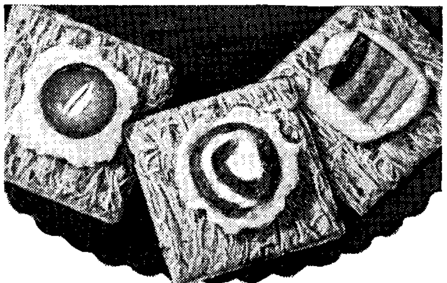
POEMS, by Christopher Smart, with a biographical and critical introduction and notes by Robert Brittain (Princeton). Smart, born in 1722, has been generally considered a minor versifier and Grub Street hack who miraculously produced a masterpiece, "A Song to David," during one of his recurring fits of insanity. He has been discovered and rediscovered (by Wordsworth and Southey and Browning and Rossetti), but until now no one has ever taken the trouble to reprint a substantial body of his work or to examine his life and character closely. Mr. Brittain has done just this, by gathering together nearly a hundred poems, more than half of which are reprinted for the first time since their initial appearance, in the eighteenth century. Smart turns out on the one hand to have been a scholar at Cambridge and a gifted devotional lyricist, and on the other a religious enthusiast whose more eccentric productions resemble those of Blake. The illustrations include portraits and a holograph manuscript.

PAUL VALÉRY: SELECTED WRITINGS (New Directions). Except for the poetry, this selection is identical with "Morceaux Choisis," published by Gallimard in Paris in 1930. Seventeen poems are translated by eighteen translators, including Denis Devlin, Léonie Adams, and C. Day Lewis. The reader should not be put off by the seemingly scrappy character of the rest of the book; the French love miscellanies, and the essays, dialogues, and critiques bring out Valéry's feeling for the variety of life and his interest in delightful physical surfaces as well as philosophic profundities.

•

While painting the water tower at Osceola, Ia., Donald Jones of Clear Lake, Ia., fell some 20 feet into the tower. To get him out, a hole was cut in the bottom of the tank, through which the injured man was removed on a sling. To keep Jones company during the cutting operation, William Sutton descended into the tank. Sutton is an employe of an Osceola funeral home.—*Burlington (Iowa) Hawk-Eye Gazette.*

And a real hustler.



goes around with the NICEST CROWD!
"TRISCUIT
the distinctive biscuit"
Make your canapes the *different* way—with golden TRISCUIT wafers! Salted just so, to add charm to meats, spreads, cheese! Crisped, to give zest to drinks! Whole wheat, to give your taste a thrill!

TRISCUIT
TRISCUIT

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

OLD COLLEGE VIEWS

Harvard College, 1830—7" x 9" $5.00
What more distinguished print can a man have in his office than an old view of his Alma Mater?
(Small, yet really old, $5.00 up)
The OLD PRINT SHOP
Harry Shaw Newman
150 Lexington Ave. at 30th St., New York

IT'S NEW to Clean Soften Polish GENUINE Leather Goods
In leading Department, Drug, Shoe, Hardware, Sports and Leather Goods stores. . .

Clarkson
LEATHER PRESERVATIVE
EFFECTIVELY RESISTS
★ MILDEW
★ DRYNESS
★ SCUFFING
★ WATER
Easy to apply—Self-penetrating
MADE BY
W. B. CLARKSON
MAMARONECK NEW YORK

DEWAR'S
Victoria Vat
Blended Scotch Whisky
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
Specially Selected and Blended
BY
JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
PERTH,
SCOTLAND
4/5 QUART
86.8° PROOF
White Label
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
John Dewar & Sons Ld
DISTILLERS
PERTH
SCOTLAND

Dewar's "White Label"

and "Victoria Vat"

The Medal **SCOTCH** *of the World*

No prouder tradition in Scottish history than the story of the Clans . . . their colorful tartans worn in glory through the years. Traditional, too, is Dewar's White Label and Victoria Vat, forever and always a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!

The famous White-and-Red Tartan of Clan Menzies

for distinguished service

White Label
Medal Scotch for more than 80 years

Victoria Vat
"None Finer"

Both 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky

Copyright Schenley Import Corp., N.Y.

IMPORTED by Schenley

YOU'VE MISSED IT!

YOU'VE ASKED ABOUT IT!

NOW HERE IT IS!

Here's news to set your taste a-tingling. Mount Vernon is once again bottled in bond at 100 proof!

All that wonderful mildness—the delicate flavor that surprised and delighted the palate—now it's all yours to enjoy again!

Ask for this light-bodied straight rye whiskey. You'll agree the return of bonded Mount Vernon is the Happiest Return in many a day!

National Distillers Products Corporation,
New York, N. Y.

Bottled in Bond Mount Vernon

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT ★ BOTTLED IN BOND

100 PROOF

Mount Vernon
Bottled in Bond
Mount Vernon
Brand
Straight Rye
Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
Under Supervision of U.S. Gov't
100 Proof
Distilled By
The Mount Vernon Distillery Company
Baltimore, Md.
THE SAME SQUARE WHISKEY
IN THE SAME SQUARE BOTTLE

Mount Vernon BRAND

STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY